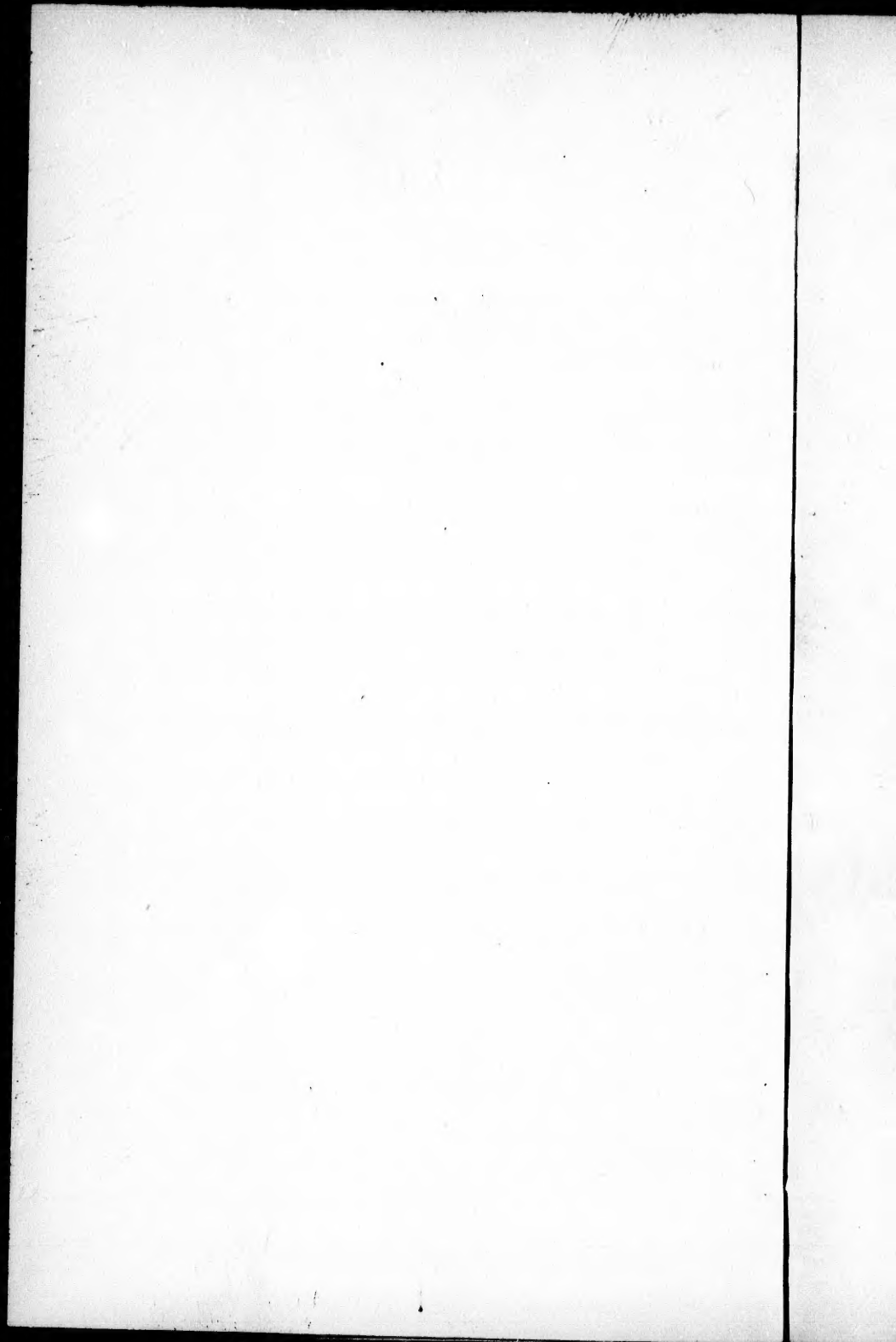
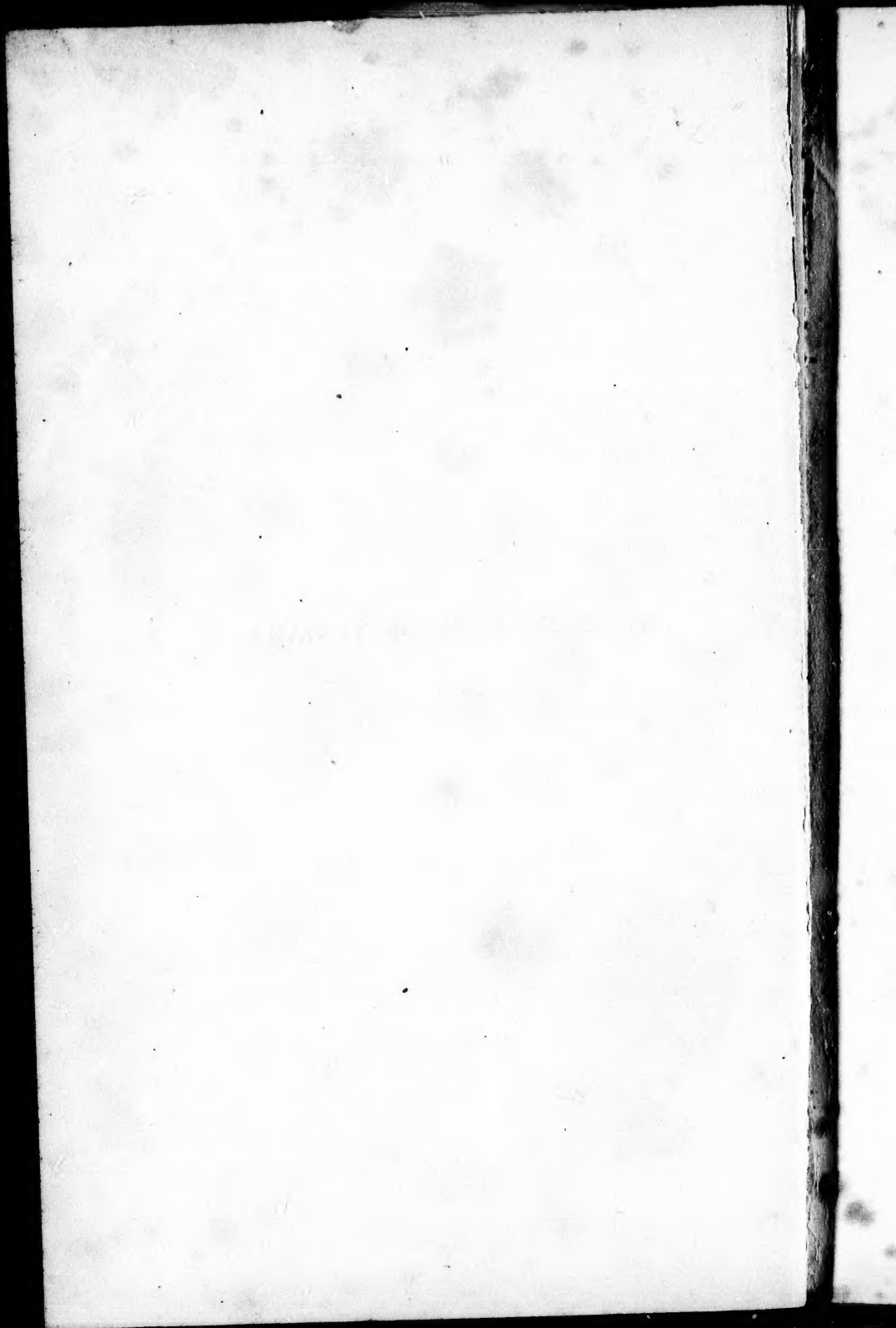
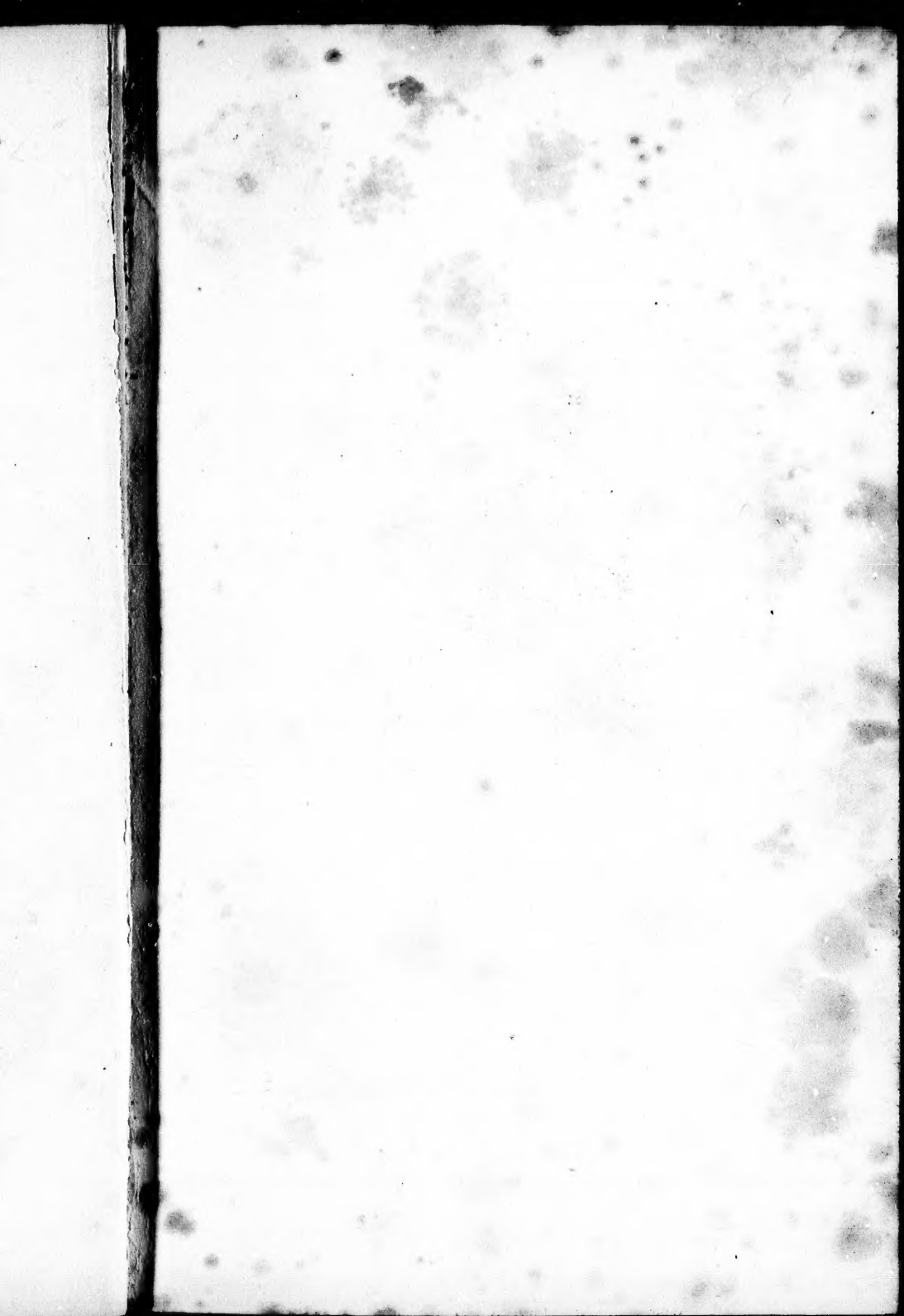




ST. LOUIS' ISLE, OR TEXIANA,

&c. &c.







Charles Norton

Hollmandel & Walton Lithographers.

ST. LOUIS' ISLE,

OR

TEXIANA ;

WITH

ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS

MADE IN

THE UNITED STATES AND IN CANADA.

BY CHARLES HOOTON,

AUTHOR OF "LAUNCELOT WIDGE," "COLIN CLINK," "BILBERRY THURLAND,"
ETC. ETC. ETC.

With a Portrait,

AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY SIMMONDS AND WARD,
6, BARGE YARD, BUCKLESBURY.

1847.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. I. STEVENS, PHILPOT LANE, FENCHURCH STREET.

DEDICATION.

TO

MISS GUILLELMINE JANE PRESCOTT,

OF NEW ORLEANS,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

AS A SLIGHT PROOF THAT THOUGH PAST KINDNESSES ARE TOO OFTEN

AND TOO APT TO BE FORGOTTEN,

THERE IS NO RULE WITHOUT ITS EXCEPTION.

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P R E F A C E .

THE following few chapters upon a country which I had the misfortune to visit in hope, and return from—*not* in despair, but with “hope deferred,” were written in great part on a bed of sickness, and while supported on pillows. At such a time the mind is very indifferently prepared—nay, perhaps ought to be considered unfit for labour and exertion. But as at that period the conclusion appeared in medical eyes exceedingly doubtful, I determined, if possible, while there was yet time, in some shape or other to lay my experiences of Texas before the world, and to the utmost of my ability persuade, through the influence of facts, any projecting Emigrants from following in the same fatal footsteps.

This, I trust, will plead sufficiently for the desultory manner in which these recollections are put together, and for an occa-

sional looseness of style which, under circumstances of a more favourable nature, might be considered inexcusable.

Six years have now elapsed since the date of the commencement of the events which this little volume records. Between then and now, circumstances of a political nature have taken place on the other side of the Atlantic which put an entirely new face upon the government of "the State of Texas." That the country must ultimately gain in consequence of the new position in which she has placed herself, cannot for a moment be doubted by any one familiar with her former weakness—her literal incapacity to help herself. Time, however—long time must pass away before these anticipated beneficial influences can be perceptibly felt. The next generation or two hence may find some difference between their own lives, and the recollected tale of the lives of their forefathers, the settlers of the present day; but small hope can be reasonably entertained that for the existing generation, Texas, under her new form of government, can offer the slightest atom of additional temptation to Northern Emigrants, to what was offered when the following pages were written. That these were few indeed, the reader will very shortly discover.

Besides, whatever alteration the form of government may have undergone, and however much for the individual benefit of the territory, it must be kept in mind that the climate has not changed along with it. There still remain the same sun, the same brick-burned earth—the same pestilent, sweltering

bayous, in which the fish that cannot escape get cooked (though not literally boiled) to death, as before. Hence none of the recent changes relative to this country, in any degree worthy of a moment's consideration, affect the integrity and value of the character herein given of it. The country is still the same, and the objections against it are as potent and incontrovertible as ever.

Of the few sketches which are interspersed through the volume, no more can be said than that they convey a just and accurate idea of the nature of the place in which they were made. Having little or no pretensions to artistical merit, they are offered simply as visible representations of facts stated in the letter-press.

THE AUTHOR.

Nottingham, Jan. 18th, 1847.

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ST. LOUIS' ISLE,

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CHAPTER I.

How natural is the propensity in man to seek for El Dorados, Happy Lands, wild Gardens of Eden, where flowers grow without cultivation—where beasts of chase are not monopolised by the arm of aristocratic power—where Governments are as liberal as the air—where labour reaps its own results, and lastly, and above all else, where a man's back is not exactly either broken or very badly humped by too heavy a load of that most solid and dense of all known substances, commonly recognised under the name of taxation! Poets, happy race! have the faculty of manufacturing their own Paradises at home, without encountering sea-sickness and all the perils of the great deep before arriving at them. They can see happiness in the landscape of a murky London street, and, by an alchemy more abstruse and subtle than was that of Roger Bacon, convert a garret into a garden, a washhouse into a flower-pot, and the dirty dimity of a bedstead into the Tyrian purple drawn around some beautiful ideal Paphian queen.

Ordinary people, however, are compelled, in the course of their search after a blissful seat on earth, to go another and quite a different way to work. The dirty lanes of mere matter-of-fact must be gone through—the mire of pure animal misery must be trampled in, until both body and mind are almost brought to a stand-still; and long and heavy must be the labour before the garden wilderness smiles as it ought to do, and

enables the labourer therein to laugh outright as he ought to do, from very joy at his changed condition.

To speak individually, from my very youth upwards I had a strong desire, one day or another, to squeeze myself through the gate of some one or other of these (next to heaven itself) most-to-be-desired places. It so happened, however, that up to the year of Grace 1840, I contented myself with thinking about it, and abiding my appointed time.

At the latter end of December of that eventful year, after having carefully weighed in the balance the respective merits of different paradisaical parts of the earth, including New Zealand, and Australia (the present prison, alas! of my friend Richard Howitt), I finally made up my mind to go to Texas. The very name of Mexico, with its marvellous associations,—its Montezumas, its magnificent vegetation, its old renown in the romance of American history,—ever threw out attractions to my imagination. To add to them, the various books and pamphlets written upon that country, which happened to fall into my hands, contributed a golden store of almost unalloyed "sweet promise;" while the political relations of the young Republic so exactly coincided with all my preconceived notions of Governmental purity and integrity, that it is no wonder the seal was at once and conclusively affixed to the bond of my determination to depart forthwith.

Accordingly, after much delay and trouble, occasioned by the unprincipled conduct of the ship-brokers, we left the London Docks on the 28th of December, 1840, with twenty-one adult passengers, male and female, and eight or ten children. Although our voyage was not without its curious incident and interest, I shall not linger over its description in this place, but proceed at once to relate in what manner we first touched upon the Texan shore.

About half-past six o'clock in the evening of the 25th of March,—many of the passengers being on deck for the benefit of the air, unsuspecting, and wrapped in the conscious security of having passed the great deep unharmed,—with the suddenness of a falling thunderbolt the ship struck upon the bottom. The shock made her shiver from head to stern, like a leaf in the wind, or a creature alive that has received its deathblow, and trembles nervously before it falls. For a moment or two every soul was dumb. The water heaved and swelled around us,

and as the waves passed on and left the vessel to sink again, crash we came again upon the bottom,—and again, and again. And then followed shrieking of women and children, and weeping and praying, shouting and swearing, and hurrying half-unconsciously and desperately to and fro. Many of the sailors—men of courage and desperate daring on any or all other occasions—now seemed to lose all confidence, and with the loss of confidence all power; while the Captain (who happened to be below when the vessel first struck) rushed instantly up the stairs, and in an agony of terror ran about the deck, crying, “The Lord preserve us!”—“God Almighty have mercy upon us!” and using other expressions of a similar nature, but which of course carried little comfort to the already hopeless hearts of the females and the more timid of the stronger sex.

Twilight was drawing on. That sun, half under the horizon, was gazed on tearfully by many wild eyes as the last sun they would ever see; while the very soul seemed to sink at the dread consciousness that night and an undug and tombless grave were closing over us for ever. During this time, the ship was put upon many various tacks in order to try in what direction we could make our escape from the shoal. At length she again floated, and we steered direct from land and towards the open part of the Gulf of Mexico. So close upon the tropics, day and night are almost as distinct, and as abrupt in their distinctness, as dark and light painted close together on a board. There is little blending of the two together,—almost nothing of that warm, dreamy, and angelic twilight which in more northern climates gives to romance one-half its ideality, and to love one of its deepest fascinations. Darkness fell, and fear became more fearful than before. The deck was crowded with anxious but invisible faces, and all ears were strained to catch the tidings minute by minute communicated in a musical, melancholy tone by the seaman at the lead, as he sang out with each haul of the sounding-line, “Quarter less two!”—“Deep two!”—“Half-quarter two!” and the like. If we gained a quarter of a fathom, there arose beneath that dark canopy of sky a general and very heartfelt “Thank God for that!” in which even the old skipper himself was not too heroic to join.

The pumps were tried, and, to our surprise as well as gratification, found not to have more water than before. The old ship had clearly

sprung no leak. About two o'clock in the morning, however, the man at the helm discovered for the first time that the vessel refused to obey her rudder, and declared his conviction that we had lost it when we struck, and had been sailing all night without one,—or rather, perhaps, it may be said, under the especial guidance of the stump thereof only.

Within a short time afterwards, the anchor was dropped; and early after daylight on the following morning, what remained of the helm was unshipped, when it was discovered that the post was snapped asunder, and the whole of the rudder part had been carried away. All hands on board (passengers included) were now busily employed in manufacturing a new helm out of three spars rough from the forest and a few old planks which luckily chanced to be on board. These were lashed together and nailed as well as circumstances and the rude nature of the materials would permit; while, in order to give this poor substitute for a rudder the requisite ponderosity in the water, a quantity of broken flints, brought from Ramsgate by way of ballast, were inserted into the interstices between the boards on either side. When finished and shipped, it was calculated to last, with moderate weather, about three days at farthest; while hard weather and a rough sea would, in all probability, have carried it off in as many hours. To increase the delights of our situation, it was now discovered, on examination, that but fifty gallons of water remained, while there were above forty souls on board. The victuals also ran short, partly in consequence of the unusual length of our passage, but much more in consequence of the vessel having in the first instance been despatched from London upon such rigidly economical principles, that she might more aptly have been regarded in the light of a sort of floating parish workhouse, than a vessel carrying such a number of human beings, and bound upon a voyage of rather precarious duration in point of time. This, indeed, is a point upon which emigrants (of the poorer classes especially), to any part of the world, generally find themselves most miserably misled and deceived. To find it out, however, only when in "blue water," is too late for the application of any remedy: patience and endurance are the most available virtues during the remainder of the passage. Perhaps on some future occasion I may give, for the especial benefit of the thousands of emigrants who annually leave our shores, such an insight into the system

pursued by "passenger-brokers" in our sea-ports as cannot fail at least to be highly useful to them, even if it answer not the higher purpose of assisting in the correction of a deeply gross and infamous, though too little understood, abuse.

Not to prolong the story of this our first misfortune, let it suffice the reader to be informed that after two other days' blind sailing in fog and mist, which rendered the sun invisible, so that no observation could be taken, we anchored again on the night of Saturday, March 27th, intending to remain there until the return of daylight, and, perhaps, clearer weather, should enable us the better to ascertain our actual position. About midnight, however, the wind rose until it blew almost a hurricane, and the sea rolled in magnificent and lengthened billows, until our old ship pitched head and stern, as though about to dive endways into the sand below, and reeled from side to side so deeply as to threaten every instant to lie down like an exhausted and too-toil-worn a thing to struggle for liberty any longer. At the same time, her timbers trembled and shrieked with the prodigious strain upon them; and she tugged madly at the chain cable by which her anchor held us to the place, as might some infuriated and unmanageable wild beast at the lashings that fix him to the ground. About half-past three, the morning being pitch-dark, the cable snapped suddenly in two, and we drifted rapidly towards the land, and those formidable breakers which everlastingly dash with such impetuous violence upon the whole shelving coast of the Gulf of Mexico. In this second emergency, the pusillanimity of our Captain evinced itself in the same manner as before: he appeared half-bewildered, and as though he now finally gave us up for lost; but, by the combined exertions of all on board, a second anchor was soon slipped, and the vessel was brought-to in about five fathoms water. When daylight at length broke, the sky seemed still almost as heavy and black as night; and the "ground swell"—the result of the preceding storm—was absolutely fearful to look upon. Signals of distress were now hoisted, but, owing to the fog which enveloped the land, were not seen until late in the day. About four o'clock P.M. the pilot-boat, which had long been seen approaching, reached us, and on the same night we anchored just outside that shifting sand-bar which renders the harbour of Galveston so difficult to enter—and, in the opinion of many

men much better qualified to judge correctly in this matter than myself, will ever prevent this, the most favourable port on the whole Texan sea-board, from becoming a place of any really extensive maritime commerce. This sand-bank, or "bar," proved to be the same upon which we had struck four days previously, our vessel at that time drawing only nine feet water. Statements have repeatedly been made, calculated to lead to much misconception on this subject, and to direct that spirit of enterprise towards Texas, and on the part of inexperienced and far-off individuals, which eventually resulted in partial, if not entire, disappointment and disaster. It has been said that in certain tides, sixteen feet of water are upon the bar: this may be the case occasionally; but it is not upon occasional and comparatively rare chances of ingress and egress to and from a port that commerce by sea can beneficially be rendered dependent. One of the only two pilots in Galveston (Mr. G. S——, formerly of Liverpool) has several times assured me, that, *in general*, no vessel can pass with safety that requires a greater depth of water than *thirteen* feet—that being the average sounding upon the bank. He also states, that the bar itself has changed its position nearly half a mile within the last three or four years.

These facts, for as such they are given, are most admirably illustrated by the appearance of the Bay of Galveston itself. Sprinkled with wrecks of various appearances and sizes—all alike gloomy, however, in their looks and associations—it strikes the heart of a stranger as a sort of ocean-cemetery, a sea churchyard, in which broken masts and shattered timbers, half-buried in quicksands, seem to remain above the surface of the treacherous waters only to remind the living, like dead camels on a level desert, of the destruction that has gone before, and yet awaits many who may come after.

It may not be improper, while on this subject, just to add, that a current produced by the rivers from the uplands which fall into the bay, runs through it to the sea, and forms the only safe track, like a narrow lane for a coach, down which ships reach the city. The remaining mass of water, at least three miles across from Galveston to Pelican Island opposite, is so shallow, that, under the influence of particular winds, combined perhaps with other causes, it may in certain places be *waded* across with safety! Such, then, is the plain truth, as far as I could

ascertain it, respecting the famous port of Galveston—the intended mart of all the rest of Texas, and the place from which all the, as yet, unproduced produce of the interior, the dreamed-of wealth of thousands of dreamed-of settlers, is to be exported to all parts of the civilised world.

About noon, on the 29th of March, we landed in reality. From the sea, the appearance of Galveston is that of a fine city of great extent, built close upon the edge of the water; but its glory vanishes gradually in proportion to the nearness of approach of the spectator, until on his arrival at the end of one of the long, rude, wood projections, called wharfs, which shoot out some quarter of a mile into the shallows of the bay, he finds nothing but a poor straggling collection of weather-boarded frame-houses, beautifully embellished with whitewash, (they may be mistaken for white marble from the Gulf,) and extending, without measurable depth, about the length of two miles of string. It presents in this respect a bold front to the enemy, but, like a bulwark made of brown pasteboard, has more appearance than power, and in the event of a war with the Mexicans, might, in the course of a few hours, be swept from the face of the earth by a brisk and determined cannonade of nothing more formidable than dried peas, instead of grape-shot, and bay-shells by way of bombs.

As Galveston is at present (and, in all probability, for a very long time to come will continue to be) considered the head-quarters of modern Texas in population, in commercial importance, in the civilisation of its society, in religion, education, morals, and literature, I shall be rather more particular than otherwise might be deemed needful in its description touching all these matters; trusting thereby to convey to the reader a more perfect *fac-simile* of things of this kind in the new Republic, than all the laudatory pens of all preceding writers put together have yet attempted to give.

When a man reads of a "city," he very naturally associates with that word the idea implied by it at home. He almost unconsciously jumps to the conclusion, that a city in a newly-founded country is, if not quite so elegant externally, yet pretty much the same sort of thing as a city in an old one. If he be told there is already a university established, his mind reverts to Cambridge and Oxford; education

assumes her most imposing aspect, and learning peeps out in cap and gown from her palace of books, surrounded by a splendid court of intellectuals, and raising up, as her most solemn duty is, a train of graceless rascals, on whose heads the stamp of manhood is not yet fully impressed, but who are destined to become, each in his degree, the lights of our modern world. Should he be told of civilisation,—arts, sciences, and those numberless and nameless refinements which constitute, in his view, the stock-meaning of civilisation, instantly rise up to view, and mentally he beholds the strange phenomena of intellectual and moral power rising unsupported in the midst of a natural wilderness, on which even the hand of agriculture, the first task-master of physical labour, has not as yet left so much as its lightest impression. He is told of busy ports, and harbours dotted with the flags of all nations—of steamers plying up and down, and to and fro; and at once, by the most easy and natural of all associations, he sees a floating forest of branchless and leafless pines, throwing their streamers abroad upon the air, over the bosom of some Thames or Mersey yet unknown to fame, and exalting, by their commerce, the humble and industrious pedlars of the newly-planted cities into merchants who ere long shall become like princes.

Such and similar are the impressions almost invariably made upon home-bred readers and aspiring emigrants by the perusal of favourable commissioners' very impartial reports, the works of interested or hasty and incompetent parties, and the inspection of maps upon which cities, only just conceived by the parental surveyor, are laid down as fully grown, and over which it is quite as easy to travel four or five hundred miles by the aid of a scale and a pair of compasses, as it is to walk as many single miles along the nasty, dirty roads of the "Old Country," from one's own house to the next village.

It is not a little surprising, too, with what unexpected ease a man fells imaginary timber growing upon a map; selects his bit of "happy land" upon the bend of some delightful river; knocks up his log-house, or "shanty," as the case may be; puts to the rout whole bodies of hostile and obnoxious Indians; kills his own buffalo and deer; catches more than he can consume every time he goes fishing, (since fish, in places of this description, are generally of such a gener-

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Hulme and Walton Lithographers.

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ous nature, that they positively volunteer into your net, whether you want them or not); and, in short, succeeds so admirably in the country of his adoption (sitting all the while by his fireside, with his pipe and pot of English ale), that, in the course of a very few years, he finds himself perfectly independent, and as happy as a little rural king.

More surprising, however, than all this, is the reality—the fact against the fiction. It is usually a rather melancholy surprisal, too. The flourishing “city,” rising in importance, in commerce, and in wealth, he discovers, in the majority of cases, to be not half so large as many an English village; its houses being of the poorest and most temporary nature, and reared here and there, and anywhere, with no more apparent regularity than is displayed by a crop of mushrooms that have suddenly popped their heads up some dewy morning in the prolific area of a sheep-pasture. Its “University” is considerably less than a country pedagogue’s common school, both in its means of education and the number of its students; while the magnificent pile of building in which the mysteries of language and mathematics are carried on, is built in the finest style of log and weatherboard architecture—the columns that support it being rough, unwrought cedar stumps, and the groining of the arched roof, the bare rafters and laths upon which the shingles are nailed. The “commercial importance” of which he had read, is found to consist principally in the mutual peddling and swindling carried on by the inhabitants amongst themselves and their country neighbours; while the remaining portion is made up of individual or associated monopolies, whose strength is obtained, and power perpetuated, by the employment of much greater capital than the hosts of new settlers commonly possess. Such, at least, is the reality in Galveston, as contrasted with the imaginary picture drawn at home by the intending emigrant from the delightful sketches made by those fanciful and highly-poetical gentlemen whose various works upon Texas are already before the public. The forest of masts, bearing the flags of many nations, dwindles into a few straggling poles, bearing the “star-spangled” bunting of the States, the “lone star” of Texas itself, and, possibly once in the course of four or five months, the red flag of St. George of England,—all, however, looking as idle, as melancholy, and as lonely, as so many half-starved cormorants, watching, from their

perch of stone, whom or what they can devour. The arrival or departure of a steamer from or to New Orleans creates a sensation in the place, and two or three hours of common hurry and bustle along the wooden pier at the foot of which she may happen to come to anchor: after this, all relapses again into mere inanity, and the public mind, for want of something better to do, falls back upon its stock subject of speculation, touching that most interesting of all intellectual items—"What comes next?"

Literature and art, though words to be found in a dictionary, have nothing correspondent to them in Texas. The literature there is embodied in some twenty newspapers, of the most miserable description. The editor of each usually combines within the compass of his own body, proprietor and compositor too. This trinity of the printing-office clips out extracts, writes original drivel of his own, takes in both advertisements and the pay for them, notices a marriage for a bit of bride-cake and a gallon of whisky, works at his "case" along with his men (being not a whit more important than any one of them), and publishes the whole collection in his own especial name. By this means he contrives to "get along" in the articles of bread and cheese, but seldom, if ever, arrives at such a high point of prosperity as to be enabled to enclose a snipping of prairie-ground, and build a plank mansion of his own. To expect to find a book for sale of any higher character than the illustrated alphabet—"A for Ape, and B for Bull"—except it be derived from the sea-chest library of some deceased and beggared emigrant, who disposes of all he possesses in order to get away again—would be to expect a very remarkable and unusual phenomenon. Any old book-stall in Her Majesty's dominions contains more literary wealth upon any given number of its square inches, than can be found in the same number of square leagues in Texas, pick them from whatever part you will. In fact, the means of obtaining a mere animal existence engross the first and almost only attention of every one,—a state of things inevitable in a country as poor as a country, as ever Job was as an individual, and far more prostrated by its extreme poverty than ever Job could have been. These are anything but unfounded and gratuitous observations, as will appear in proper place by-and-bye.

The city of Galveston as it stands, and the "city" laid down upon the plans, bear about the same relation to each other, in point of size, as a pea to a pumpkin respectively. And could but a man build houses with his eyes, the now waste and trackless prairie would be covered with first-rate edifices; he would behold streets thronged with happy citizens and happier merchants, where at present are found only rank grass breast-high, the carcasses and bleached bones of cattle that have died of thirst and madness, and gorged and gorging turkey-buzzards, that feed on the filthy carrion until they can scarcely fly away with their delicious burden. Such a man would be a very competent and fitting associate for all those praiseworthy gentlemen to whom the world is at present indebted for throwing open to its gaze the gates of the Texan Paradise. He would then see things as they *ought to be*, not as *they are*,—and that constitutes the grand secret of writing a book upon any country which requires an incoming population. Of course, there are abundance of squares laid down, but no square of building upon them. The streets (if wide passages between rows of houses may be so called) are ankle-deep in fine sand during dry weather, and almost deeper still in mud during wet—they being totally unpaved in any part. An east or north-east wind drives the waters of the bay so far up, that the principal street is laid completely under water; and boats have, I believe, been employed to convey necessities about the city, and to assist all such as were not naturally of an amphibious tribe in the transaction of their business. Upon one occasion it was carried away altogether—the place upon which it stood being left as clear as a summer beach during an ebb tide;—while at that period of the year commonly termed winter, but which more properly may be called the rainy season, upon a vast portion of that part of the island prairie on which the imaginary portion of Galveston is already erected, the water lies from twelve to eighteen inches deep after storms, and forms a sort of extensive fish-pond (only without fish), in which a man might throw his float and line either from his chamber window or his door-step, just as his genius and roving fancy might incline him.

The present remains of the city—or, rather, I mean the actual remains at the beginning of the city that is to be—are intersected with wide and tolerably deep ditches, for the purpose of drainage. These

generally contain some portion of water, and, consequently, are the resort and local habitation of incalculable numbers of a small amphibious species of crab, familiarly denominated "fiddlers," from the fact of their being amply provided with one enormous claw, larger than the whole body, and not unlike a huge animal bass-viol; while the corresponding one on the other side is a mere stick in comparison, and, to all appearance, fitted only to *scrape* the other. These curious insects inhabit every extensive gutter or drain, whether in the town or out of it, and exhibit a remarkable degree of alacrity in saving themselves from danger; as, upon the approach of the passenger, a tumultuous movement, a scouring away, and "general scramble" take place; and, in the course of a few seconds, nearly all have dropped into their holes in the banks. The body of the largest does not exceed three quarters of an inch square, while the large claw is two inches and a half long. They are harmless, and not unwholesome, although never eaten; their diminutive size effectually protecting them from the ravenous appetites of the inhabitants.

When, for the first time, we walked down the hot and sandy "Strand" (the principal street before alluded to), the name of "Van Winkle" upon the front of a store caught our eyes, and called up pleasant visions of Washington Irving's "Rip;" of mysterious, mute, and eternally-smoking Dutchmen; of the famous Katskill Mountains; and of the early times of settlement on Manhattan Island, when, perhaps, the New York of the present day was a sort of Galveston in this. And, at the moment, I wondered how long it might be before the first city of the "Lone Star" would become as great as is that of the many-starred banner which Washington and his colleagues have planted amongst the first and most permanent on earth. But nine months' experience and observation have since led me to the conclusion, that, to say the least of it, it will at least be a *very* long time indeed.

The "stores" in Galveston are remarkable places—curious assemblages of all manner of miscellaneous articles, in almost every department of human wants and occupations. Unlike the shops of Europe, in which one article, or, at most, perhaps some few of the same genus, constitute the staple commodity of the place, these stores much more nearly resemble a series of modern museums, the curiosities of which

are selected from almost every variety of manufacture upon the face of the globe. In one of these of any "mark and likelihood," you may be provided with house-brooms and hair-brushes, combs and rakes, broad-cloth and baskets, wines, spirits and gun powder, razors and Colt's six-chambered rifles, boots and bed-tickings, pottery of all kinds and ready-made pantaloons, fish-hooks and bacon, soap and soda, buckets, iron pots, washing-tubs, Yankee clocks, French silks, stoves, and an infinity of articles much more numerous and tedious to mention than all the unmentionables of an auctioneer's catalogue. In short, with the two exceptions of meat and fish, I believe everything that *can* be purchased is to be purchased at these medley repositories denominated stores. Throughout this immense variety, however, it may be necessary to state, that perhaps not a single article is produced by the Texan population itself,—all are imported. And as the storekeepers generally calculate upon a profit of *one hundred per cent.* on the great majority of the goods in which they deal, it may readily be inferred how rapidly the little money there is in the place becomes transferred from the pockets of the people at large to the pockets of the storekeepers.

The latter have a practice amongst them of supplying the planters of the interior with a year's outfit of all kinds of necessities, upon the pledge and security of their coming crops,—a system which keeps them long out of their money, and occasionally leads to losses of no inconsiderable extent. Accommodation of this description is also almost universally afforded by the shipping merchants of the Southern slaveholding States to the cotton-growers of that country,—a course which in many instances has pledged the latter two or three crops deep, and materially assisted, in conjunction with an atrociously bad banking system, to produce that stagnation and commercial distress, the complaints of which have latterly been so loud from those districts of America.

In connexion with the stores, it may be opportune to mention, that the market in Galveston is held every day, Sunday included; that day, indeed, being the best in the week for abundance and variety. It consists principally of meat and fish of various kinds, with now and then a few vegetables. These are but seldom seen, being very scarce and dear; a cabbage, about the size of a blacksmith's fist, readily bringing

as much as eighteenpence or two shillings English. The market is opened with the earliest peep of daylight, and may be considered well over by six o'clock in the morning. The meat is killed during the preceding night, and brought to the stalls in a state that may properly be termed yet warm with life. Even with this necessary though disagreeable haste, unless it be cooked almost immediately, it will, during the hottest weather, turn green and putrify before mid-day. At any time, to purchase more than is needful for the day's consumption is useless, as all beyond that becomes waste. Beef and fish are very cheap indeed—their price may be considered almost nominal; pork is higher, and mutton higher still, though of the most wretched quality and the narrowest conceivable supply.

The exceeding dearth of green vegetables is severely felt by the newcomer in this intensely sultry climate, and, in conjunction with drinking-water of the vilest description, contributes, I doubt not, very much to the unhealthiness of the people (more especially of the poor, who constitute nineteen-twentieths of the whole), and at times renders both the island and the whole of the sea-board a mere lazaret-house for disease and death to revel in. Melons, of various descriptions and the finest growth, flourish and abound during the heats of midsummer, and constitute, indeed, almost the only resource of the parched-up and sundried inhabitants. There are no springs in Galveston Island; nor is there any fresh water, except what is caught during rain, and that which filters through the sand into wells—one of which is usually attached to each homestead. The former soon grows corrupt in summer, and abounding in the larvæ of mosquitoes, which assume the appearance of small eels with feathered heads, and are amazingly active while in this aquatic state. The wells cannot be dug more than about eight feet deep, as below that measure lies a stratum of black pestiferous sea-mud, intermingled with rotten shells, the contact of which with the water renders it totally useless. During the hottest part of the year, these shallow wells fail partially, or altogether; and the drought that ensues is highly injurious to the inhabitants, as well as destructive to the cattle. At those times considerable money is made by such people as chance to have either rain or well-water to dispose of.

Although these minute particulars may not possess any general interest, they will perhaps be pardoned when the reader reflects upon the many strenuous efforts already made, and yet making, to populate Texas with English emigrants, and to whom, practically, such apparently insignificant circumstances are of every importance.

I will now proceed to make some few remarks upon the state of society in Galveston—to illustrate it by the story of Captain Thompson, who in 1841 met his death in Mexico, and thus conclude the present chapter.

Texas generally may with safety be regarded as a place of refuge for rascality and criminality of all kinds—the sanctuary to which pirates, murderers, thieves, and swindlers fly for protection from the laws they have violated in other countries, and under other governments. It has become almost a proverb in the United States, that when a runaway debtor is not to be found, when a slave-stealer is totally missing, or a murderer has contrived to elude justice, he has chalked upon his house-door, “G. t. T.”—*Gone to Texas*. Nor has this passed into a proverb without much fact to support it. Many innocent and deluded people are certainly mixed up with this vile population, and some mercantile men of respectability, education, and probity; but, in the main, scoundrelism, under one shape or another, constitutes the larger portion of the present population of Texas. Were it either necessary or becoming, I could give the names of several parties of the most respectable standing in Galveston (so far at least as wealth may be considered to confer respectability), who were Southern slave-stealers, old smugglers and buccaneers in the Mexican and Indian Seas, runaway swindlers, and murderers in the States. This is stated with the greater certainty, as the individuals alluded to were within the range of my own acquaintance, and, in some instances, have related their lives and adventures within my own hearing. I also, on one occasion, accidentally met with no less a character than the first-mate to the celebrated Lafitte, the pirate whose head-quarters were on Galveston (formerly called St. Louis) Island, and who took such an active part with the Americans at Orleans during their last war with England. On another occasion I shall probably have a curious story to tell of this old campaigner.

Some three or four years ago, as I am informed by the older inhabitants of the island, Galveston was scarcely habitable by people of decent life, in consequence of the numbers of desperate gamblers who infested it—set all law and authority at defiance, and by intimidation and force of arms (which they openly carried) maintained themselves at whatever period and during any length of time they might think proper. At that period, the formidable bowie-knife was in pretty active operation, and assassination the ordinary termination of personal quarrels and disputes. Mr. F—— of Galveston, a gentleman whose kindness to me in sickness and difficulties deserves this public acknowledgment, has related an anecdote to me touching this subject which I cannot withhold from the reader, as it so strikingly illustrates the lawlessness and disregard of human life which then prevailed. One evening, towards sunset, he was standing at his doorway in the principal street of Galveston, when he observed a man of respectable appearance and carriage coming down the rude causeway towards him. Not far behind was another individual, who walked rather faster than the first one, and apparently with the intention of overtaking him: this he shortly did, and on passing by drew a bowie-knife, stabbed the unsuspecting victim of his revenge, who instantly fell dead upon the spot, and with the greatest coolness and deliberation wiped the knife-blade upon his sleeve, and walked on as before. This was within about fifty yards of Mr. F——'s door. Little or no notice was taken of the matter, nor was the individual who had committed the crime even so much as arrested. In the "city" itself matters are now considerably improved; but no farther off than Houston, and throughout the country generally, the knife, pistol, or rifle is the supreme arbiter in every personal "difficulty," as a quarrel is there termed, that occurs. Even during my own residence in Galveston, a man was one morning found in the midst of the town slaughtered in a similar manner, and, as far as my knowledge or inquiries went, with equal impunity on the part of the murderer. Indeed, at this very day, although the crime of assassination is actually less frequent than formerly, human life is held at the least possible value, and esteemed not too great an atonement for very venial crimes. I shall have occasion to give some curious illustrations of this fact

before my observations upon Texan society are concluded ; but for the present month let the story of Captain Thompson suffice.

Being one evening at the Tremont Hotel in company with Mr. F——, the gentleman above alluded to, a large company being at the time present, he privately inquired of me whether I knew or had ever seen Captain Thompson, or *Mexican* Thompson, as he was more generally termed. On my replying in the negative, Mr. F—— pointed out an individual in the crowd, with the remark—"That is the very man! he is one of the boldest fellows that ever breathed, or he would not dare to come into Galveston, where he knows there are many who would seek his life, but are perhaps afraid to encounter him. He is a frank and good-natured man, but of the most desperate and reckless character. I do not think there is a single individual in the whole island who would care to fight him, if he could possibly help it, with any weapon." On inquiry, I found that Thompson (an Englishman, I believe, by birth,) had several years previously been the captain of a sloop-of-war in the Mexican service. During the latter end of the year 1835, he was ordered to Galveston Bay for the purpose, it was stated, of ascertaining the facts connected with certain troubles that had previously taken place at Anahuac between the Mexican Government and the people there. Thompson, however, improved upon these orders (if they were his orders), and at once attacked, captured, and carried off an American vessel, then engaged in the Texan trade, and which at the time chanced by ill luck to fall in his way. This act was regarded by the inhabitants as a virtual declaration of war on the part of Mexico, and the highest indignation was expressed towards the individual aggressor himself. Time passed on; the revolution which made Texas independent was effected; no restitution or redress for Thompson's violence was made; when, lo! he appeared in Galveston alone, and as bold and confident as Hector himself. He came and returned when and in what manner he pleased, and no man ventured to meddle with him. On my expressing the wish, Mr. F—— introduced me to this singular individual. He was a man of middle stature, stout but compact, possessed of the most good-humoured and pleasing of countenances, wore huge mustachios of a reddish-brown colour; carried on all occasions a brace of double-barrelled rifle pistols upon his person, besides a bowie-knife;

while his conversation evidently showed that he lacked neither native intellect nor education. Indeed, to speak the truth, I was really "taken" with him.

Some few days after this interview, Mr. S——, the pilot, of whom I have previously made mention, expressed to me his intention of going down into Mexico Proper, with the view of settling there, in case things were found according to his expectation. From that time up to November 1841, (and several months had elapsed,) I heard nothing of either Mr. S—— or Captain Thompson, until one evening as I was smoking my cigar after a hard day's hunting, and trying to fumigate away the myriads of mosquitoes that filled the air as though with dust, Mr. S——, the pilot, entered, and sitting down upon a rough-hewn sofa by my side, informed me that he had just returned from Mexico, and subsequently related the following story of Captain Thompson:—

"Mr. Hooton," he began, "let me beg of you never to drink spirits any more; for I have seen such a sight with Captain Thompson in Mexico, originating altogether in brandy-drinking, as I hope never to see again in this world, and which has made me a teetotaler for life."

"What has happened, Mr. S——?" I inquired.

"I told you," he replied, "that I was going down to Mexico. Thompson wanted to go with me, and eventually we agreed to sail for Tampico, taking my pilot-boat, and that Thompson should act as captain. During the whole passage, which owing to unfavourable weather lasted nearly a fortnight, he did nothing scarcely but drink brandy day and night. He scarcely either ate or slept. When we arrived at Tampico and went ashore, Thompson put a belt round his body, stuck a brace of pistols in it, and additionally armed himself with a cutlass. Three of the men we had brought with us he armed in the same manner, and, thus attended, walked into the town. He said it was needful in such a place as Mexico, where a man was never safe of his life. In one of the principal streets, he stepped aside to get a "drink" of brandy-and-water at a groggery: when he had ordered what he wanted, he gazed steadfastly in the face of the landlord, who was serving him behind the bar, and then demanded whether his name was not so-and-so, giving the name, which I omit. The man said it was his name. 'Then,' replied Thompson, 'do you not remember, about seven years

ago, being my first mate? Do you remember how you betrayed me, and that I promised if ever I met with you again, no matter how long first, I would shoot you? I shall be as good as my word.' And immediately he drew a pistol upon the astonished vintner and pulled the trigger, but the weapon missed fire. The second was upon the point of being discharged, when the man attacked drew a double-barrelled gun from underneath his counter, and before Thompson could fire a second time, put the contents of both barrels into his body: he was almost cut in two, and fell dead upon the floor. One of his men immediately jumped over the counter, sabre in hand, and clove the inn-keeper down, nearly cutting the head and upper part of the body from the remainder. They were now making off, when the acting authorities, hearing something of the disturbance, arrested the attempted fugitives, and within an hour, without judge, jury, or trial, the three men were shot. Such is law in Mexico, and such the effects of drink in this burning climate."

And thus Mr. S—— ended his story, and thereby enabled me to be the first who has put the death of the notorious Mexican Thompson on record.

CHAPTER II.

Bowie-knife described. Colonel Bowie. Unhealthiness of the Country. Appearance of the People. Our Emigrant Band. Austin. Galveston Doctors. Story of Tom the Sailor. Southern Planters and their Annual Migrations. Slavery. Black and White Labour. Mexican Inroads. Unsafe Travelling. The Santa Fé Expedition. Story of M'Allister. Texas bankrupt and powerless. Public Hospital. Failures of Intending Settlers.

HAVING already mentioned the bowie-knife, as not only so common but so formidable a weapon, both in Texas and the whole South, the reader will perhaps not be displeased to hear a little more of it,—the various tragical hand-to-hand exploits which have been from time to time performed, even amongst the “highest circles” of that quarter of the world, through its agency, having conferred upon it a degree of bloody and horrible distinction never yet acquired by many of its elder brethren of the same craft. Let it not, however, be regarded altogether in the light of an engine of human slaughter; since, in many other respects, it is one of the most useful of articles to the settler and frontiersman. The same blade which this morning, perhaps, was buried to the hilt in the body of an enemy—or it may be of a friend, with whom its owner had a “difficulty”—will also serve to-night to carve the venison for supper; to skin and cut up the hunter's game; to extract hooks from the gullets of ponderous red-fish, when its master goes a-fishing; or to supply any other need, no matter how small (if not too small for its own size), for which a knife can possibly be required. In short, Butler has accurately predescribed its various uses—aided, no doubt, by a wonderful spirit of poetical prophecy—in the following charming portrait of the dagger of his “Sir Knight” :—

“It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging;

When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 't would not care."

Some of the tribe, nevertheless, are too exalted for these menial offices, and imbued with a spirit akin to that of many heroic men in our own times, who hold nothing worthy of themselves but "glorious war," and would rather rust in sulky repose for ever than for an instant condescend even to think of becoming useful in any other, and probably better capacity.

To the best of my knowledge, this instrument was devised by Col. James Bowie, an American, and a man of desperate valour. He considered, and apparently with justice too, that in close fighting, a much shorter weapon than the sword ordinarily in use, but still *heavy* enough to give it sufficient force, and, at the same time, contrived to cut and thrust, would be far preferable, and more advantageous to the wearer. He accordingly invented the short sword, or knife, which has since gone under his name. It is made of various sizes; but the best, I may say, is about the length of a carving-knife,—cast perfectly straight in the first instance, but greatly rounded at the end on the edge side: the upper edge at the end, for the length of about two inches, is ground into the small segment of a circle and rendered sharp; thus leaving an apparent curve of the knife, although in reality the upturned point is not higher than the line of the back. The back itself gradually increases in weight of metal as it approaches the hilt, on which a small guard is placed. The bowie-knife, therefore, has a curved, keen point; is double-edged for the space of about a couple of inches of its length; and, when in use, falls with the weight of a bill-hook. I have heard it stated, that a blow from one well wielded is sufficient to break a man's arm. Certain it is, that I have myself seen skulls of Mexicans brought from the battle-ground of San Jacinto, on which Texas gained her independence, that were cleft nearly through the thickest part of the bone *behind*, evidently at one blow, and with sufficient force to throw out extensive cracks, like those of a starred glass. This is more true to fact, than complimentary to Mexican valour. At the same time, it proves that old adages may occasionally be mistaken.—"He that

fight and runs away," does not always "*live* to fight another day." Bowie went to Texas during the troubles which preceded the independence of that country, and was lying sick in bed at the Fortress of the Alamo, when, on the 6th of March, 1836, it was stormed by Santa Anna and taken. Bowie was murdered there upon his pillow. The hand that formed the dreadful knife could no longer wield it.

The celebrated Colonel Crocket, of Tennessee—of whose unmatched huntings and bear-excursions few readers but must have a vivid recollection—also fell in the battle of the Alamo. The authorities say, he was found almost buried amid the corse of Mexican soldiers whom he had slain before he himself fell. Perhaps I ought scarcely to have mentioned this circumstance, which is to be found in most histories, only that I wished to add to it the pleasing fact, that Crocket's favourite watch, which he had disposed of to a gentleman in the States during his long tramp through prairie and forest to the Texan frontier, was recently, and with generous consideration, returned to the Colonel's widow, when the possessor, for the first time, heard of his death.

Although the act of carrying arms in secret is held to be illegal, yet it is quite general, I believe; unless, perhaps, with the immediate inhabitants of a tolerably well populated town. They are generally at hand in the majority of stores; in liquor-shops, either placed under the counter, or, more usually, behind the bar upon the wall, within reach of the individual attending, and immediately before the eyes of the customer. When openly carried, the knife is in a sheath attached to a body-belt; when secretly, either in a narrow pocket, purposely made, down the straight part of the trousers' thigh, so that the bending of the body is not incommoded nor the weapon discovered; or in a similar caseing down the back, between the shoulders. It is hence considered by some individuals as sufficiently indicative of evil intentions on the part of an opponent, if, in the event of a warm dispute, or of presumed offence given, you see him pretend to scratch the back of his head, or make any other equally genteel and polite attempt to conduce to his own personal comfort and private satisfaction in that significant and suspicious region of a loafer's earthly tenement of clay.

The ruder orders of people farther South—for there, no more than in England, are the "ruder" orders to be considered as merely

mous with the "lower" orders—have a custom, I am informed, of occasionally deciding desperate wagers of battle by hooking themselves together by the bands they wear, and thus fighting with the knife, since neither can get away, until one falls or both are killed.

The majority of instances of summary knife or pistol law which occur or have occurred in Texas may be traced to one of three principal causes:—to political excitement; to the custom of the people in assembling nightly at hotels, groggeries, liquor-stores, and certain burrows called Ten-pin alleys (for, *nine pins* being forbidden by law, they set up ten, and roll away day and night with impunity); and last, and perhaps most fertile cause of all, to the endless disputes amongst neighbours, and the injustice too frequently practised by one individual towards another, to which the wretched administration of the law—or rather, more truly, its non-administration—gives most ample scope and impunity. Indeed, in this last respect it may confidently be calculated on by the emigrant that he will have to carry his own law in his own person, and enforce it too, if need be, with such weapons as I have just spoken of. This is the case, as far as ever I could learn (and that without contradiction) throughout the country. In the first city of the Republic, I know, of my own knowledge, that the local executive—the best, we may suppose, in Texas—is nearly powerless, and its Court consequently the most hollow and ludicrous farce in the shape of a court of justice that ever, surely, bore the name. Other matters, more direct to my present purpose, prevent me from going into that highly-important subject at this moment; but it shall by no means be overlooked in a proper place.

Another peculiar characteristic of the state of refinement and social intercourse amongst the people of this country is, their inveterate habit of swearing and cursing. I say *peculiar*, because though no unusual thing elsewhere, yet its very excess, its depth and recklessness, constitute its singleness and singularity there. The current of thought and meaning very often flows into and becomes lost in an ocean of oaths, like a fresh stream in a putrid sea,—oaths too of a character so entirely new and diabolical, that one would be apt to imagine the genius of Depravity herself had tasked her utmost powers to produce them for the especial use of this rising State. They likewise laugh uproariously

and explosively, as it were,—concluding, as a matter of course, with a loud shriek not unlike the conclusion of the Indian war-whoop, and from which it is probably derived.

We had not been located many hours, after our arrival, in the habitation of an English lady (Mrs. S.), whose husband was then in England on business than accounts began to pour upon us of the unhealthiness of the climate; and no trifling fund of anticipatory pity was exhausted upon us for the disappointments and miseries which we all were doomed to endure. The almost inevitable fatality of the mainland, and of those parts of the interior—Brazoria and the Brazos, for instance—where at present the greatest quantity of cotton is produced, was strongly dwelt upon; *unless* the Northern emigrant who purposed settling on the land had taken the precautionary measure of becoming “acclimated”* by a year or so's residence on the island. Abundant illustrative cases not of doubtful significancy were quoted in support of these representations; nor, in fact, did that kind of ocular demonstration derived from an inspection of the crowd of people we daily saw, appear in the very least to deny them. Most of the men, particularly such as had spent much time up the country, walked with a loose, dangling gait, as though no tensility existed in the muscles of the body, and each joint of the bones had been separated, and subsequently reunited with bad wire, after the fashion of an anatomy. This did not arise, as might be ingeniously surmised, from the fact of their carrying such enormous loads of fat and lean as to make the supporting timbers of the living pile creak and stagger beneath their burden,—because verily they looked more like those spare-boned horses to which some 'cute Yankee alluded when he asked their owner whether he was a horse-builder. “Why?” demanded the other. “Becos, old feller,” replied Jonathan, “I see you're already *set up the frames!*” While with literal accuracy it may be said, that real Texan complexions generally are of a yellow kid-glove colour—or, let us in other language say, of a sort of witch-like and superhuman buff.

Notwithstanding all this, we could not believe. The books said other-

* This word is not in the dictionaries; but as it is both useful and expressive of its meaning (*accustomed to the climate*), I have not hesitated to adopt it.

wise; and individuals might speak from misinformation, from partial observation, or from prejudice because they were home-sick. Incredulity had taken hold of us, and we were willing. Besides, we were in glorious spirits—in excellent health brought fresh from home, and breathed from off some thousands of miles of the great life-giving deep; and we felt that nothing could hurt us, that we could live anywhere and go through anything. Alas, alas! what a different tale did nine months tell amongst even our thirty passengers! What hope did that brief period blight—what magnificent prospects demolish! what manly strength did it tear down to the earth as though it had been very weakness—what weakness reduce to an after-life of misery, and what misery hurl into the grave! I think I see now the glad, active, and hopeful band as it *landed* on that anticipated shore of earthly happiness, full of eagerness and spirit and life, and contrast it with the wretched remains of that same band, when, heart-sick of glorious Texan promises without realisation, drooping over their own losses and sorrows, clad in mourning for the prairie-buried dead, and bidding a final and everlasting adieu to the bones of those who had once been “flesh of their flesh and blood of their blood,” they slowly retraced their steps to the same, but now melancholy shore, in the last faint hope, in too many instances, of possibly once more reaching the home of their birth alive.

I would now earnestly call the attention of all readers interested in Texan matters, and particularly of that class who may be migratorily inclined, to the brief facts which follow. They certainly contradict, not the inferences only, but the very words, of certain visionary bookmakers who have gone before me, but on that very account, I think, if on no other, ought to be the more esteemed. Upon this question of salubrity of climate, “truth is strange:” with Hamlet, let us “therefore, as a stranger, give it welcome.”

That Galveston Island is the most salubrious portion of the whole Texan sea-board, or low flat country, appears to be universally conceded. That is, it is more *healthy* than any other portion of the confessedly *unhealthy* coast ranging from seventy to one hundred miles inland from the borders of the Gulf of Mexico. Yet within that range are comprehended all the towns, cities, and locations of any importance

at present existing either in positive log and plank upon the soil itself, in the round marks made on the maps at the discretion of the surveyor, or in the prophetic imaginations of the Rev. Mr. Newell of New York, the Rev. Mr. Lawrence of New Orleans, or of ——— Kennedy, Esq. of our own country. Austin, the capital of the Republic, is certainly laid down *beyond* that line nearly another hundred miles from the ocean; that remote (and, with reference to the hostile Camanche Indians, unsafe) spot having been selected by the wisdom of the Texan Congress as only sufficiently removed from the coast (it is 200 miles from Galveston) *just to ensure the perfect safety of the health of its inhabitants.*

Begging pardon for the digression—What does the reader think of the capital city of a country consisting of at most some fifty or sixty wooden houses *really* built, and some thousands of stately stone erections of the imagination, forming visionary streets, and adorned with splendid public edifices of marble, dug from undug quarries, and not yet existing in embryo even in the brain of an architect? The Rev. Mr. Lawrence, who, in 1840, visited this interesting spot, either in his own proper person or in that of a friend equally trustworthy with himself, says, in allusion to Austin, "Some distance towards the extreme north part of the city" (the log-houses before mentioned), "is a broad and beautiful street called Congress Avenue, passing through the whole extent of the CONTEMPLATED city." This is just as much as to say, there *is* a line marked out by the plough upon the prairie, to *be* called Congress Avenue when it *is* an avenue, and upon which many wonderful things are to be done, that *will* look very fine when they *are* done and *do* look fine! Yet by this rascally kind of castle-building are poor, anxious, and striving emigrants deluded into a wilderness, to live like wild men mayhap, if they live at all—or, more probably, to perish outright, because they have no means left wherewith to return!

I will, however, resume my subject.

Of all this immense district then, comprehending, in a general sense, the whole of the most thickly-located and populated parts of Texas, Galveston Island is admitted to be by far the most healthful. Citizens come from these places on the mainland to the island to recruit their health; the sick from all quarters of the world are invited to it for the

recovery of their wonted life and vigour; and the inhabitants of New Orleans particularly have been wooed to pay it a loving visit while "Yellow Jack," the dreadful fever of the South, was playing his mortal game of bowls amongst the unlucky wights whose destiny confined them within the influence of the vapours arising from the cypress swamps of the Lower Mississippi. In fact, at one time "Galveston Island" was as universal a medicine as is now, or ever was, Dr. Morison's pills. Under these circumstances, I ask, how comes it that Galveston swarms with doctors? that doctors find plenty to do amongst a population of from two to three thousand? (I guess at it, since the authorities literally cannot *afford* to pay for the taking of a census;) that yellow fever and mitigated cholera are no strangers there? and that the visits of Southern Americans and Orleanians for the sake of health have totally ceased, after only one or two experiments? Perhaps Messrs. Newell, Lawrence, and Kennedy, who know so well the healthful properties and the virtues of Texan air, will endeavour to reconcile these facts to the satisfaction of that public whom hitherto they have so wofully misled. At the same time, the charges of *doctors* (eight in ten at least of whom never had their diplomas) are most enormous. It is no uncommon thing to hear a labouring man state something to the effect that, "It's of no use working here; for if one contrives to save up seventy or eighty dollars beforehand, and then gets 'chill-and-fever' for two or three weeks, it all goes in physic, and then one's just as forward as when one started."

And such, in fact, is the case. While patients decline *in purse*, doctors acquire a highly healthy action of the same vital organ; and though hundreds of the medically-*advised* drop into their graves, I do not believe that Galveston Island can yet boast of containing the honoured bones of one solitary medical *adviser*. Like tarantulas, they can kill anybody except themselves. Should the inquisitive and curious reader wish to know why *they* especially contrive to escape while other people are seized, I reply—because they supply themselves out of the pockets of their patients with innumerable comforts and conveniences, calculated in that climate to mitigate or ward off disease, which the poor suffering patients, who have to work for their living, cannot, in nineteen cases out of twenty, supply themselves with.

Individually, I was cognisant of the fact that a common seaman before the mast was charged by one of these biting prussic-acid rascals no less a sum than seventy dollars (about £14 English) for somewhere near three weeks' attendance, draughts and boluses included! Jack, however,—(*Tom* I ought to say, for that was his name,—*Tom* Allen, a Scot)—*Tom* swore he would never pay it; and Texan society may confidently repose its faith in his promise—he is sure to keep it, for the best of reasons—because he never could pay. Incidentally, I may give a sketch of this man's career in Galveston. He was a seaman on board the ship "*Francis*," in which we left England, and was, beyond comparison, the most able navigator on board. He had been to almost all parts of the known world, had fought as a pirate amongst the Turks, and had every nook and corner of the earth beneath his eye far more clearly than many a well-schooled student at twenty, with all his globes, his geographies, and his tutors. The Captain quarrelled with *Tom* on the voyage, because *Tom* grumbled at short commons and no grog. A regular cat-and-dog, or dog-and-badger life, did they in consequence lead of it, until our passage was concluded. The Captain used to threaten to shoot *Tom* through the head; a threat to which *Tom* replied by coolly reminding the old skipper that "two could play at that game,"—as in truth they could had it been tried, for the latter had too much of the old pirate in him not to keep a "bosom friend" of that kind with him ever after hostilities commenced.

When we arrived in port, and the cargo was begun to be unladen, *Tom* discovered various casks of bottled London porter stowed away in the hold, belonging to his old enemy the Captain. This was a glorious revelation. He now determined to be revenged for the short allowance and grog-stopping to which the crew had been subjected at sea, by discussing this identical porter while engaged with the rest of the men in unloading. He accordingly broke open the casks, took out the bottles, knocked the necks off and drank the contents along with his comrades, singing out "*Yeo, oh—oh,—he-ave—oh!*" all the while, to divert the attention of the first mate, who stood at the head of the hatchway on deck superintending the delivery of those portions of the cargo taken from below. By afternoon all the men below (in the hold) were gloriously drunk, and, long before sunset, totally unable to work. The

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mate found fault, Tom grew rebellious and independent, the men backed him up, and, eventually a desperate and bloody fray took place on the wharf, in which Tom was worsted, and for which he was afterwards lugged off to prison. On the following day he was tried, and convicted in a tolerably heavy fine, which being paid out of his wages, left him at liberty again, and he returned to the ship.

That same night, however, he and two others,—one the cook, named Harry, and the other another Tom, a ship-boy, called, for distinction, *Young Tom*,—contrived a plan of escape from the ship altogether. At midnight they executed it so well, that, by getting on board a fisherman bound towards Houston, they were sailing up Buffalo Bayou before the old skipper of the "Francis" knew where to look for them.

Young Tom made, however, a grand mistake: he left, in the hurry, his trunk on the wharf; and when he next heard of it, it was found to have nothing inside, although it was quite full of new clothes when he left it there! Tom Allen and Harry obtained employment in the construction of a boat for some settler upon the Bayou; while young Tom (who eventually left his bones to bleach and dry in Galveston sand under circumstances of a very pitiable nature) rambled off over the prairie in quest of adventures and a living, and finally got elected to the office of cowherd to a gentleman squatter, who, after the accustomed Texan fashion, never paid him a penny for his service.

I may, however, return to this unfortunate boy's story on a more fitting occasion.

Tom Allen, that hardy seaman,—he it was who was suspended by ropes for half a day together with his lower extremities dangling in the sea, while he fixed our jury-rudder after getting aground as before related, and that at a time when every other man on board positively refused to do it from dread of sharks, which abound in the Gulf;—Tom Allen, I repeat, soon fell sick, and subsequently, after the departure of the old ship for England, was brought down to the island more dead than alive. Then it was that he swallowed, in the course of so brief a period, seventy dollars' worth of doctor. After that he got into the dockyard; and, in case his intermittent fever does not cause his promotion to heaven, or his degradation to the other place, I should feel inclined to

conclude, that in the long-run he is destined to become a shining light—a sort of sea-gem—upon the naval arm of Texas.

The reason why all that low flat portion of the mainland before alluded to should not only be less salubrious than the island—and, indeed, that its unhealthiness should increase in some given ratio to its distance from the sea—is plain enough. It is almost entirely attributable to the fact of its being less under the influence of those fine sea breezes which almost constantly blow from the south, tempering the burning atmosphere as they pass, conferring most life where most strong, but dying away altogether long before they have reached a hundred miles inland, and thus leaving the dead, swampy level to reek and steam in a sweltering calm, and under an almost vertical sun, between which and the rank earth below, perhaps, not once a month is seen a single passing cloud. To any man who knows what kind of soil and temperature are required for a good rice-land, the simple fact that all these levels and bottoms are considered eminently fitted for the cultivation of that hot and wet-growing grain, will suffice as a more than necessary proof of its generally total unfitness as a location for emigrants from any temperate region, and most especially for the natives of such a climate as this of Great Britain. Even Southern planters, men born to the climate, and upon similar soil,—in Louisiana, Florida, the Carolinas, or any of the States neighbouring Texas, who do not work in the fields with their own hands, and avoid exposure as much as possible,—whose circumstances are easy, and who suffer none of the privations which multiply so unexpectedly about the uncapitalled emigrant,—find quite enough to do to maintain their health, and that of their families, through a continuance of seasons in these latitudes, and with such a face of country. The immense annual migration which takes place amongst this, as well as all other portions of the great populations of the South—thousands of miles, perhaps, up the Mississippi to the Lakes, or by sea to the great Atlantic cities of the North—sufficiently attests the sense which *they* entertain of the anti-consumptive and invigorating nature of the air from which they first drew the breath of life.

"Oh, but," exclaim Messrs. Newell, Lawrence, Kennedy, and a whole host of land-speculators, whose highest earthly interest it is to

get a population into the country by hook or by crook—"Oh, but Texas is quite different. There are no wooded swamps like those of Louisiana and Florida in this delightful country. Rolling prairies, fine uplands, swelling lawns——"

Yes, yes, gentlemen; it is a very beautiful country, beyond all question, to *look at*: but that is not the point at issue. Neither are there any fine uplands in the swamps, nor rolling prairies on the sea-board level. And as to all the rest, the difference between that part of the coast of the Gulf within the boundaries of the United States, and that comprehended under the general name of Mexican, is much more political than physical. Let the reader take a glance at a good map, and he will find the low sea-board of Texas just as full of inlets, straggling arms and bays, lagoons, and the like (all indicative of a flat, pestiferous country), as is the adjoining coast of Louisiana, Alabama, &c.

Colonel James I.—, a gentleman of the class of planters above alluded to, and a resident of Galveston, to whom, amongst others, I took out letters of introduction, held a plantation upon the Brazos, upon which I understood some two or three hundred slaves were employed. Even he did not venture to reside upon it, but contented himself with occasional visits. The last time he went there previous to my departure from the island, he fell sick shortly after his arrival, and was detained two or three months, with little hope of recovery; neither did he entertain of Galveston, as a "delightful summer residence," an opinion sufficiently magnificent to induce him to detain his family there through all times and seasons—the risk being much greater than any father, whose means enabled him to avoid it, would choose to run where the health and lives of his children were concerned. To multiply instances of this kind would be a superfluous work: I would merely put the question to common sense—Is it reasonable to suppose that a British farmer, an agricultural labourer, or a "pale-faced" mechanic, can, with the least security of health or life, be transported from a cold, moist climate, in which all his previous existence has been passed, into a sultry and burning one like this, in which Southern born and bred citizens are barely fitted to dwell? Above all, is it to be conceived that upon any extensive scale (individual exceptions amount to nothing) a population

of such immigrants can work in the sun, and perform all those out-door labours now performed only by native or slave toil, with perfect impunity to health? The idea is preposterous in the extreme! In fact, the whole mass of observation which I have been enabled to make, as regards constitution and climate, in the South of the North American Continent, tends altogether to confirm to my mind the physical impossibility of ever bringing transplanted white labour successfully to take the place of black or slave labour. Indeed, this impossibility may be regarded in the light of one of those great natural agencies whose instrumentality—though too little attended to by Exeter Hall declaimers—has been both very great and active in perpetuating slavery in the Southern United States. Only let us look at this question *geographically*, and we shall find the most pathetic, affecting, and tender-hearted abolitionists are to be found most strong and abundant precisely in those places and parts where slave, or rather I will say black, labour can most readily be dispensed with *as* black labour, and where, in consequence of its possessing no organic superiority (for such I believe it to be under a tropical sun) over any other description of manual labour, white cultivators become as good as, or perhaps better than, black ones. In short, where the necessity is least felt, there people easiest become convinced that no necessity whatever exists anywhere else. I must candidly admit that it would give me infinite gratification to see a very large Colony of that very numerous body—abolitionists who never saw a slave, nor ever felt a Southern sun—planted down in “Slaveholding America,” to do away with slavery by their own bodily exertions in the picking of cotton and cutting of sugar-canes. Nay, I could even feel a pleasure (malicious, if you will,) in seeing them try the experiment upon the cotton lands of more favoured Texas.

This process, I feel convinced, would abolish a good deal of virtuous, but overstrained abolition, and, at the same time, convey very successful experimental proof that Northern emigrants, who have to toil with their own spades, and saws, and bill-hooks for a livelihood, ought to confine their interesting operations to some part of the American Continent considerably more than thirty degrees of latitude north of the equator, and leave the other side of that parallel to the agricultural cares of a race which, originally born in and fitted for the fiery furnace

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of an African sun, Nature seems to have created with fitting powers to labour where no other race can, with anything like equal advantage, and thus have provided against that waste and unproductiveness which constitutes no part of the economy of her known laws. This does not justify slavery. I know it. But it justifies the employment of black labour, and the *non*-employment of white, in countries the physical arrangements of which, according to the system and order of the Creator himself, are opposed to the constitution and nature of the human animals born in climates so distinct, that scarcely two different elements can be more materially dissimilar.*

Now, the district of country along the sea-border of Texas, of which I have already spoken as comprising not only nearly all the modern, but also the oldest American settlements, as well as Mexican forts, missions, and towns, is precisely that portion which Mr. Kennedy briefly and slightly passes over as "a narrow strip of country running parallel to the Gulf." He forgot to tell us that this strip contains nearly the whole body of living Texas at this time; and must continue so to do for many a long year yet to come, unless some political Prometheus should suddenly spring up and endow both the Government and the people with infinitely more power, both to stretch themselves farther back into a healthier region, and to defend their frontier when they have done so, than they now possess. It is quite as much as they can do at present to maintain the "narrow strip" of Mr. Kennedy in its integrity, and as much security as is needful to give something like assurance of safety to the newly-settling emigrant. How long they will be able to do even as much as that, has become a very doubtful question since Mr. Kennedy's book appeared. The Mexicans have

* Lord Morpeth's recent letter to the Editor of the *Liberty Bell*, an American publication in the abolition interest, does not convey any impression that during his Lordship's recent tour through the United States of the South, he was very much terror-stricken, "disgusted," or "justly indignant," at the slavery existing there. And hence, we may naturally conclude, that there was not much either very disgusting, or very revolting, in the shape of human tyranny to be witnessed. There are more "horrors" and "deep stains" in any given Exeter Hall speech, than can be found actually existing within the whole area of the largest slaveholding State in America.—C. H.

again made sudden and successful inroads upon them, and are still making preparations for a much more combined, formidable, and sustained attempt to recover the country, than was ever made during the war of the revolution to keep it.

Apart, however, from this source of danger, which of itself places the settler or frontiersman of the West in continual jeopardy, and entirely precludes the present extension of settlements in that direction, the hilly and really fine and salubrious country backwards, and in the rear of the "narrow strip," is also so openly exposed to similar marauding and harassing expeditions of the Mexicans, as well as to the far wilder, more fierce, and deadly attacks and surprises of hostile Indians (calculated, if I recollect aright, at 30,000 strong), that nearly all the fine land, the magnificent rolling prairies, and the hilly country, so especially recommended as adapted for wheat and other grain, are, to all practical intents and purposes, *as unavailable as if they did not exist at all*. While Mr. Kennedy therefore sits on some dry part of the "narrow strip," and sings of the almost immortal beauties of the inaccessible interior, he reminds me only of one of the visionary heroines of Lalla Rookh—

*"One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate."*

But he must not by any means be mistaken by the people at home for a correct Texan guide-post.

The plan of Indian warfare is too well known. "The patient watch, the vigil long," of the Red Man may eventually disarm suspicion on the part of the white settler; but it is as watchful and sleepless as ever. It will break at last abruptly, like the splitting of an earthquake, and the doom comes without affording a moment of preparation for it. One of the principal merchants in Galveston,—a relation of one of the English Poor Law Commissioners, and a man as well acquainted with Texas as any individual in it,—has repeatedly expressed to me his decided opinion, that Austin may, at any unexpected time, and in all probability will, fall before the fire, and its inhabitants beneath the tomahawk, of the deadly Camanches.

Any person rising from the perusal of such works as Mr. Kennedy's, would naturally conclude that an emigrant had nothing to do but select

his locality in any part of this paradise he pleased, and squat down upon it in the same conscious security as though he were going upon the occupancy of a new farm in his own straggling parish.

One would be inclined to take it for granted, that a horse with a man on his back may travel from Arkansas to Coahuila, and from Galveston to Santa Fé, without risk or peril, from either biped, quadruped, centipede, or snake.

So far, however, from this facility of location in the "Garden" of Texas being matter of fact, the truth is, that a tolerably round party, well armed, accoutred, and provisioned, is required *even* (with absolute safety) *to go and look at it*. These precautions are necessary, both for mutual protection and the sustentation of life, in that wilderness of sweets—that land flowing with milk and honey.

It was in consequence of this insecurity, arising from the unpopulated and unsettled state of the country, that several gentlemen, both English and American, joined the recent celebrated Texan SANTA FE "TRADING" EXPEDITION, by way of escort, and were afterwards captured by the Mexicans, deprived of their arms, papers, and beasts of burden, and marched, barefooted, some thousands of miles down to the city of Mexico, where those that survived this perilous journey were subjected to every indignity and barbarity that the low revenge of Santa Anna could suggest, and, in the end, barely escaped with their lives. When in Galveston, I was invited to join the party which was then in course of formation; but, independently of other minor considerations, I ascertained so much concerning its outfitting as left no doubt whatever on my mind that something else, besides trading in the ordinary way for Mexican bullion and peltries, was in contemplation, and hence, luckily, declined to form one of the number. The assertion that hostilities of any kind were meditated, has, I am aware, been strongly denied by the Texans since the total failure of the expedition itself; but assuredly, whatever might be the meaning of the leaders and captains, there were many amongst them who conceived it at least within the bounds of possibility that a *leelle* plunder might by chance happen to be brought back again. Mr. Kendall, one of the Editors of the *New Orleans Picayune* newspaper, having obtained all necessary passports, &c., from the Mexican Consul in New Orleans, to enable him to penetrate

into Mexico with security, joined the expedition because of the protection it afforded in passing through the whole extent of the Texan Paradise against wild Indians, roving Mexican marauders, and other nameless dangers. He, along with the greater part of the band, fell into the hands of the Mexicans before they reached Santa Fé, and performed the journey to Mexico as above stated. His passports afforded him no protection,—they were violently taken from him, and, in conjunction with all other papers found on the persons of individuals forming the party, were burned before their faces in the public square. Since his return home, that gentleman has published some highly-interesting and vivid sketches, both of inland Texan scenery and of the melancholy march to Mexico, with the adventures that attended it. One of them, both for its brevity and its strikingly Mexican character, I may venture to relate,—premising only, that Salezar, mentioned in the extract, was captain of the prisoners' escort.

Mr. Kendall says,—“As we were about starting, after the events I have just detailed, a man named John M'Allister, a native of Tennessee, and of an excellent family, complained that one of his ankles was sprained, and that he could hardly walk: he was nearly lame in the other ankle, and could never walk without limping. On starting, he was allowed to get into a cart, which had been employed to carry some of the more feeble of our men; but, finding it too heavily loaded, after being a mile on the road he was ordered out, and told to limp along the best way he could. Salezar had frequently told those who were unable to keep up, that he would shoot them rather than have the march delayed. Although he had already struck and severely beat several of the sick and more unfortunate, we could not believe him brute enough to murder a man in cold blood, whose only crime was that he was lame; but in this we were mistaken. On being driven from the cart, M'Allister stated his inability to proceed on foot. Salezar told him to hurry on. Again the unfortunate man declared himself utterly unable to walk, and this in the presence of half-a-dozen of his comrades. The worse than brutal captain, now wound up to a pitch of fury, commanded him to follow the cart, or he would order him to be shot. ‘Then shoot!’ said M'Allister, throwing open his blanket; ‘and the sooner the better!’ Salezar took him at his word,

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and a single ball sent as brave a man as ever trod the earth into eternity. His ears were then cut off, his blanket and pantaloons stripped from him, and his body thrown by the roadside as food for the wolves !"

The reader will, after this, agree with me, that I have since had good cause to congratulate myself on not having saddled a mule or mustang (wild horse) and joined the expedition to Santa Fé. He will also conclude, that settling in the richest and only (to Northern people) valuable, because healthy, part of this magnificent country, is not quite such an easy, quiet, pleasant summer-day's job as some writers, who have never tried it, would fain persuade their more uninformed countrymen that it is. High time enough, indeed, will it be to invite poor emigrants into these flowery wastes, when the Government of the country possesses something like power and means to protect them when there—two important items, which at present neither exist at all, nor have the most remote prospect of ever coming into existence. Whatever individuals go to settle in these, the only worthy places for British settlers, must do so at risks and hazards of life and property not a few—under privations and inconveniences literally incalculable (from their entire isolation from all towns and societies), and rest content, in case of attack from without, to fall first, and thus fulfil the generous office of outposts and scouts, to warn of the approach of an enemy their more amphibious and fenny fellow-citizens, whose constitutions enable them to congregate on the "narrow strip" between themselves and the Gulf.

To speak plainly, the chief object of every "friend to Texas" (meaning thereby any man who is not too rigidly scrupulous about the means which he adopts to serve the cause) is, to establish a good frontier defence of citizen-soldiers, farmer-fighters, out of the green emigrants who henceforwards may chance to embark their little all in a country which, though independent this year, can offer no security against being subjected again to Mexican dominion the year after. I say it can offer no security for this, because the national forces are utterly contemptible;—the Government is totally bankrupt, as declared by the mouth of the President himself in the spring of last year: it has no credit, for it cannot raise a loan from any nation in Europe; while its

own currency, which consists *entirely* of paper "promises to pay," is so miserably reduced as to render a dollar note (4s. 2d. English) not worth a picayune (3d.) in New Orleans; while in the country itself, and amongst the Texan people, its current value is little more than sixpence "good money." Neither can the people themselves sustain a prolonged contention by fighting in their own persons, clothing their own backs, and paying their own wages out of their own pockets. To attempt to parallel any struggle which either has taken or might take place in this comparatively paltry spot, with such an event as the American Revolution, is more ludicrous than to place the conquest of a mouse alongside the taking of an elephant.

I must not, however, grow too discursive.

It has been said that Galveston abounds in "doctors," who find plenty to do, although that town is more healthy than any other place of size or note in the whole country. Glad indeed would the inland settlers be to have one of these medical gentlemen amongst them, or even within the very reasonable reach of fifteen or twenty miles: but they are not excessively fond of running greater risks than necessary, and especially in localities where—although their practice, as far as prairie-crossing is concerned, must be very extensive indeed—they yet do not contrive to get enough, with all their monstrous extortioning, to warrant them in putting their own heads in rather doubtful pickle. The consequence is, that the lonely settlers of the country generally cannot, in cases of any extreme of necessity, obtain medical assistance of any kind or quality. "Every man his own doctor" is just as needful as that every man should be his own farrier, or his own footman. The solitary squatter in these magnificent solitudes must either patch and physic poor diseased nature according to his own knowledge and discretion, or leave her altogether unplastered, "unanointed, unannealed," to conquer the enemy with her own weapons, or to sink under the conflict, just as circumstances, under Providence, may decree.

Connected with matters of a sanatory nature, I must not forget to add that Mr. Kennedy has mentioned the existence in Galveston of a General Hospital for the reception of the sick. Whether it be a junior St. Bartholomew's or a Guy's, we are not informed: nor did I ever ascertain whether any saint in the calendar had or had not any patron-

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age over it. Of this fact I am certain—that, as the juveniles of Coccagne have it, it was a “regular *Guy*” to look at. A mile and a half from any human habitation, it stood alone in the desert, dead, silent, and seemingly aloof from all living and active Christian sympathy. It was nothing more than a long and ordinary weather-boarded and shingled house, one story high, raised on cedar blocks about two or three feet from the ground, with two windows in front, a door in the middle, and a flight of four or five wooden steps by which to communicate within and without. On one side it looked out upon a landscape of wild sea swamp, covered with hundreds of shrieking and screaming aquatic birds; while an old and ruined wooden fort, combined with the wrecks of once gallant sailing vessels, now fast embedded in the sands of the bay, formed the background. On the other hand, the prospect was that of a wide flat wilderness of sandy shore, upon which the breakers of the Gulf, whether at ebb or flow of tide, were everlastingly casting the foam of their madness, and chanting to the ears of the poor sick and dying within, day and night, the doleful and solemn song of eternity!

Would that I could now lay before the reader a drawing made by my own hand of this veritable hospital as it stood at Midsummer in the year of Our Lord 1841! It now lies before me, and calls vividly to recollection many a mad hunting expedition, many a “wild-goose chase” in reality—many a desperate fishing-bout, and many a sad, musing, melancholy walk, that I have had with some now dead, within the reach of its dreary and fevered eye! Ruin and wreck are painful landmarks, but somehow that poor hospital—that shell of misery, that great coffin of the unburied dead—seen over the prairie from afar, was to me a ramble in the waste, a far more melancholy landmark than either wreck or ruin.

Towards the maintenance of this deplorable caricature every emigrant is compelled to contribute one dollar, payable to the Mayor of the city: in default of this, the captain of the vessel in which such emigrant arrived is held liable, and is farther empowered to detain the baggage of passengers until the “hospital money” shall be paid. Even a regular citizen and inhabitant of Texas, coming from a visit to the United States, or any foreign country, is obliged to pay this tribute over again as often as he goes away and returns.

Bilious fevers, of different degrees of intensity; ague and fever, producing irrecoverable prostration of the system, delirium, and eventually death; with cholera, in different mitigated stages, constitute the general diseases in Texas of a formidable character. At the town of Houston, which is admirably situated in a swamp, the latter malady most extensively prevails, and numbers die there every season. The filthiness and corruption of the water, which there is execrable, appear to be one main cause of this periodical summer mortality; aided, doubtless, by the miasma of the pestilent surrounding neighbourhood. A tolerably correct idea may be formed of the nature of the locality of Houston, from the fact that after the setting in of the rains the town becomes next to totally inaccessible save by water; neither carriage nor horse being able to drag or flounder through the deep miry ground by which it is at that season, as it were, entrenched.

Houston is seventy or eighty miles inland (a long distance within the "narrow strip"), and yet Mr. Kennedy says that "persons who arrive in summer will be quite safe by retiring fifty or sixty miles inland." To "retire" to Houston *in summer* is exactly the same to a stranger as retiring to a churchyard to see his own grave dug. Take newly-arrived emigrants on the average, and not two in ten would survive twelve months.

Perhaps, after all, the best proof that can be adduced in evidence of the essential and radical unhealthiness of the country that "requires no physicians," is to be found in the following curious fact:—The disease, if it be properly termed such, is common enough in Galveston, as many a limping hero and heroine there can well attest. Should an individual chance, especially during the burning summer months, to knock off, or graze by accident, any portion of the skin of the hands or legs—parts most liable to such petty disasters—the chances are sure to be very much in favour of the injury, however slight, becoming at first difficult to heal, and eventually a kind of running ulcerous sore, eating into the flesh deeper and deeper, until rest and sanative applications so far avail as to arrest the progress of the complaint. It might be supposed that this corrupt state of the system originated in an evil mode of life, or from excessive drinking. The fact is not so. Females as well as men, people who totally abstain from all vinous or fermented drinks,

equally with those who make constant use of both wine and spirits, are liable to it. Nay, I have known worse cases amongst the former class even than the latter, and hence am partly induced to conclude that the atrocious compound of liquid matter, vegetable essence, and insect life and excrement, there termed "water," has more to do with it than is ordinarily suspected. The slightest mishap of this kind will frequently confine a patient to his house for weeks together, and generally continue, from first to last, during a period of several months.

The actual difficulties of effecting the location of suitable land, settling down upon it, and working successfully through the host of impediments and privations that beset the savage life of a new beginner in a new country, are literally inconceivable, as contrasted with the previous conceptions of the intending emigrant, when, in the ardour of anticipation, he overclimbs the greatest obstacles with the same facility as the imagination may climb to the summit of the Andes, and suffers only in fancy a thousand miserable necessities and pains, any one half-dozen of which when embodied in fact may chance to make life itself appear (under such circumstances) no very desirable inheritance. This truth may receive some verification from the prodigious numbers of failures which occur in such venturesous trials, to one single attempt that can be regarded as successful.

Out of the thirty individuals who went out in the same vessel with myself, not more than three entertained for a moment any other views than those of obtaining land, either by purchase, or through the medium of the Government grants,—of squatting upon it, and becoming for the remainder of their natural lives good citizens of the new Republic. Look at the result. Of all this number, **NOT ONE** succeeded in effecting the object for which he had left home and country, crossed thousands of miles of ocean, and gone to Texas. Before Christmas of the same year, some of them had returned home, or gone into the United States; some were dying, some dead, and some almost perishing from sheer want, either because they could get nothing to do, or were too sick and reduced to work at all; and some others, alas! were imprisoned upon the island, merely because their resources being completely exhausted, they had not left the means wherewith to get away.

When occasion shall call for the relation of some of their stories more in detail, the public will perceive how easily, and by what a rapid process of transition, the earthly paradise of a couple of octavo volumes may be converted by disease and anxiety into a bodily and mental pandemonium. May I never again see such ruin of body and fortune, such wreck of heart, as it was my fate to witness in Texas!

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CHAPTER III.

My own Location. Bayous. Gardening. Pig-shooting. Cat-killing. Texan Courtship. Scarcity of Women. The President and the Washerwoman. Weather and Climate.

Acting upon the medical advices of the people with whom chance brought me into contact, in conjunction with the practical lessons taught me by a few weeks' experience, I soon resolved to remain (at least for the present) in the island; to abandon all immediate intentions of penetrating into the interior; to await the result of farther knowledge, and profit, if possible, by the experiences of those who, in this particular, were more sanguine and venturous than myself. Accordingly, while the various members of our emigrant party were dispersed far and wide, some in one way and some in another, I myself rented a cottage, with a large enclosure of garden-ground attached, about half-a-mile from the "city," and upon the border of a large bayou* about half-way across the island, between the Bay and the Gulf. Some two or three weeks previous to my entry upon it, this cottage had been fairly lifted off its foundations by a tremendous "norther," and carried a couple of yards backwards, but deposited again upon the ground as

* A Bayou (or Biou, as it is pronounced) is a long, narrow, and tortuous watercourse, like a natural canal, which derives its origin from the sea, and runs inland, like a small river, to the length not unfrequently of some miles. One of these completely separates Galveston Island, and is pretty deep. Numerous others, generally fordable, intersect it in all directions, and render travelling a rather embarrassing business to any individual unacquainted with their position and depths. They abound with small fish and crabs, and, consequently, are the grand resort of all descriptions of wading-birds, which afford such excellent sport to the fowler.

level and uninjured as before. It consisted of two large rooms, open to the ridge inside, and constructed with the doors and windows opposite each other, north and south, for the benefit of the air. Daylight shone here and there through the cracks and ill-fitting joints of the plank walls; and on the beams and rafters which supported the shingled roof, various colonies of a gigantic sort of wasp had established their homesteads, in the shape of large masses of mud, filled with holes of a geometrical figure, like those of a honeycomb. Mice also had built their nests on the cross-timbers, ten or twelve feet from the ground; and a small republic of fierce and warlike rats had additionally declared their independence of the tenant below, and hoisted the liberal flag of rat-tail on the roof and upper beams of the building. Behind was a detached kitchen, which stood about two feet from the ground, upon four legs, like a stool. The enclosure in which all this was situated had once been cultivated, but was now "an unweeded garden," a waste more rankly luxuriant by far than the open prairie itself; for such all neglected land becomes after the spade or plough has thrown up hitherto-buried soil to the action of the sun and air. Snakes and lizards had made their choice dwellings in it, and the melancholy blue marsh-bittern sometimes paid it a brief visit of inspection at the hour of twilight. Close behind us, the bayou expanded into a large shallow pool, about two feet deep—one foot of mud and one of water—which, morning and night, and frequently throughout the day itself, unless too much disturbed by the sportsman's gun, was the constant resort of hundreds of wading and fishing birds, of all sizes,—from the snowy crane, whose breadth of pinion is six or seven feet, the large blue crane of still more ample dimensions, the gigantic wood-ibis, and the magnificent roseate spoonbill, down through all gradations of size to some even more diminutive than a sparrow. On some low sandhills beyond, our prospect that way was terminated by the melancholy remains of an unclosed grave-yard—the remote and barren resting-place of all who fell by the pestilent yellow-fever, when Galveston was visited by it in 1839. Just by way of illustrating the indifference which prevails there on this subject, as well as what little regard is commonly had to the ordinary observances of decent sepulture, a little incident may be mentioned which, at the time of its occurrence, shocked my feelings considerably.

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At some recent period, subsequently to the burial of the fevered corpses in these dry sandhills, a road had been formed—not dug, but trampled—across the prairie, and directly through the centre of this dreary grave-place, leading to the shore of the Gulf. The first time I walked along this track, and was passing between the banks formed by the divided ridge of hills, my attention was arrested by the appearance of some object protruding out of the sand on one side, of a somewhat unusual character. On stepping up to it, I found it was no other than the upper end of a rough coffin, the lid of which had been pulled aside by the hand of some one curious in the investigation of nature's laboratory of decomposition, and there left, as too troublesome to be replaced. The loose, fine, dry sand had run down from above, and nearly filled up the vacancies of the inside; while from amidst a mass of poor grave-clothes and sand, intermixed, stared forth a dry and withered head, yet covered with long black hair, upon which corruption had not taken place, owing to the total absence of all moisture, and the excessive heat of the climate, but which appeared not unlike that of an Egyptian mummy, or the preserved head of a New Zealander. A small but horrid kind of land-crab, found amongst these arid places, had left the claw-marks of its journeying to and from the coffin upon the smoothly-drifted sand; and now and then the filthy carrion-eating turkey-buzzard might be seen hovering about the place, or perching on the top of some adjoining wooden tomb. Nothing else of life was to be seen, from one horizon to the other. The waste amid which the corpse lay, seemed as dreary and as dead as the corpse itself. I turned away half heart-sick: my dog ran towards it, snuffed up the air, and turned away also. I believe it lay in that exposed manner a week or ten days, when some one, professing more respect for the remains of man's mortality than fear of recalling buried fever from the grave, placed some thorns upon the coffin, and covered the whole up again, though still it stood out upon the line of road like a large molehill. The landscape, I had forgotten to say, was embellished from this grave-yard view by a fine prospect of the gallows, upon which a "nigger" had once been hung, I think for murder. With the exception of hemp, all the requisite machinery was in perfect readiness for the next volunteer.

My next-door neighbour in this retreat was Major A—, a Ken-

tuckian by birth, a hero of the Revolution, and Mayor of the City of Galveston. Possessed of all the half-savage characteristics both of his origin and of Texan society generally, he yet was, both in manners and education, a gentleman. The propinquity of our dwellings soon placed us upon the footing of familiar acquaintances, and thus helped to beguile many of those tedious and listless hours which, in a hot climate, and amidst a coarse, illiterate people, will inevitably steal a march upon any man whose tendencies and tastes unluckily chance to require mental provender of a rather more dainty quality than the intellects of a population of carpenters, blacksmiths, and petty shopkeepers are in general empowered to furnish.

It was, I think, in the "merry month of May" that I first set to work upon Galveston soil, and began to put to the test of practical experiment the boasted productiveness of its never-fading gardens. "Nearly every month," so writes the Rev. A. B. Lawrence's protégé, "can furnish fine lettuce, radishes, beets, and peas, and thus regale the appetite of the Northern traveller, as he arrives on the coast in winter, with the luxuries of his own summer season."

Having got my ground in order, I planted three kinds of English peas, Brussels sprouts, French beans, parsley, radishes, carrots, onions, garlic, and shallots. Lest, however, these should, like many other flattering Texan promises, chance to fail, I also put in a number of seeds which we had brought from the Isle of St. Thomas, West Indies, consisting of mangoes, mammæ apple, soursops, mespils, shaddocks, and a large brown bean, which I found growing upon the rocks of the Bay. The season being dry—so dry indeed that nearly all the wells in the island failed—I had these seeds watered with persevering constancy whenever they required it, but always before sunrise and after sunset. Eventually the largest kind of pea (which in England grows to an enormous size) grew from three to four inches high, flowered, and bore pods, little more than an inch long, with one or two perfectly-matured peas in each. The other kinds did not even show their noses above-ground; while of *all* the other English seeds, as well as West Indian, not a single one came up at all.

I re-dug my whole garden, and tried a second experiment with sweet potatoes and water-melons of various kinds. These succeeded to ad-

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miration; and I had the daily pleasure of seeing my melon vines stretching over the soil at the rate of little less than a foot in twenty-four hours. With great care and attention, some two or three hundred melons were produced, and approaching to ripeness, when one dire black day—a day that “stands aye accursed in the (gardening) kalendar”—I betook myself to a deer-hunt some twelve or fifteen miles down the island; was out one day and two nights, and on my return home found Gay’s fable of the pig in the tulip-ground realised amongst my crop of water-melons. As this matter, slight as it may seem, subsequently caused my life to be openly threatened, the reader will excuse such particulars as it may appear necessary to give.

Any gentleman who happens to be enthusiastic in natural history as displayed in the grunting genus of animals ought to go to Galveston forthwith, since no place can be named where greater facilities for study in that particular department of science may be enjoyed. Parson Trulliber would have been in greater ecstasies there than ever he was, even when he pushed his brother Adams into the hog-sty; since the pigs are not only amazingly numerous, but remarkably acute and sharp, and, in their industrious researches after the various edible delicacies of the island, display a degree of sagacity and discernment eminently calculated to redeem the character of their whole race from that odium of proverbial stupidity which, by the common consent of mankind, has been fixed upon it. Enjoying unchecked the republican freedom of going at large wherever they please, both town and prairie are overrun by numberless herds of them. Useful as aids and assistants to the turkey-buzzard in clearing away all descriptions of refuse and offal, they likewise exert all their powers of nose and teeth in smelling out and destroying snakes of all kinds, which they devour with surprising avidity; in fact, through their instrumentality mainly, is the eastern end of the island, upon which the city stands, indebted for its comparative freedom from those annoying and dangerous reptiles. The pig catches a serpent by placing his foot upon it, and pinning it to the ground in the division of his hoof. Both day and night do they hunt about over miles of ground, though most generally during the day. Early in the morning, almost before daylight, they may be seen setting out from the town in the greatest of all possible hurries, and in distinct

droves, towards the prairie swamps and sides of the bayous, calling at every detached settlement in their way, to pick up what may chance to have been thrown outside the enclosure—not omitting to walk into your garden, if entrance can be found and no human creature can be seen; but carefully abstaining from any attempt of the latter kind should a two-legged enemy, either in trousers or petticoat, appear to have an eye upon them: in this case, they content themselves with a longing peep through the palings, just by way of seeing when your sweet potatoes are likely to be ready, or your water-melons getting towards ripe. One very large old sow in particular I remember that used to pay a visit to my neighbour Major A——'s garden about two o'clock in the morning, lift the gate off the latch with her nose, and deliberately walk in to devour whatever freshly-grown greens the Major and his gardener had contrived to raise. Our separation fence was in indifferent repair, and, consequently, I also became occasionally victimised through the same channel. At first, I contented myself with driving the pigs out and securing my fences, but, on the solemn advice of the Major, resolved afterwards to shoot every pig found within my horticultural territory.

"D— 'em, Hooton!" said the Major, "shoot every one of them, and send me in a piece of the pork. I shall do the same thing, and we will, at least, have bacon for our greens, if we can get nothing else."

As this advice came from no less a personage than the mayor of the city, and he promised to see me out of all trouble in case any indictment for pig-slaughter should be brought against me, I did not for a moment hesitate to take it. Still, I adopted all preventive measures within my power, as loath to get into a "difficulty" if it could be avoided, and knowing, at the same time, that pig-shooting in Texas is about as dangerous a crime to the individual perpetrating it, as manslaughter or wilful assassination.

As my melons grew towards ripeness, the temptation to the enemy without grew greater and greater, as evinced in the increased numbers of swinish inquiries that were daily and nightly made through the apertures of the external fences. Still, in spite of all precautions, occasional watchers would get in for a few minutes, and retire again with a charge of buck-shot more than they calculated on. But on that sad

and unlucky day on which I left the place to take care of itself for a while, a whole legion of them took advantage of my absence—wrenched the palings off with their flexible snouts, and were actually revelling amongst melons and sweet potatoes at the identical time when I returned home. The garden was totally destroyed—trampled down, eaten, and grubbed into enormous hills and hollows of lifeless waste, after a fashion that would have made Abercrombie or Mr. Loudon frantic.

So intent were many of them upon their feast, that I slipped into the house unobserved, and, in addition to a charge of shot already in my fowling-piece, loaded with a pistol-ball and two triangular pieces of rough lead, being determined to bring down my game if possible. Major A—— was looking over his fence, and smiling at these preparations as he pointed out to me the principal offender and ringleader of the herd. It was no other than his night visitor, the old sow. At a distance of about thirty yards, she received the whole contents of the gun upon the side of the head or neck—I could not tell which, owing to the dusk of night which was then approaching. She spun round two or three times, and fell. I ran into the house for a bowie-knife, to finish the business; but before I could return, she had got up and trotted away. I gave up all attempts at gardening for the future, and endeavoured to satisfy my feelings of mortification and revenge by shooting every head of swine that came into my waste, whether by day or by night. Still, out of at least a round dozen that were *well* shot, I did but succeed in converting one into pork;—a piece of sporting experience which warrants me in stating, for the information of old shots in England, that to kill a pig by one discharge of powder and lead is next to impossible, unless a particular spot can with certainty be selected.

It soon afterwards appeared that these proceedings were creating me no very desirable fame, as an acquaintance of mine who resided in the town called upon me one afternoon for the especial purpose of communicating the information that the owner of a large old sow which had been twice shot, (she was shot once by the Major,) by me, he believed, had expressed his fixed intention to *shoot me* the first time he happened to see me. Having some reason to repose a little confidence in this Texan promise, I thought it quite as well to be on my guard; and

having occasion that very day to go into the town, I placed a brace of pistols in my pocket, with the firm resolve to have the *first* shot (if I could get it) in case any one should make a hostile demonstration towards me. Happily, however, the threat was not, for once, carried into execution.

Redress in any other way, for destruction of this kind, is totally out of the question, as, in the first place, it is impossible to trace individual travelling swine to their owners, and in the next, if that could be done, the only answer a man would receive, would be something to the effect that "he should make his fences stronger."

Directly or indirectly, these filthy animals are the cause of more private animosity and personal mischief than almost anything else that could be named. Nay, during the same summer of which I have been speaking, the shooting of one belonging to the British Consul in Houston, under circumstances similar to those I have detailed, led to a great political difficulty, and at one time rather seriously threatened a rupture between the two countries! The Texan Government, however, made the *amende honorable* as well as it could, and thus most happily averted what might have proved a painful and prolonged warfare between the advocates of gardens, and the numerous and savage supporters of the constitutional and inalienable rights of pig.

Cats, also, constituted another terrible source of annoyance and destruction upon our premises. In consequence of the weather, it is impossible to shut up your kitchen, or place where meat is kept, even during the night. Our kitchen had a window at each end, both of which were always left open for the air. The feline tribes in the neighbourhood soon discovered this interesting fact, and made great profit of it by nightly devouring our fish and meat, and concluding by licking the dishes off the shelves to the floor, and then flying at a maniacal speed from the clatter of their own raising.

It required considerable address to drop upon these alert and soft-footed gentry—especially during the dead of night, when, in white nightcap and bedgown, the sportsman has to turn out at a moment's warning, and creep upon them with sufficient caution to get within shot. The nights, however, in that climate can never be called dark, like those in this country, unless some northern storm be drifting along

the sky, in which case they are as black as the bottom of the Dead Sea. In consequence of this, I could frequently get to one window, while some thievish Tom or Tabby was perhaps hesitating suspiciously and reluctantly on the side of the other. By thus shooting through the kitchen, I eventually relieved the neighbourhood of some of its finest midnight prowlers, and provided many excellent morsels for the buzzards, which never failed to come and decently inter the corpses in their own stomachs. Luckily for the welfare of my face and head of hair, there were few or no old maids in Galveston—women being so remarkably scarce, that a maid is hardly to be met in a day's march; and widows of any mark or likelihood are either pestered to death by loafers of all descriptions, or compelled to get married again, if only as a stroke of good policy, and in sheer self-defence.

Some few months after our location in the delightful habitation just described, an English vessel arrived in Galveston Shallows, with emigrants of a tolerably respectable class as the world goes; and amongst them was one married gentleman, without family, who died within two months (I think) after setting his foot upon Texan sand. A sprightly and gay widow of about five-and-twenty, with the highly-prizable qualification of a small property (a qualification more invaluable, perhaps, in Texas than in any other known region of the earth), was immediately subjected to a kind of matrimonial public competition. The town was thrown into a state of social hurly-burlyism: single gentlemen dressed up in their best, and pranced and capered about upon unruly horses all in the widow's neighbourhood; small but ambitious and aspiring storekeepers rubbed their hands till their eyes sparkled again—peeped into their tills, cleaned up their fronts, and respectfully invited the widow to a seat, a cake, and a glass of wine, whenever she honoured the public side of their counters with her presence. Nothing, in fact, could be heard along all that part of the coast of the Mexican Gulf but the name of Mrs. ———. It surpassed in intensity of interest, and (of course) in beauty of association, the most horrid murder that ever was committed: it superseded the news from Orleans, and slipped unconsciously out of the mouths of bachelors whenever they attempted to tell you either about their own health or the present value of a Texan dollar.

As this lady's husband died while they were yet remaining at one of the hotels of the town, she found it necessary immediately to take a private house; and, as chance would have it, she took one upon the prairie close by our own. A servant-girl, about as big again as herself, constituted her only companion in this retreat; and when she came to take possession of it, such an escort of anticipatory husbands attended as was truly marvellous to behold. In no long time, there were a wine-merchant, a sea-captain, a baker, a liquor-store keeper, and a petty Galveston doctor, all together keeping a sharp look-out after the widow, and contending in jealous emulation for the honour of her hand. Nor was this all: numbers of other bachelors, without an object, but deficient in "pluck," talked and boasted of meditated conquests as yet only in the egg state—while the aforesaid baker's man, and the proprietor of a ten-pin alley, severally laid close siege to the servant. Now the widow gave none of them the least kind of serious encouragement, but, being one of the most giddy, mischievous, wicked young witches that ever did undertake to tease and torment the heart of unfortunate man, exerted her utmost abilities (and they were not few) in turning the whole affair to funny account, and setting her host of mercenary lovers as much at loggerheads as possible. The baker, a steady, industrious, ignorant and raw Irishman, tolerably "well-to-do" in the city, who was previously in the habit of bringing bread round our neighbourhood early in a morning, mounted on the seat-board of a cart, and dressed like any sloven, now shaved and spruced himself up because he had to call at the widow's on his rounds. And whereas he was always before in such a desperate hurry to get back to the town again, that he might justly have been regarded in the light of a flying baker, lo! now he began to dismount at the widow's, and leave his horse to take an hour's nap standing at the gate, while that courteous and facetious lady allowed him to entertain himself at her breakfast-table. Being, however, of not the most valorous disposition, he held his rival the sea-captain in great dread, and usually contrived to sit where he could have an eye upon the window and discern him upon the prairie afar off (in case he should be coming), so that time might be allowed for his precipitate escape with his cart before Greek could meet Greek face to face, and Soft-bread and Sea-biscuit could jostle too closely together.

In the course of the morning, she would take a drive with the captain,—he, by the way, in order to demonstrate his triumph, generally contriving to crack his whip close by the very door of the baker who had been before him. After dinner, she might chance to ride out on horseback attended by the young wine-merchant—and in the evening be perhaps so perseveringly waited upon by several together, that all her address was required to stow them away out of one another's reach or knowledge, in order to prevent any alarming symptoms which might else have arisen on her premises of bowie-knife and bullet. On Sundays the baker's man arrayed himself in his Texan Volunteer dress, and, with musket on shoulder, marched in military pomp to subdue the female force of the kitchen; while he of the ten-pin alley shone in the glittering colours of a fantastical half-Mexican filled and decorated garb, not very distantly related to that of a harlequin.

Not, however, to prolong this tittle-tattle, which is far better adapted to the genius of Mrs. Trollope or of Miss Mitford than of my pen, let it suffice the reader to be informed, that after the expenditure on the part of all these loving applicants of a vast deal of time, of buggy-hire, and of attendance,—after the wine-merchant had betaken himself to scandal and claret in despair—the captain sworn a violent oath that he would shoot or knife any man who dared to wed the widow except himself—after the liquor-store keeper had given it in as a hopeless speculation, the doctor discovered it was no joke to be made fun of, and the baker had even gone so far as to re-model, re-paint, re-furnish, and re-carpet his bachelor's hall, in the self-imagined confidence of soon having a gentle addition to his household,—the widow openly avowed that she knew they only wanted her for her money, refused to have any of them, and remained a widow still when I bade adieu to Galveston. From all this, however, a moral may be drawn, for the benefit of the unmarried of the gentle sex at home; since it clearly appears, that if a woman may be no more of a witch in her own country than a man is said to be a prophet, she has only to go to Texas to charm and fascinate at least one-half of a town's bachelor population. I knew a lady there, about three-and-twenty, who had been married three times, and was then on with her third husband, who, if I recollect aright, was hardly expected to get better. For, notwithstanding the scarcity of women is

so great in Texas, that the Government has recently offered six hundred and forty acres of land to any female emigrant who, within a given period, marries a permanent citizen of the Republic—yet the numbers of men who die there, as compared with the women, is as two or three to one,—a fact partly attributable to the more evil habits of the former, but mainly to the greater exposures and out-door hardships commonly undergone by them. Still, I cannot conscientiously advise any one of my fair readers to go, either for the sake of becoming proprietress of such an unavailable landed estate as the Government gives by way of marriage portion, or to take the chance of becoming the wife of some wild squatter, scarcely more cultivated or productive than the waste prairie around him. “Few and far between” are the emigrant females of Texas who would not gladly go back again to the respective places from whence they came, if they conveniently could. The home-fever, of which Napoleon’s Switzers died, is not unknown there, especially amongst the females; as many a longing eye, that too often gazes afar upon the vision of its birthplace, can sufficiently prove. One notable instance of this yearning for home came across my observation in the person of a lady from New York, whose husband was doing a respectable business in a store in the town, while he kept a sort of country-house on the outskirts as a more agreeable habitation for his family. During our first residence with Mrs. S—— (the English lady before mentioned), this unfortunate victim, who was her next neighbour, used to come in about every other day at the very least, and invariably with the same doleful and piteous lamentations over the loss of New York.

“Well, Mrs. S——, and *do* you think you shall get to New York this summer?”

“I am rather afraid not, madam,” briskly replied the other. “My husband seems to have no intention of leaving Galveston at present.”

“Ay, dear! ay, dear! I wish *I* was but going! I’m sure I’ve been teasing my poor husband about it every day both last year and this, and yet I can’t get him to consent to go back to New York, though he was doing a deal better in New York than he is now, or ever will do in this miserable hole! I’m sure I was crying all day long yesterday to go back to New York, and couldn’t eat a morsel of dinner if it had been to save my life. Oh!—o—h! if I could but persuade him to

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give up here and go back to New York, I should be satisfied. Upon my word. Mrs. S——, I don't know how *you* feel about it, but *I'd* sooner starve in New York than be a first-rate lady here. I shall never be happy—that I know I shan't—till I do get back to New York; I'm always thinking about it day and night; but I *will* tease it out of him if I can. He shan't have a bit of peace as long as I'm here, for I couldn't let him if I would. He'll be home to his dinner in about an hour or so, and then I shall be at him again about going off this summer to New York. If I had my will, I wouldn't live out of New York under any consideration; and only let me once catch myself there again, and if anybody ever sees me out of New York after that, I'll give 'em leave to take me, if they like me, for their pains. Well, good morning; and if you should think of going to New York, or happen to know anybody that is going, just step in and let me know, for I'm sure I envy anybody that's going to New York, that I do!"

And thus we used to be New-Yorked until the very name assumed the appearance of a verbal hobgoblin, and seemed to make us as anxious to keep clear of that famous city, as this dismal matron was to be once more embraced in its dear, delightful arms.

Most feminine employments are liberally paid for—when paid at all—in this country. Sempstresses pick up a good living, and successful washerwomen flourish like vines and fig-trees. One of this latter profession, who occasionally washed for us, used to tell a story of her first interview with a great Texan commander, which amused me highly, though I fear it will not *tell* so well on paper.

"Now, yo' may believe me, Mrs. H——, for upon my word when me and my husband first landed on this island we had but half a dollar in the world; but I'd brought a first-rate Yankee washing-machine with me, and set to work as soon as I could. Well, in a bit, I got quite a reppytation for it, and was known all over th' town as the English washerwoman. One day, a nigger man brought a big bundle of clothes to wash, and promised to call for 'em again at the end o' th' week. Setterday comes, and wi' it comes the nigger. 'Them clothes,' says I, 'comes to two dollars and a hafe.'

"'Ain' got no mony,' says he; 'massa pay nex' week. Nebber pays till he see how washin' done.'

" 'Then, them clothes don't go out of this house till he does pay. Next weeks don't do for me; they're always coming, but never comes.'

" 'Then, I no tak clothes!'

" 'Touch 'em, at your black peril, if you dare, till them two dollars and a hafe is pead into these crinkling fingers that's smarted over 'em!' says I, and in that way I got rid of him. After a bit, he comes again, and says he—' Massa send his com'l'ment and say he send mony Mundy, only he mus hav clothes t'night, cos he goine out t'morrow, and his shirts all in that bun'l.'

" 'I've nothing to do with his going out or his stopping in! If folks can't afford to pay for their snirts washing, they've no right to dirty 'em—that's my maxhum. Now, yo' need not stop staring and grinning there, becos they shan't be stirred out of this house till they are pead for, be it longer or shorter first.' And wi' that I sent him back a second time. Same night, a gentleman taps at ar door—a tall, stout gentleman he was—and says he—

" 'Ah, Mrs. Jones!' says he, 'so you won't let my slave bring my clothes home, I understand?'

" 'Not till they're pead for, sir,' says I. He smiled and said he dare say it was right enough, and then began to look round the room. 'Well,' said he, 'you've a very delightful little house here, very indeed. Ah! that's a beautiful clock—a beautiful clock it is! Did you bring it from England?'

" 'We did, sir.'

" 'Well, I should like such a one very much. Do you think your husband would part with it?'

" 'I dare say he would, sir, if he could get his price for it.'

" 'Hum!—well, when he comes home, tell him a gentleman will buy it of him if he'll name his price, and I'll call up again on Monday—and, at the same time, Mrs. Jones, I can settle this trifle about the washing, you know. You've no objection to my taking the clothes, I suppose?'

" 'Not if you'll pay me for 'em, sir.' He laughed at that, and said he, 'You don't seem to know who I am, Mrs. Jones?'

" 'No, sir,' said I; 'and as far as that goes, I don't care either!'

" ' My name is Sam Houston.' "

" ' Sam Houston or Sam anybody else, it makes no difference to me. Them shirts shan't go out of this house till they are pead for, if they stay for six months, for I can't afford to buy soap and sal-eratus, and wash folks's things in at th' bargain, if they niver pay for it when it's done. Besides, sir, I should think you can't buy th' clock if you can't pay for your weshing.' "

" So he laughed agen, and bid me a good-night. Next morning his nigger comed up agen pretty early, and broat th' money along wi' him ; but I didn't know till then, when I axed him, that I'd bin talking a-that-a-way to th' President o' th' country his-self. However, I always had his weshing after, and he always took care to send th' money for it when it was done." "

Any woman who happens to possess a genius for washing—an enthusiast in the business—a creature whose highest delight is in " fine drying-weather"—must needs pass a blissful life in Galveston, since kitchen-fires are altogether superseded by the more economical heat of the sun, and clothes-horses are a mechanical invention the utility of which can scarcely be comprehended so close upon the Tropic of Cancer. This will readily appear, if I may be allowed to pass, by such a rapid transition as the present, from washerwomen to the weather.

It has been affirmed by various Texan advocates, that the climate of the country is neither so hot nor so cold as in the more northern Atlantic States, but that the prevalling character of the weather all the year round is much the same with our fine summer weather in England. Now, as facts in this matter are preferable to assertions, and the quick-silver tongue of a thermometer is better to be depended upon than the silver tongue of any interested author, let us see what one of Fahrenheit's says of the heat and cold in Galveston. Opportunity did not allow me to begin a register until the 16th of July ; but from that period to the middle of December, with some few unavoidable omissions, it is sufficiently complete to give a just idea of the heat which is " not too great to work in," and the cold which never grows unpleasant. The thermometrical " averages " given by Mr. Kennedy are very apt to mislead the reader. It is not by averages that the body feels changes or excesses of temperature. It is by these relatively, one to another,

that the constitution is most affected. I prefer, therefore, to give a few accurate particulars, to averaging the various temperatures throughout the day and night during any given month of the year. The season of 1841 was in no respect unusual; and as Galveston Island is necessarily much cooler than the habitable "narrow strip" of mainland, with its calm, dead atmosphere, some idea may be formed of the greater heats of these swamps and alluvial bottoms. On the 16th July, at six in the morning, about sunrise, the thermometer stood at 80 deg. Fahrenheit in the shade; at seven, it was 100 deg. in the sun; at mid-day, 100 deg. in the shade: next day, at seven a.m., 108 deg. in the sun. On the 25th, before sunrise, and in the house (open all night), 71 deg.; at six, 102 deg. in the sun; and, at seven, 115 deg. On the 29th, at ten a.m., 124 deg. in the sun, with a north-east breeze. This was at my house on the open prairie; but, in the city, the thermometer, under the same exposure, stood at 140 deg. On the 5th of August, at six a.m., 80 deg. in the shade, with an east wind; at ten a.m., 119 deg. in the sun and wind. On the seventh, at the same hour in the morning, 80 deg.; and, at half-past eight a.m., 122 deg. in the sun, it being a dead calm; at mid-day a strong breeze blew, and the thermometer fell to 120 deg.; at four p.m., 108 deg. in the sun and wind. Throughout the remainder of the month, the average was some three or four degrees lower. About the middle of September, the thermometer varied from 70 deg. in the shade, to 99 deg. in the sun and wind. A month later, the temperature varied from 50 deg. to 70 deg. morning and evening—noon is not marked. From the beginning to the middle of November, the lowest registration was 55 deg. in the shade at eight a.m., and the highest 105 deg. in the sun at nine a.m. About this time many of the feathered tribes became migratory, as various red-birds and Bohemian chatterers stayed on the 14th in our gardens, apparently on their passage south. During the remaining portion of the month, the temperature varied early in the morning from 58 deg. to 70 deg.; and, at noon, from 70 deg. in the shade to 98 deg. in the sun. On the 26th a "norther" came on, and the thermometer suddenly fell, at seven in the morning, to only 2 deg. above freezing; at noon it mounted to 46 deg., and fell by ten at night to 40 deg. On the 28th, the norther still continuing, at seven in the morning it was as

low as 22 deg., and, of course, there was a severe frost ; at noon, 28 deg., and the same at sunset. The next day, at seven a.m., it rose to 44 deg. On the 4th December, at seven a.m., 43 deg. in the shade ; at noon, 56 deg. in the same place, and 86 deg. in the sun ; at sunset, 56 deg. again, in the house. Similar degrees of temperature prevailed until the 8th inst., beyond which my register does not extend.

The "averages" of all this might make a very delectable climate ; but the fact is, that the various changes are felt very severely, and especially by individuals who are openly exposed to their influence. After a succession of hot weather, a norther, with the thermometer down to freezing point, will, with many constitutions, produce the sense of excessive cold, and cause ague and fever to a certainty. These northers are sometimes accompanied by frightful storms of thunder, lightning, and rain ; during which, what with the rattling of the latter upon your shingled roofs and wooden walls, the roaring of the wind, and the never-ceasing bellowing of the thunder, broken now and then by terrific claps that convey the sensation of an immense weight let fall upon the top of the skull, it is next to impossible to make yourself heard by a person sitting close alongside, unless by literally shouting very loud. The lightning is incessant—the heavens appear one mass of vaporous fire, intermingled with streams of forked lightning of all colours, that really seem to run down from the sky like molten metal. Two or three hours of this are not amongst the most pleasant of things ; but it has its glories, nevertheless. However, it is "time to be silent" for this once.

CHAPTER IV.

Romance and Reality. Cedar Bayou. Fate of L.'s Party. A Bull-dog devoured. Wild Cattle. A delirious Crew at Sea. Miserable Death of Henry J. Music in Galveston. The Staffordshire Curate's Son. The Old Vintner. Story of Poor Tom, the Ship-boy.

AMONGST our band of emigrants who left England with the full and final intention of settling for life in Texas, was a sort of family party, composed of a Mr. L., his mother, wife, several young children, and his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. P. All were full of hope, but the first-named individual, the most full of money, perhaps, of any one who sailed on that occasion, with the fixed determination to live and die in the land of his adoption. As the story of this family is one of the most strikingly illustrative at once of the "healthiness" of habitable Texas and of the fate which commonly awaits Northern emigrants that my observation and experience enable me to adduce, I will give it at once, and, without regard to the period of time it occupied in the development, state it from first to last as briefly as the subject will allow.

During our passage out, we heard great boastings from this family party about a high-sounding locality in Texas called "Cedar Bayou," to which they were bound; as well as much grand small-talk touching a certain Captain S., a friend and distant relation—an old campaigner in various parts of America, who had finally settled in Texas—and at whose recommendation, also, it was that these samples of three living generations had embarked for that blessed country. They were about to locate land (£300 purchase-money) immediately adjoining their good friend and cousin Captain S., who had now been settled two or three years, and whose descriptions of the locality were almost as charming

as Milton's of the Mount of Paradise,—making, of course, the regular abatement for the terrible consequences of the fall of Adam and Eve; since even Mr. Kennedy himself must, as a good Christian, allow that, indescribable as the present beauties of Texas are, they must have been indescribably more so before the Great Deluge of the era of the patriarch Noah. Still there is everything left in Texas short of the Tree of Life, and that of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. The Americans have a saying, that there is a place in Texas so remarkably healthy, that people *never* die there—unless they chance to grow so desperately tired of life, that, for the mere sake of getting rid of it, they either hang, shoot, or drown themselves. Yankee-like, however, they do not say *how long* it takes to satisfy a resident of this Vale of Enna that a long rope is preferable to life, or a bullet in the brain to buffalo beef and a squatter's happiness.

Cedar Bayou, then, was everything. Alligators swam about in the front of the house; the whole region thereabouts abounded in game; and herds of fine deer not unfrequently came, in all unconscious security, so close upon Captain S.'s log mansion, that he could shoot them down without going further in the pursuit than upon his own terrace, or to his chamber-window. What a pleasant foreshadowing of future delight was this to sick and heart-weary passengers, gazing over a ship's bulwarks into the vacancy where land should be, and longing, like lovers after the absent, for that bliss to come, the very thought of which made present pain less durable!

Immediately upon their arrival, preparations were made for an instantaneous removal from the ship to Cedar Bayou; and cases of crockery, glass, and furniture, translated from a London drawing-room, not forgetting a pianoforte to enliven the prairies, and mingle its nightly music with the howling of the wolves,—all were bundled into a barge alongside, and, with some few casks of dry provisions to fall back upon, the happy group set out for the head of Galveston Bay, on which Cedar Bayou lies.

For a while we who remained on the island heard little or nothing of them, except now and then when Messrs. L. and P. rambled five or six miles through wood and prairie in order to reach the Houston steamer as she passed down the paltry channel of Buffalo Bayou, and

thus got a lift as far as the island ; but on those occasions we received flourishing accounts of the delightful country in which they were situated—of the magnificent cedar woods, where the white man's axe might cut and come again with unlimited impunity—of the Captain's timber dwelling, upon a scale as gigantic as an English baron's castle—and many protestations that they were literally so enchanted with the place altogether, that no consideration on earth could ever induce them to leave it again.

At this time they were felling trees, and engaged in interesting discussions and agreeable social squabbles as to the most eligible site for their contemplated house. In the mean time, Captain S. had accommodated the whole family with shelter beneath his ample roof ; but as the Captain in the construction of his castle had committed the small oversight of spending all his resources upon the outside shell thereof only, it is not very surprising (what was indeed the fact) that the whole of the interior should be without partition-walls, so as to constitute chambers and separate apartments. With this large influx of new-comers, male and female, one room, however extensive, would scarcely suffice. The defect, however, was soon remedied, by suspending sheets and blankets from corner to corner and side to side, and thus shooting up w oollen walls and linen defences, instead of planks or lath and plaster.

But trifling inconveniences of this kind are cheerfully endured, if indeed they do not vanish altogether, when thoughtful and reflective emigrants come to recollect that it cannot be expected that *everything* should be exactly to one's mind in any part of the world, --not even in Texas, though it does so far surpass every other known portion of the great globe in furnishing all that the human heart can desire.

The Captain also had a body-guard of dogs, of no mean size or very gentle nature, as may be surmised from the fact, that they earned their own living, equally with the wolves, by hunting down rabbits and other small game, and, on one occasion, fell unexpectedly upon one of their own species, and summarily disposed of his remains after the manner herein described.—Mr. L. had brought out with him from England a small but fine and well-bred bull-dog of noted courage, and tenacity of sticking greater than that of a sucking-fish when once he had taken

hold. This animal he carried with him to our friend and trusty cousin the Captain's, in the patriotic hope, no doubt, of introducing a worthy stock to the new republic, and improving the breed of Texan farm-yard guardians. Some brief period had this stubborn individual remained upon and about the premises in perfect security, though without, perhaps, bull-dog like, making himself as social and chatty with his ferocious new friends as might any spaniel member of some more well-bred and aristocratic kennel, when one day, a fatal day to him, he took a walk in company with his congeners belonging to the Captain, the latter, Mr. L., and some others heading the party. Now, whether it was that Captain S.'s dogs took it into their heads that English bull-dog must be very fine eating—whether they were remarkably hungry after an unsuccessful hunting expedition—or merely fancied, like epicures as they were, that an additional pleasant snack after dinner would finish them nicely off by way of dessert, I cannot undertake to say; but this may be predicated, that, from one or other of these causes, or some other of equal cogency, three of them, while running with Bully in the prairie, suddenly turned upon him with a surprisal worthy of the best dogs of Indian warfare, *killed and devoured him upon the spot*, and pursued their journey with a degree of philosophical contentment only equalled by that of the gentlemanly Galveston assassin alluded to in my first paper. This singular circumstance, however, must distinctly prove to the reader, that “dog-law,” as Bentham terms it, and common law, in Texas, are pretty nearly one and the same thing.

On occasion of one of the visits of Messrs. L. and P. to the island, they purchased a boat for the navigation of the Bayou, and also with the intention of using it in future on their various passages to and from the island. This they would be the better enabled to effect, inasmuch as Mr. P. was previously a noted oarsman amongst the aquatic clubs of the Thames at London, and will be readily recognised by many members thereof as the well-known Mr. Thomas. That this individual was also otherwise well adapted to brush through the difficulties and hardships of a settler's early life, may be inferred from the fact that he was a pugilist of tolerable pretensions, and, at the period of our arrival in Texas, in excellent “training” for hard labour and endurance of any or all kinds.

The boat being purchased, they also found that another hand or two would be required, and accordingly fixed on one of the passengers who had come out with us, and whom they prevailed upon to accompany them back to Cedar Bayou, for the purpose of assisting them in building their log edifice, and enclosing and cultivating their land. This young man was Mr. T. B., the son of an English curate in the parish of W—lm—tn, in Staffordshire. Sacred as his father's order was, he himself had been bred up to farming and cattle-breeding—had been sent out (he said) by a gentleman in England who had purchased Texan lands, to discover and locate them, but had totally failed, like many others, in the attempt. The Cedar Bayou people had a shrewd eye to poor B.'s utility, and seeing that his own enterprise had failed—reflecting that his knowledge of stock was likely to be eminently useful, while his own bodily powers of labour were none of the most contemptible, inasmuch as he stood nearly six feet high, and, though not positively robust, was strong in proportion—they fixed upon him, as I have said, and, by the mere offer of "board and lodging," without wages, induced him to join his adventures with theirs.

In their own boat, then, self-contained as it were, the three set off in high spirits and flying colours to track, for the first time by their own skill, the shoaly waters of some forty or sixty miles of open bay. Boats discovered keel upwards, and swollen corpses found washed upon the desert shores of Pelican Island or Three Points, presented themselves to the imaginations of we treaders upon soft sand who remained behind; but, fortunately, no reality ever came to bear them out. The three settlers arrived, after a long voyage, in safety; and, for "a time and a season" afterwards, very satisfactory accounts occasionally reached us of their and their families' well-doing.

But a change was about to come. Summer was advancing—that season when the "narrow strip" of Mr. Kennedy begins to reek and steam with pestilent carbonic acid gas, emitted imperceptibly through the myriad pores of the earth's surface—when the fermentative part of animal and vegetable decomposition is most active beneath the almost perpendicular rays of the sun—when water grows equally scarce and filthy, and fever and ague stalk forth, alternately to scorch men's bodies with living fires, and shake their joints almost to dislocation with

burning cold. And, with the coming of all this, likewise came flying accounts from Cedar Bayou, brought down by passing fishermen, hunters, or ramblers who chanced to cross Captain S.'s, that some of the English family recently gone, there were "sick"—that one or two of them, nobody knew who or which, were dead; but that, altogether, they were in a very poor and desperate condition. These rumours obtained but a very partial and fluctuating degree of credit until the return of a stout young Irish labourer, who had been at work upon the farm adjoining Captain S.'s, and had come back almost prepared for his coffin, confirmed, in great part, what had been previously said.

About the same time also, a strange queer-eyed old vintner, from the South of England, who had come out in the "Francis," but whose objects and intentions were as completely closed within himself as are the contents of a closely-bunged barrel of beer in the vessel which contains them, chanced to penetrate into the country on a fruitless land-hunting expedition, and, on his return to the island, called upon his friends at Cedar Bayou, not only for the purpose of seeing how they "got ahead," but also for the purpose of getting both his pockets and his belly filled with bread—an article which, as he did not find it growing wild in the prairies, he had rather naturally run short of during the two days last past. He found the inhabitants of Captain S.'s castle, with its blanket-walls and sheet-partitions, in a most deplorable condition; nearly all of them being ill, few able to help themselves; the whole without advice, or even medicine, beyond what their own chests afforded; and not a single one of all the four men, the captain, Mr. L., the Thames oarsman, or the curate's son, so much even as able to get down as far as the island for either physician, physic, or the ordinary necessities of life. Indeed, so short were they run in the article of bread-stuffs, and so weak their prospects of being soon able to lay in an additional supply, that though our queer-eyed vintner had not enjoyed an opportunity of blessing his crust during forty-eight mortal hours before, Captain S. refused to let him do more than satisfy the cravings of his stomach while he remained on the spot—most resolutely opposing all the persuasives he used in order to entice a few cakes or biscuits into his wallet by way of provisions for the morrow.

With the return of the vintner, also arrived an immediate invitation

from Mr. L., to a young surgeon of our party, Mr. T. W., the son of a gentleman in Kidderminster, requesting him to repair immediately to Cedar Bayou, with all such physical consolation as his professional knowledge, combined with the resources of the Pharmacopœia, might be able to afford. Mr. W. accordingly brushed up, and having received directions to be landed on Somebody's island, (the true name of which has escaped my memory,) set out in the afternoon by the Houston steamer for his destination. Landed on that island he certainly was; but instead of finding, as he had been led to expect, a resident and a place of shelter there, he soon discovered, after the steamer had pursued her course, that he was just as much "the monarch of all he surveyed," as ever was Robinson Crusoe's prototype on the island of Juan Fernandez. How long he might have remained there, Providence only knows, had not some neighbouring settler on the mainland discovered his predicament, and kindly ordered a boat to be pushed off for his relief. At the house of this gentleman I believe he remained all night, and the next day pursued his pathless journey across the prairie towards Captain S.'s; encountering by the way various herds of half-wild cattle collected by the hundreds together, and being compelled to brave with a fainting heart many a threatening father-bull, whose head and horns and bellowsings were opposed in no very pleasant array to his intrusion upon those comparatively primitive domains.

The "domestic" cattle of the out-settlers, it may be observed, are nearly as wild as the native-born buffaloes of the land. They are suffered to roam at large in the wilderness; are never housed, winter or summer; are driven up but once a year, in order that all the young ones may be branded with the owner's peculiar mark, and then set at liberty again to feed and increase after their own kind until another season is over; excepting of course all such as the proprietor may in the mean time either dispose of, or destroy for the consumption of his own family.

Domestic creatures of any kind, from the largest down to the pigs and common barn-door fowls, may, if not branded or otherwise marked, become the property of any man who chooses either to shoot them, or drive them away. There is but one method of avoiding these

herds of beeves, and, strange as the phraseology may sound, that is by going straight to them. To diverge from your path when they happen to cross it, or to exhibit any sign of fear, is to be followed and perhaps attacked by them. To walk boldly on towards them even where they are tossing the turf with their horns, and growling pretty loud animal thunder against you, is the safest plan. They will stand until possibly their noses are within reach of your walking-stick, when, all on a sudden, a legion of tails are hoisted into the air, and, with many a ludicrous bound and caper, the whole herd quickly flies to a distance, there to make another stand.

When Mr. W. returned from Cedar Bayou, he brought no very refreshing or encouraging information. Ague and fever had taken possession of the house so far as the new residents were concerned: the men were unable to get out of bed; one of the children was dead, and buried in the prairie; Mr. L.'s mother (an old lady about seventy) was very ill indeed; Captain S., the old campaigner, had nearly all the joints of his fingers on both hands in a state of running sore, accompanied by such a fetid odour that it was scarcely endurable even by himself. Of course he was disabled, and had to sit still with both his hands swaddled up in cloths and poultices; while his wife was lame with similar places upon the legs, amounting, I think, in number to about seventeen. Yet in this wretched condition they were without help, except what could be afforded by a very young maid-servant (herself at times delirious with intermittent fever); nor had they had for some time past any fresh meat, but were living upon dry and salt provisions. Eventually the old lady died: with some difficulty, it may be presumed, her own kith and kin contrived to dig her grave, and she was laid beside her grandchild. This was not all. Subsequently, in consequence of their inability to get down to the island for stores, they lived about a fortnight in this diseased condition, without a morsel of wheaten flour or bread in the house, principally consuming boiled rice.

At length, one day, the startling intelligence reached me, that Messrs. L., P., and young B., the curate's son, had arrived at Galveston, in their own boat, but in such a condition that they had to be carried or otherwise assisted up the strand; that they did not know

how long they had been in coming, as all three had been delirious on the water, and thus buried count of day and night in oblivion; and that they were so desperately ill, that no Christian in Galveston, either at inn, coffee-house, or private residence, would take them in.

In all this it proved there was too much truth. Finding themselves somewhat recovered after the visit of Mr. W., and being in extremity as before stated, they had set out some few days previously, it appeared uncertain what precise number—had very naturally found their disease wofully aggravated by exposure in an open boat to the sun during the blaze of day, and the damps and dews of ten or twelve hours' night. They remembered having forgotten their course; they knew that on one occasion, when Mr. L. was very bad, he threw his coat overboard, containing, they thought, his pocket-book, full of important papers. The coat they caught up again, but there was no book in it; and Mr. L. had not the most remote knowledge whether he brought it with him or not, although he intended to do so, as his visit to the island would have been of little utility without. They also recollected that Mr. B., when he was bad, got out of the boat, and stood upon a little island in the shade of a tree, until they fetched him off almost by force; and afterwards they found themselves amongst a number of little shell islands, somewhere, it seemed, about Redfish Bar, but they were lost, quite lost.

After a while, they saw a boat at a distance, and hailed it with hats and handkerchiefs as well as they could. It tacked about and stood towards them. A gentleman and two fishermen were in it. They had previously observed something amiss on board our sick party's craft, and were thinking about steering down upon them. This gentleman was Dr. C. F. W—r—r, who resided at a place called Edward's Point, hard by. He soon saw how matters stood, and with great kindness and humanity conveyed the whole party to his house, where a day or two's rest, shelter, food, and medicine, enabled them to make another start, and just reach Galveston in the manner described.

By the bye, that same Edward's Point forms one and almost the only bright speck in my Texan recollections; for at that place did I pass ten days of the most delightful wild happiness that ever poor lover of Nature enjoyed. It will make me a chapter some day, a feast for

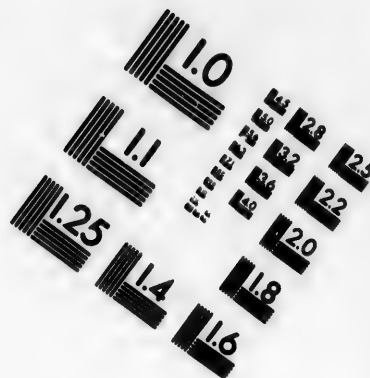
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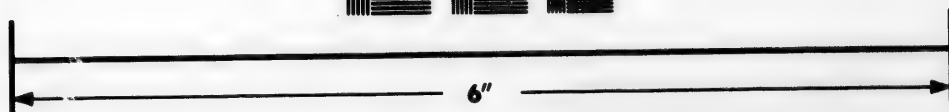
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GALVESTON, FROM THE GULF SHORE.

readers of natural history. I could almost think it worth a voyage of three thousand miles to enjoy.

So, as has been said, neither innkeeper nor private lodging-letter would open the door for the reception of our sick. What was to be done? It luckily (for them) happened there, that one of their fellow-passengers from England had recently been established in a comfortable general store in the heart of the town. He was a married man, without family, and had sufficient room in his house. To Henry J.'s all three were therefore conveyed. Poor J.! little did he think then that the path of humanity and benevolence would indirectly lead him to the most deplorable and unfortunate of graves. So, however, it proved in the sequel. It must be understood, however, at the outset, that J. had very kindly been put into this store by the owner, a merchant of Galveston, in order to find him something by which to earn a living. His receipts were also to be accounted for weekly. That two out of the three invalids had nothing in the world to pay either board, lodging, attendance, or medical advice with, was well known. Whether the third, who had it in his power, would do so, remained to be seen. Meantime, however, J. found ready money for all they wanted, as it appeared inconvenient to Mr. — to advance anything, or even pay as he went along; while his wife found more than sufficient employment in waiting upon them day and night.

This was a heavy tax indeed upon a new beginner, without capital of his own, and acting in his capacity of shopkeeper merely as the retail agent of another. All the running expenses had to be supplied out of the till, and consequently the week's reckonings fell considerably short in actual cash. To add to these difficulties, the store also began to be deserted by the public, who before appeared inclined to support it, not so much perhaps from any fear of contagion, but because in fact, as one of the patients grew worse, it became highly disagreeable to enter the house. The Thames boatman was now in a wretched condition. For the most part insensible or raving deliriously, his legs also swelled to an enormous size, broke into sores, and rendered the office of waiting upon him so unpleasant and difficult to fill, that not one female in Galveston would undertake it for wages less than one pound English per day. Poor Mrs. J. did it all for charity. I cannot

enter into the full extent of the physical miseries to which poor humanity was reduced in the person of this individual. The curtains of silence must be drawn around this bed of suffering, and they that have hearts to sympathise may, if they will, drop a tear in secret behind them.

J. in money-matters was now getting upon his last legs. He knew it was useless to ask for supplies where none existed, and he had not the heart to attempt to relieve himself in the only practicable manner, namely, by turning the unfortunate out of his house. In this embarrassing and desperate situation, his moral philosophy forsook him: hope of success now entirely abandoned his breast; he saw, or believed he saw, himself a totally lost and ruined man, and hence he abandoned himself as helpless at the edge of the declivity, and slid down to a pitiable death in despair. In utter recklessness, he began to drink to excess: he foresaw the end; he pointed it out to others; he declared there was nothing else now left for him, and distinctly expressed to me personally his fixed intention to end his difficulties in that manner.

The Cedar Bayou settlement was now finally abandoned as a delusive scheme, betraying only to disease and death. The women and remaining children, together with all the household gear, were removed at the earliest convenience, and preparations were contemplated for as speedy a retreat from Texas as the mitigation of disease would allow. At length the powers of human endurance triumphed so far that all three patients were able to be removed, a step which poor J.'s growing illness, combined, with all other circumstances of this deplorable case, to render absolutely indispensable. Our partially-recovered oarsman did but vacate his bed just in time for his too tender-hearted and despairing entertainer to lie down upon it for the last time. I think he lay about two months; and, notwithstanding everything that could be done was done, he gradually declined as though quietly going to sleep. At times he wandered in imagination over the scenes of more pleasant times in England; he gathered dreamy fruits from visionary gardens, and often assured his afflicted wife that he was once more on the ship again, sailing back to that home which in this frail body he was destined to see no more. Then, by a transition which delirium never stays at, he bid her hurry,—make haste:—"Be quick, quick,"

said he, "or we shall be too late: the ship is ready, and will go without us!"

Alas, alas, poor fellow! the phantom vessel of death was spreading her shadowy sails before his eyes, and pointing with her sable streamers across that obscure and horizonless ocean, beyond which, let us hope, the mercy of the Almighty had prepared even for his erring but most charitable spirit a more bright and golden land than that in which his bones were to be laid, and a happier home than any to which earth's seas could carry him. Every true catholic heart will believe, that as "charity covereth a multitude of sins," this unfortunate man's charity has blotted out the sin by which he died. Should any too self-sufficient moralist condemn the conduct of poor J., and flatter his own vanity by boasting how very differently *he* should have done had he been placed in the same circumstances, let me remind him that virtue without trial is but negative, not positive; that to conquer difficulties is easy enough at a distance and before trial, as the champions on both sides achieve a victory before the battle is begun. It is only he who does wrestle and contend that is truly entitled to say, when he has tested the event, whether he has strength to stand, or is only weak enough to fall. J. died so that life and death were fixed together too closely for the actual line of distinction between the two to be observed. That gay young widow of whom I have before spoken relieved his wife of all the last bitter duties, (for she was a good-hearted creature in truth,) and his body was buried as speedily as possible, after the Texan fashion, being about evening, if I recollect aright, of the same day.

Mr. L. eventually disposed of his household goods by auction, and repaired with his own immediate family to New Orleans on his way back to England, leaving his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. P., the oarsman, sick in Galveston and reduced to the last extremity. From a fine, powerful young man, such as I first described him, Mr. P. was now become, it was believed by his physicians, a cripple for life—one of his legs, in which mortification had, it was said, at one time actually begun, being rendered comparatively useless. I was informed that he and his wife attempted to support themselves, she by keeping a little school, and he by giving instructions upon the flute—an instrument

which he played excellently. But what Texan barbarian could be found who would attempt to "soothe his savage breast" by learning music? I know not. An election drum, or a nigger's fiddle, makes up about the only orchestra ever heard in Galveston. The human voice "divine" is seldom heard in song; and in wooden church and chapel where it is heard most loudly, truth obliges us to declare that the divinity seems to have departed almost altogether from it. Sometimes a newly-imported voice from England will happen to trill an old country ballad, or detect itself half-unconsciously murmuring some such tune as that of "I hear them speak of my Father-land," while yet the body is fresh with unexhausted Northern health, and the spirits are bounding and free; but even such songster soon grows mute: the music of the past sinks into a saddened memory, and the expiring soul of former song gasps out after a few months its last breath in that fevered and enervating atmosphere. Save the wild laugh and shriek of tavern-loafers, and the explosive "yah, ah!" of the negroes, nights are silent enough in this most gay and amusing of Southern cities. There is enough of glorious moonlight, bright, dreamy, and inexpressibly delightful from its warmth and splendour; but it is still as the reign of Silence herself. There is no music, save that of the far-off breakers of the treacherous Gulf—a solitary voice from the charmed tongue of Nature, which, sounding remotely through the dim hollow of the night, only makes stillness fall yet more emphatically upon the spirit. Yes, there are other sounds, which to some ears might be music too. The prairie seems alive throughout its whole extent with the sharp, quick whizzing of millions of insects, grasshoppers, or locusts, which play their little pipes and clatter the sounding cymbals of their dry skeleton wings incessantly all night long; while, now and then, the loud drum-like burr of the invisible goatsucker, as she pursues her painted prey of moths in the air, startles the solitary rambler as the bird repeatedly sweeps in a tremendous circle from above, and each time bursts this singular sound within a few feet of his head. But of that music of art which cheers or saddens, and speaks to the soul in heavenly syllables, there is nothing. Poor P. may gather listeners about his door and windows, but few within his walls desirous of instruction.

In February of the following year, (about three months having

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elapsed,) I met Mr. L. and his wife and children on the Levee in New Orleans, just as they were going on board a vessel bound for England. The former was still suffering from frequent and periodical attacks of the old complaint, and was in so weak a state as to be but just able to get on board even with the assistance rendered him by his friends.

The curate's son remained in Galveston because he could not get away, and mainly subsisted upon the two most precarious and pitiful of props—chance and half-disguised charity.

What farther became of the various members of this unlucky band I know not. Enough, however, has been related to satisfy the reader that the enthusiasm created by first impressions in a foreign country, almost every object in which is delightfully new and astonishing to the senses, can be very little depended on for its report of sensations, places, and things. When a fresh settler, to whom the idea of possessing landed property is perhaps altogether new, first finds some actual hundreds of acres within his reach and all his own, other minor matters never peep from out the shade, and for the time being he becomes in fancy equal with some old feudal baron, or the peer of an English lord, though without that title, which he can well afford to kick before him with scorn. But when he comes to gather his fancied flowers, the thorns remind him that *they* are there also; and too frequently teach the hard and unpalatable lesson, that what the heart most seems to desire—liberty and one's own ground to tread upon—may be purchased too dearly. The pleasurable idea of felling wild cedar, and building one's house of scented wood, like the beams of Solomon's Temple of old, becomes worthless when the risks are that one may perhaps not live long enough either to finish or inhabit it. Alligators may be, as they are, highly-interesting and exciting reptiles to watch, and chase, and shoot at; but the loss of your dogs, dragged under water by them, or a long and delightful "spell" of intermittent fever, caught by wading into muddy bayous to fetch them out, are drawbacks upon the gratification of curiosity and the hunting mania which people are prone to think too lightly of until they are too completely *in* for them to be able to withdraw again. The certainly most delightful of all human field-privileges—that of roaming savanna and forest as free as the very wind that blows across your face, with no man or tyrant law to arrest

the crack o' your rifle, or the louder roar of your fowling-piece, when the finest of four-footed game or the most magnificent of birds comes within your reach—also loses some of the gloss which an English, and especially an English town-bred imagination is apt to put upon it, when, from practical experience, it is found that even the most expert sportsman must make a perfect business of hunting if he expect to live upon wild game; and that, to do so, he has time neither to raise a roof above his head, a fence around his settlement, nor put a plough into his ground. To see wild speckled deer from your door is mighty attractive in a book, a letter, or a magazine; it is also amazingly gratifying to see them fall before your weapon; but the eating thereof is far less satisfactory and the trouble usual upon success very much greater than the object sought is worth, save only for the sake of recreation and sport.

The venison of Texas is poor, dry, insipid, and hard stuff; because, perhaps, it cannot be kept, to render it in general fit for any man who has not the teeth of a shark, or the snout of a saw-fish: nor, in a country where good beef may almost be had for the asking, is it (so far as the larder is concerned) very much worth the killing; those parts which in a sheep commonly go to the manufacture of that true-bred Cockney's delight, a "chop," being in reality the only tolerable portion:

Our old vintner's overland expedition in search of an appropriate place of settlement has already been alluded to. Although he had by no means found what he wanted, he did not altogether fail in catching something, as he arrived on the island in an ill state of health, and immediately afterwards was laid up in bed of brain fever. While he thus lay helpless, and in such a position that he could see through the doorway into the garden, he was amused by observing the pigs squeeze through his fences, crunch up his melons with their usual gusto, and in perfect safety from him, close, as it were, under his very nose; while his pumpkins and squashes were not unfrequently gathered by the children in mere mischief, and laid, out of very devilry, upon his own step. On these occasions, though otherwise a faithful member of the Church, he has been plainly *seen* to swear inwardly with great spiritual energy, but beyond that his efforts could not go. After his recovery,

he borrowed a few dollars of a friend who had sat up with him many a tedious night, and supplied him with numberless little luxuries otherwise beyond his reach; he also increased the amount by another small loan obtained from some other quarter, paid his outstanding small debts in a two-legged table and an old umbrella which he left behind him, and then shipped off to Orleans, for the ostensible purpose of fetching his wife, whom he expected to meet there on her passage from England; but, somehow, very miraculously, he never came back again! Whether he forgot it, or whether, when he fell into his wife's clutches, she first detained him by violence and eventually hugged him off to a place of greater safety, can only be conjectured. The most liberal construction we can put upon his conduct is, however, that he lost his way some night and tumbled into the Mississippi, or he would have surely gone back to Galveston again, if it had only been to return the amount of his loan to the friend, and constant watcher during his sickness, from whom he had raised it. To be sure, if we are to credit the moral philosophers, there is such a thing as ingratitude in the world, and such a venial crime as "serving out" one's friends; but then, at the same time, let us reflect, that a good specimen of ingratitude may possibly teach its victim an invaluable lesson for his future guidance through life; while to drop upon a kind-hearted friend at the earliest opportunity, is assuredly to save his pocket for the future, by demonstrating to him, in the most conclusive manner, the extreme folly of lending money before he well knows who he has got to deal with. It is as clear as mud, then, that our friend the vintner was entirely in the right, and he of the generous disposition as decidedly wrong.

This same old gentleman, by the way, was not exactly the glory and admiration of the whole ship, even on the passage out. Amongst other striking propensities, he had a very pleasing knack of secretly slipping unseen into his berth, and remaining shut up there, apparently for the purpose of overhearing what kind of interest attached to the conversation of the passengers, ladies included, in the cabin. This agreeable, honest, and manly habit, of course caused him at length to be mightily admired—especially by the fair sex, who, as everybody knows, rejoice to find an old fellow in a closet close by, listening to their *tête-à-têtes* when they fancy themselves alone, and hence he himself not unfre-

quently became the subject of conversation, presumed to be behind his back. On one occasion, I recollect, my wife, two or three other ladies, and myself, were talking together, when one of them alluded to the vintner in terms quite worthy of the subject. Sure that he was airing himself on deck, and consequently a long way beyond ear-shot, they spoke with that laudable freedom which conscious security is apt to give both to thoughts and speech. I am not certain whether they did not subject his taste for lurking stealthily in his berth to a living anatomisation. I enjoyed the fun all the more, because I entertained some suspicion that the old spider was at that identical time in the inside of his hole, and, therefore, encouraged them to proceed by every means in my power—innocent, of course, all the while of any evil intention. At last, amidst the very whirlwind of their indignation, lo! out popped the vintner! A dead calm instantly ensued. He hurried off on deck, and the ladies flew anywhere they could to hide their faces. I enjoyed a hearty laugh, and to this day am decidedly of opinion that there was no listening ever afterwards.

Still, the old boy was not altogether bad. In fact, I never yet met with the monster that could truly so be considered. He enjoyed some sort of a tender heart, though of what precise genus I shall not attempt to explain. Fowls sick of repletion and the pip, pigs in lack of potatoes, or sheep bleating over the wastes of the Atlantic, either for the nibbled mountains they had left or for a wisp or two of hay as a substitute, always found a friend and supporter in the vintner, as many fierce wordy conflicts with the supercargo of our vessel, entirely on their account, can amply testify. He could behold a poor steerage-passenger sick and drooping for a drop of drink with unusual complacency; but a chicken-breasted cockrel pining for a barleycorn, or a ship-grunter minus his natural and proper allowance of wrinkled carrots and cuddly slush, appealed to his tenderest affections in a manner as strong as it was instantaneous. One would verily have thought that he either lay under some deep obligations to cockrel which he knew not well how to discharge, or that at some former period of his life's history he had been saved from the jaws of death by bacon alone. In the matter of Tom the ship-boy's hardships, (young Tom, formerly alluded to,) he likewise evinced a proportionate degree of interest;

though had Tom chanced to rejoice in a scarlet comb and wattles, or been blessed by nature with an internal grunting apparatus of a truer pitch and semi-pig tone, there is no doubt but that his demands upon our vintner's sympathies would have been considerably larger. Tom was a heavy, dull, half "soft" country lout of a lad, whom his father, an English farmer, could make neither head nor tail of at home, and therefore, being at once anxious to get him out of the way, and labouring under the common mental delusion that anything would do to manufacture a sailor out of, had sent him to frisk at sea, and mayhap stumble upon a fortune, and become a nabob in the West Indies. He always walked the deck as though a small grindstone was attached to each of the soles of his feet; an awkward peculiarity attributable, as he himself pathetically observed, to the surprising fact, that all his toes, somehow, (the Lord knew why!) were curled under his feet in such a manner, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could overtake even a walking crow across a ploughed field, much less ascend shrouds with that needful alacrity which a squall or a change of wind requires. He consequently mounted to the yards with the speed of a tortoise on its hindmost legs, and walked about the ship precisely as if the deck was both red-hot and highly magnetic at one and the same time.

The simplicity of this unfortunate creature caused him to be sadly imposed upon and maltreated by the sailors during our passage. Occurrences frequently took place which raised our highest indignation, and not very seldom produced squabbles between the men and the less cautious of the passengers; but which it would have been better to have avoided if possible, seeing that your seamen are marvellously tenacious of their paltriest rights (as they consider them) in everything connected with the ordering and discipline of a vessel. The men in the fore-castle, with whom young Tom boarded and lodged, made free with his wardrobe during his absence, stole his jackets, and borrowed his combs and brushes without leave, whenever they wanted them. This they were the better enabled to effect, as they positively refused to let him lock his chest, upon the plea that to do so would be to cast an imputation on their honour. If Tom dared to complain, they gave him a rope's-ending, or dashed buckets of sea-water in his face, until sometimes he hobbled about dripping-wet all day. Many an indignant

eye have I seen scowl and flash upon that vessel at these pitiable torments, and many an honest breast has burned to execute justice upon the perpetrators: but "blue water" seems to be man's especial field of tyranny, while they who feel the keenest sense of right are usually the last to be able to exercise it. Tom survived his term of trial, ran away as before related, and turned cowherd somewhere on Buffalo Bayou. His duty there was, amongst other things, to drive the milch-cows home at four o'clock in the afternoon. This department he frequently forgot, as he very naturally would, being generally fast asleep on the prairie not only at that especial hour, but during the space of one or two others after it. His employer thrashed him to his heart's content, but could make no better of him, and eventually in, one would suppose, sheer despair, actually sent down to a neighbouring location, where the lad's old shipmate and greatest enemy Tom Allen was at work, requesting that worthy to come up at the first opportunity for the especial purpose of punishing poor Tom-boy after a keener fashion! Allen saw plenty of whisky in the wind, and readily undertook the job. Having got half intoxicated, he set about his business by sousing Tom repeatedly in the Bayou, and belabouring him at the same time with a cow-hide. Eventually he finished off in style by laying a boat-oar about his head, one unfortunate, or perhaps fortunate, blow of which drove away for ever at least half of the poor share of wit nature had bestowed upon him, and converted him into a sort of idiot. His employer, not exactly relishing, perhaps, this unanticipated result, and moved by compassion for himself to get out of the scrape as easily as he conveniently could, soon afterwards discharged the lad altogether, protesting at the same time that he had no money at all to pay wages with, but that he had no objection to give him, if he liked, a good bullock instead! Tom's appetite was not strong enough to relish all this beef at one, and therefore he declined the offer, but eventually extracted about a dollar from his employer's exchequer, being just sufficient to carry him back again to Galveston. In the principal street of that celebrated city he was met on his arrival by one of our passengers, who managed to get the above story from him as distinctly as his failing brain would allow. He had just landed, and was blundering along the road with a kind of gooseberry-bottle in his

hand, full of wild green grapes which he had gathered in the woods, and of which he was eating as he went along, apparently unconscious of anybody seeing him, and laughing idiotically now and then with pure satisfaction at their delicious flavour. He was kindly conducted to a house, and in due time a humble situation was obtained for him. But poor Tom was fast winding up the last unravelled end of his short coil of life. He complained of his head—hinted some indistinct stuff about Big Tom and a boat-oar, and then fell mortally sick. He was carried on a cart to that magnificent public hospital, which Mr. Kennedy must well remember from its superior convenience and great architectural beauty, and, after a brief period of endurance, died—away from home and relations, comparatively unknowing and unknown.

Possibly, should his friends in England chance to peruse this hasty chronicle of the history of an ill-used and unfortunate sea-boy, it will be the first intimation they have yet received of his final fate. If it be so, I trust their feelings will not be unnecessarily shocked; since, from what the wretched creature himself used to tell me during his miserable midnight watches at sea, I feel warranted in entertaining the most sanguine expectations that their hearts will remain unbroken.

CHAPTER V.

Conclusion of our whole Party's Adventures and Experiences. The Snake-hunter.
The Professional Man. The Brothers S. The Family Man. The Florist.

AMONGST the rest of the "fallen" of our company whom I have not yet mentioned was Mr. R., a fine young fellow, who went out from London with the express intention of merely enjoying the delights to be found in Texas, gathering a few curiosities, and returning to England when a convenient opportunity should occur. He was in the prime of youthful manhood—gay, light-hearted, and generous: he kept alive all who otherwise would have drooped on the outward passage, and, though himself very sick, was a great promoter of health in others. When we arrived, he was one of the first and most indefatigable of sportsmen, and being stout and healthy, underwent great fatigue, when occasion called for it, without the least after-suffering, if not with apparently renewed vigour. Anything, from an alligator ten feet long to an insect not ten lines, was adapted to his search and preservation. The former description of game was, however, the most attractive to us all; and with delight we one day learned that R. in the course of his rambles had discovered a nice, "comfortable" little one, about three or four feet long, and therefore fit to carry back to England, disporting itself in a small pond of its own, about a mile and a half beyond the Hospital; a distance which, added to that between our then residence and that public edifice, alarmed some who otherwise would have been volunteers. Only three started (nearly one, though, he it observed, to each foot length of the enemy), and of these I made one.

Of course, it was regularly understood that the proprietorship—the "copyright"—of the creature was vested in R. himself. He had discovered him, and virtually taken immediate possession; just as doth

your remote navigator when he erects his sovereign's flag on a newly-found bit of Nature's waste. Two fowling-pieces laden with swan-shot, one rifle, and a piece of rope, were soon on the way towards the pond. We found it situated in the midst of a grassy swamp, of small dimensions, but so transparent that, except on one dark, deep side, the eye might traverse the bottom throughout. After creeping cautiously in the grass for a while, he was discovered half out of his element, amongst the reeds on the opposite side. Two shots were fired, but he had vanished. At length he was seen again, apparently about halfway between the surface and the bottom, paddling or walking through the water with almost the rapidity of a fish. When near the top, he received the rifle-ball somewhere about the head. He leaped backwards, and swam on the surface, belly (or should I say "stomach"?) upwards; and then we could see the blood trickling downwards through the clear waters, to stain that pleasant earth below, on which, in all probability, his brightest days of youth and innocence had been spent. R. was now excited in the extreme; and I urged him immediately to wade into the pond, as the alligator was his property, and fetch him out before he sprang into activity again. The latter was considered impossible: besides which, these ponds are so likely to contain about a yard's depth of yielding mud, that an imprudent man, going in to fetch out an alligator, runs great risk, instead of catching the reptile, of taking his place securely at the bottom. This nobody knew at the time, and my friend luckily refused. I then told him that an alligator was very long-lived, and we had better shoot again to make sure. He wished us not; and at that very instant his game rolled suddenly round, and at great speed disappeared on the deep dark side, there to inquire in vain for a water surgeon to dress his wounds, and perhaps to die. Knowing the game was up, I departed homewards alone, shooting curlews, as I went, for the next day's dinner.

R. and the remaining sportsman remained on the spot until nearly dark, watching for the reappearance of the alligator; but, like a lover who has received his last rebuke, he "never came again."

Some time afterwards, however, these two indefatigables departed one morning in another direction, and, after watching and firing all day, killed one about ten feet long. Next day, they left about nine o'clock

in the morning to get him out of "Alligator Pond," his permanent residence, and skin him for stuffing. This operation lasted them until about sunset, at which time they called at my house on their way back, lugging the enormous load they had stripped from his carcase. Soon after, being laid down while the hunters refreshed themselves, the musky smell emanating from it became so strong as to be almost intolerable; nor do I think it entirely left the place for some days after. R., however, after all his trouble, was doomed to a second disappointment. Before he could prepare the skin for stuffing, the odour became so offensive that it half-poisoned the neighbourhood; and with much greater difficulty than they had before carried it three miles, did they now carry it half a mile to throw it into the prairie, away from human habitation.

Still, R. pursued his researches. He manufactured boxes to put his specimens in, and in order to assist in filling them, collected many contributions from others of our party.

Time was now wearing on beyond the period of his intended stay, but no ship lay in the harbour bound homewards. Part of the cash which he had brought out to defray his own expenses he had generously lent to the supercargo of a vessel which I need not name, under the expectation of having it repaid when wanted. It was not forthcoming. His personal outgoings were rapidly increasing, and at length, whether from these or other causes I do not undertake to determine, but certain it is, his health and spirits rapidly declined. The lively became dull, the joker joked no more—the songster of our social evening parties either sang not at all, or with such effort and lack of heartfelt feeling that melancholy took the place of mirth.

At length, the barque "Sarah," from Liverpool, which had previously arrived, prepared for her departure, laden with Texan cotton. R. took his passage by her, and paid down the money, according to custom. His departure was much regretted when the vessel left her moorings. She was towed out by a Galveston and New Orleans steamer, with Mr. S. the pilot on board, but had no sooner reached the "bar," that death's gate of Texas, than the hawser by which she was attached to the steamer broke, and left her to strike and beat upon the sand.

Instead of returning immediately to her aid, the steamer (*on board of*

which the pilot was) pursued her way, in order to convey a number of invited visitors to see some French commander and his vessel, then lying farther out to sea. In about *two hours* she returned. The "gal-lant bark" had sailed her last knot, and was eating her way into the sand. With great difficulty the personal property on board was secured, the cargo being partly damaged, and partly wholly lost.

Unfortunate R. came back again, having paid so many pounds for so brief a ride and the chance of shipwreck. I am not aware that in any part of the world a captain is held legally liable to refund a single penny of a passenger's fare, in case the vessel has actually left port and is wrecked within the shortest given period afterwards. In the present case, however, the master of the "*Sarah*" returned, I believe, one-half.

Eventually, R. made a second start by the steamer for New Orleans, intending to remain a short time in that city, and from thence to proceed by some sailing vessel to New York. At this latter place remittances from England were to meet him, and thus facilitate his return home. Before his departure, he most faithfully promised to write to several of his intimate acquaintances in Galveston immediately on his arrival in the first city of the States. Time passed away, but not a single letter came to a single individual of the whole number. Some wondered whether "Out of sight, out of mind," was *his* maxim, as it is that of too many of that extensive body, the treacherous and the hypocritical; while others stood stiffly up for the honour and pure feeling of young hearts—declared *that* impossible, and, from his silence, pre-supposed his death. After a long period of suspense, a letter at length arrived, dated from New York, and written by a lady who had left in the same steamer with him from Galveston. R. had died of yellow fever three days after the vessel had left the "Crescent City" (as Orleans is termed), and had found a grave in the Gulf of Mexico.

On my own arrival in Orleans, I learned from some of his acquaintance there, that he had throughout his stay so perseveringly followed his favourite pursuit in the surrounding swamps, as to have obtained, almost by the common consent of all who knew him, the title of "The Snake-hunter."

What became of his collections and personal property I know not, nor do I recollect the name of the vessel in which he sailed. One of

his particular friends was a gentleman occupying a situation in the Stamp Office, Somerset House, London.

The fate of his companion in the slaughter of the alligator, as far as I can trace it, was also deeply to be regretted. But two or three years out of his term of apprenticeship to an eminent professional man in London, highly skilled in its most abstruse branches, and with brilliant prospects before him at home, he unhappily became smitten with the love of Texan acres. With an excellent outfit for settling and the cultivation of land, he, in conjunction with his brother, made, on their arrival, every exertion possible to obtain a fitting location, but failed to do so from precisely the same causes which have produced failure in the cases of so many others. Besides this, what they saw of the place and felt of the climate was so remarkably different to anything they had been led to expect when they adopted the prevailing fallacies concerning that country, that it made them pause and delay at first, when otherwise they would have been active. Be it not understood that negligence was attributable to the two brothers; prudence alone dictated this course. The younger, he of whom I am speaking, soon gave the speculation in as a bad job, and being resolutely, if not obstinately, bent on never returning to England to endure the sarcasms and jokes of his friends and acquaintance, most heroically resolved to throw himself upon the world, to find his fate, to sink or swim. To reason with him upon the absurdity of this view of things was totally vain: though I know not whether the absurdity of such kind of friends and acquaintance is not much greater than his, when we reflect that in all probability the same sort of foolish dread of folly has caused many a proud-spirited but mistaken young man to remain in exile during his life; enduring hardships, and yet perhaps flattering his relations at home with fabled accounts of successes which never came, merely for the well-meaning purpose of keeping them contented! But these are the people who consider themselves most wise. If they prophesy evil and chance to be mistaken, it is all slurred over, in order to screen Self, with a "Well, we are very glad to hear it, but it is a great deal more than might have been expected;" and that perhaps is the first and last they care to say on the subject. But should the case prove the other way on—should they forebode calamities, and calamities should come—woe

to the unlucky dog who ever after falls into their clutches ! How pitifully he is liable to be at any moment mauled ! The spectre of his deadly sin of having, to the best of his own judgment, endeavoured to better himself, hovers continually before his eyes ; and to the last day of his life he is doomed to hear himself sentenced, either in private or before company, something after this fashion :—" Ah ! well, it almost serves you right ! I saw what would come of it—I told you beforehand what you would have to go through ; but you would not listen to me. Oh no ! I was not clever enough to have my opinion considered : though I should think you have now seen enough to convince you that some of us common folks know something as well as yourself !"—the said " something as well as yourself " meaning all the while, in truth, everything better than yourself." In short, the unfortunate speculator in emigration is too often made, on his return home, to feel much more like a *returned convict*, than a returned honest man, whose only blame is that his past hopes have utterly failed.

In that sense, none but a self-conceited jackanapes, an utterly ignorant fool, or any other kind of thing without Christianity in it, would do otherwise than express regret and pity. But some people will and must be self-wise in spite of either Christian feeling or common sense. For the benefit of all such, let me quote just two lines from a curious old English rhyming version of the Apophthegms of Diogenes, and then return to our narrative.

"To him that is in misery, do not affliction add :

With sorrow to load sorrow's back, is most extremely bad."

The younger brother, then, (whose profession, by the bye, was as totally useless to him in Texas as though no such profession ever existed in the world,) eventually gave in until he saw how matters might turn up, and in the mean time with a kind of studied regularity amused himself—and yet, he said, " without seeing any amusement in it"—by going out shooting anything he might come across, or by repairing pretty early in the day to the extreme end of a deserted but prodigiously long pier of pile and plank which shot far into the bay, and, provided with hook and line, sitting there with the patience of a man

of lead, catching cat-fish and crabs till nightfall. In this employment he would sit, with only a small blue cloth cap on his head, basking under an unclouded and burning sun, while many other sportsmen in the same line found it necessary to fish from under an umbrella.*

At length, finding that nothing was to be done in Texas, and that a man has small chance of living to the age of Old Parr without doing something more than shoot cranes and hook cat-fish towards his sustentation, the common stock of the two brothers was parted;—the younger sold off his share by auction, and went to New Orleans, unknown to or by a single living creature in that great city. There, however, though otherwise his excellent talent might have been available, no public works of the kind in which he could have been engaged were going on. He was as much at a loss in his profession as ever. Nor did other kind of employment worth even alluding to present itself until his resources were well-nigh exhausted, and he knew not scarcely what to do. During the latter portion of this period I was myself in Orleans, and urged him again and again to return to England. He was as firm as ever. Both my wife and myself were then under great afflictions; and I cannot allow this opportunity to pass by without recording the deep obligations we were under for his personal attendance and kindness, when other friend or acquaintance we had scarcely one.

On previous occasions, as his difficulties increased, he had mentioned to me his determination rather to work as a common "stevedor" (or ship-porter, on the Levee) than agree with my earnest suggestions to him touching a certain method of returning to his own country and re-establishing himself in his profession.

"At the same time," said he, "my associates there would be such a legion of ignorant, drunken, and degraded Irishmen, and half-savage Spaniards, that I would do almost anything rather than this."

"By heavens!" said I, "never come to such as that! Go home. Never heed the wretched sarcasms of such as you call your friends; for they who would utter such against you in these circumstances, are more fiends than friends, and do not heed them. Your *relations* will

* Men carry umbrellas there to keep off the sun, just as commonly as, in this climate, they do to keep off rain.

never do so, but be glad to find you safe back again, though you should walk through England to your home in the garb of a beggar!"

It is almost needless to say, that my remonstrance had no effect.

The last time I saw him was one day when he called at our house, and told me he had determined to go as a common sailor before the mast, in case the captain of the vessel he had in view *would take him*. The captain alluded to lodged in the same house with him, and he had hopes. At the same time, he said he was in a great hurry to leave; he could not stay long with me, as he had a friend outside waiting for him. Accordingly I pressed him to come again as soon as he could, and tell me how he had decided, which (perhaps equivocally) he promised to do. About an hour after he was gone, I found a small token left by him privately on the chimney-piece, the sight of which made me burst into tears, for it told too plainly that we should never meet there again. Such proved to be the fact. He never called on me any more, and the wretched state of my own health did not allow me to make such inquiries as might at least, if but poorly, have satisfied my feelings. Therefore, whether he went or not, I cannot say. If he did, his destination was, I believe, to the East Indies; but my memory is not sufficiently strong on this point to warrant me in giving it as fact. It is not, however, a matter of any importance to the public at large, though one of much consequence to his numerous friends in England, who otherwise may never know what has become of him. Of this I am pretty certain, he himself would never tell them.

His brother remained some considerable time afterwards in Galveston; but, though a most worthy young man, not without necessary means, and, as far as I knew, in the enjoyment of very good health, he still found no temptations either to stay there or go into the interior. This may be presumed from the fact, that towards the close of last year he returned to England, and has since embarked for a place more dear to his fancy, New Zealand.

The published laudatory works on Texas make as much as they possibly can of the "emigrants who are continually arriving," but say nothing of those who are as continually going away again when they can get, or of that more unlucky class still, who would as continually do the same had they the means.

The wonderful virtues of the air in the cure of consumptions are also much spoken of. All the pills in Christendom are nothing to Texan air. Let us see. Only one case of the kind came under my observation, and, though not remarkably decisive, may be adduced in illustration as far as it goes.

Mr. F., a young man formerly in the employ of a grocer (named Henson, I believe) in Nottingham, and subsequently in that of one of the Society of Friends residing in Birmingham, left England in the ship "Francis" along with us. A more thoroughly practical good Christian I never knew—few indeed who were his equals. All felt much interested in his welfare. Shortly after his arrival, he obtained an excellent situation in the store of Mr. P., and, for a brief time, went on well. That he was consumptive, there seemed no doubt; for though I had it not directly from his own lips, yet the fact reached me in a manner which left not the least moral doubt upon my mind that he had gone to Texas almost especially upon that account. No very long time had he been there before he fell ill, his general complaint being undefined; but he spoke much against the excessive sultriness of the climate.

After his recovery, his employer determined to establish a new store at Matagorda, and Mr. F. went down to superintend it—that locality being considered at the least as healthy as Galveston, if not more so. During the course of the year, his letters did not say much in favour of any change for the better; though he found excellent friends there, and was beloved by all who became acquainted with him.—Devoted creature! He was, while in Galveston, our constant Sunday visitor. He had helped me to prepare my garden and fit up the house, and never felt so happy as when his weekly remission from toil enabled him to pass a few hours beneath its roof. Indeed, I dare say he spoke as he felt when he one day christened it "The Cottage of Content."

A considerable space of time elapsed towards the conclusion of our own stay, without any account being received by any of us from him. On the very day of our departure, as I was standing on the wooden pier at the foot of which the Orleans steamer lay, a young man whom I but remotely knew by sight walked up and inquired if I were not Mr. H. On being answered in the affirmative, he informed me that he had just

returned from Matagorda, bringing a message from poor F. to me; and that, hearing I was upon the point of leaving, he had come down to the boat in order to catch me and deliver it. "He could not write," said he, "but he told me to tell you he was not quite so well—and particularly, that he should go back as soon as he could, as his anxiety to get home was intense."

How was this? Worse! Surrounded by friends, though new ones—under no pecuniary difficulties of any kind—without a single living relation in the world, for he was the last doomed of his race—always ill at sea, and yet possessed of an intense desire to get back again as early as possible to the land of his birth! I thought, whether rightly or not, of that one last wish which the dying exile always feels, but could make no reply. There are green churchyards, and shadowy tombs, and solemn-sounding rivers running by them, and places where the ashes of our kindred lie, in England; and when the great curtain of time begins to rise and warn us to look for the eternity beyond, the heart of man *will* speak in these most natural of accents, and point its poor frail dust towards the sacred heap of its forefathers, even from the uttermost end of the earth.

Whether he lived to fulfil his desire, I have no means of ascertaining.

Being upon the subject of our various companions' fortunes and experiences in this new Republic, it may be as well to proceed with it—to sketch them through, and leave the intelligent reader to draw his own conclusions from the examples thus laid before him.

Two brothers, Messrs. W. and J. S., arrived in Galveston under the necessity of an immediate want of employment. This would not by any means have been the case, but for a curious swindling Texan land-agency transaction in which one of them was victimised shortly before our vessel left London. Since I was personally observant of the principal details of this affair, the reader may depend, as far as the authority of my name is concerned, upon their general accuracy. I will, however, leave the "victim" to state a part of the case, premising only, that after he had discovered, on his arrival in Galveston, in what manner he had been cheated, he addressed a letter upon the subject to the editor of the "Civilian" newspaper, part of which runs as follows—the

individual whose name is omitted being the agent in question. This portion, however, gives only the history of the agent; but, as a fair sample of the tribe, it is valuable.

"In 1830, Mr. ——— failed in the town of Leeds, England, and fled from his creditors to the United States. While there, he purchased from Mr. Woodward, then (I believe) Texan Consul in the United States, a quantity of Mexican scrip, and on the distinct understanding from Mr. W. that the scrip was in all probability not good, but that he offered it so exceedingly low as to render it well worth the while of any *speculator* to chance the purchase of it. ——— bought it; subsequently he resold to John Mansfield Halliday, Esq. of Petworth, in Sussex, upwards of 8,000 acres, at the rate of two dollars per acre; at the same time guaranteeing the same scrip to be perfectly good. Acting on this transaction, Mr. Halliday sent out thirty-two emigrants to locate the land. On the arrival of these strangers in Texas, they discovered that the scrip was wholly worthless, and consequently that they themselves were totally adrift, and dependent entirely upon their own unaided exertions. Several of them are still living in the Republic, who will at any time come forward and attest the truth of this statement. These parties have never received any compensation for their loss, and the base treachery which had been practised upon them. The agent afterwards found out that he had made a bad 'spec.,' and in order to remedy his own absurd blundering, he made '*an appeal to the sympathies* (as he terms it) of the Texan Congress,' in which appeal he deliberately stated, that he had purchased the Mexican scrip of Mr. Woodward upon the positive assurance that it was perfectly good. Mr. W. publicly denied this statement; but, through the leniency and liberal feeling of the Government of this Republic, an act was passed, granting to ——— the power, which he now perverts, of *giving* one portion of land to emigrants, and swindling them into the purchase of the remainder."

The power alluded to in the last sentence is thus exercised:—To every married emigrant whom the agent in question is supposed to send out, he gives 320 acres of land, and to every single man half that number. He stipulates, however, that one-half of each shall be returned to him again by the emigrant, and provides a printed formula to be filled up

and signed for that purpose. His next object is to persuade the emigrant to *purchase* the same half back again which he had but just before given away! The inducement he holds out for this comes in the shape of a promise that in case the request is complied with, he will procure a free cabin passage for the intended settler by the first vessel from either Liverpool or London. The land thus given, given back, and repurchased, is unlocated—it lies anywhere or nowhere—and the emigrant himself on his arrival is left to wander over a vast country in order to find it, or to abandon the matter altogether.

Mr. S. entered into a bargain of this kind; but, by mutual agreement, he paid the agent in goods. This required his whole stock;—a fact, however, about which he cared very little, seeing that not only was an area of 320 acres secured to him, but his own passage and that of his wife also.

The ship-brokers, a couple of sad young rascals in —— street, agreed to accept the agent's order for their going on board, and to hold him (the agent) responsible for the payment. But, lo! when the time came, they denied having done anything of the kind—declared that —— had not paid the passage-money, and refused to take S. and his wife on board unless he himself paid again, after having previously paid the agent, their accomplice, in goods which he agreed to accept! The day of sailing was drawing nigh—S. was resolved not to lose his passage, and by great exertions raised enough to satisfy the villains; thus submitting to as vile a swindle as any set of blacklegs ever attempted. Mr. S., his wife, and brother, reached Galveston penniless. On inquiring for employment, an offer was made to them by an individual who owned an unoccupied house and large plot of land upon the island, to take the house rent-free, be provided with seeds for planting, cultivate the ground, and receive two-thirds of the profits resulting therefrom by way of payment. This they gladly accepted, and a short time found these two brothers driving a plough for the first time in their lives, and making gloriously uneven furrows across their enclosure of sand. Even or uneven, however, can matter but little in a country the writers upon which assert that it is quite sufficient to bore a hole in the ground with your stick, and drop Indian corn into it, to insure a sufficient return. That article and various kinds of melons constituted the main seeds

planted by the two S.s. Eventually, the corn came to nothing, the niggers in the neighbourhood stole the melons by night, and the "profits" amounted to a sum not easily divisible amongst three, as the reader may readily conclude—it was £0 0s. 0d.!

When the summer was over, they abandoned this attempt to turn farmers and gardeners, and having both been brought up to a handicraft for which some sort of demand always exists, especially in a new country, they returned to the town and betook themselves to their original trade. Finally, the youngest went to Houston, fell sick, and I heard no more of him; while the other remained in Galveston until he could not obtain anything to do, and had buried his recently-married wife, and then, by some means or other, got away into the United States.

Another individual, a man with a wife and a large "small" family, who also intended to settle and dig up his share of the new Republican soil, likewise found himself amongst the disappointed, and finally betook himself to the steward's pantry on board a petty steamer plying between Galveston and Houston. On this, I believe, he remained until one day the vessel blew up in the Bay of Galveston. Whether he was blown up too, I cannot say, as the affair happened after I had left. This at least may be averred, that, after some considerable period of service, he could get no more than his victuals for his pains.

But perhaps the most remarkable subject who went out with us,—and he is the last of whom I shall have occasion to speak,—was the venerable Mr. ———, a gentleman well known amongst the florists of a celebrated London suburb. His objects in paying a visit to Texas, as explained by himself, were of the most purely philanthropic kind. Having conceived the idea that some of the best English varieties of currants and gooseberries, as well as potatoes, and other seeds suitable for the kitchen-garden, would in all probability conduce very materially not only to the appearance of the cultivations, but also to the bodily comfort and solace of the inhabitants of Texas, he resolved forthwith to take a visitation voyage thither for the special purpose of carrying out a supply. Patriotism, humanity, and a keen consideration for the poor dry-mouthed creatures whose doom it was to burn beneath a southern sun, alone actuated him in making this bold attempt; and inasmuch as

he was quite wealthy enough to do so without damage to his fortunes, he did it accordingly.

No long acquaintance was necessary to enable everybody on board to discover that the old gentleman was not only astonishingly good-humoured and facetious, but also something of a wag; and hence the conclusion was arrived at, that although he did all this entirely for "the good of Texas," some other more immediately personal good might chance also to have a share in the consideration of the venture. This supposition was at length verified in a rather singular manner.

How deplorably our vessel was fitted out has already been stated. Some time before we neared the West India Islands, the fact became evident and known to all, that we must either put in at some one of them for the purpose of procuring fresh water, or run the almost certain risk of perishing at sea for the want of it. The beautiful little Danish island of St. Thomas's was accordingly selected as most eligible for that purpose; and about noon on the 8th of March we anchored in a splendid little bay at about half a mile's distance from and immediately before the town. The effect produced upon the mind of a nature-loving European by the first close sight of a fertile tropical coast is inconceivable by those who have never experienced it. He feels as though suddenly transported into a new planet, invested with a totally new and higher order of decorative creations animate and inanimate.

Of course, all were eager to rush ashore. But before arrangements for this purpose could be effected, boats from the shore came alongside, bringing all kinds of strange vegetable produce; tame parrots, that knew how to talk, at a few dollars a-piece; and certain very long stone bottles, like little Irish round-towers with necks on the top, containing something which our sea-cook Harry immediately and with characteristic sagacity concluded to contain something more valuable than all the rest. Now Harry had in his possession a tub three-quarters full of "slush," as it is termed in the ocean vocabulary,—that is, of the waste fat and skimmings from his pans and boilers,—and knowing it was an article always in demand at a sea-port, though for what purpose I know not, instantly formed the design of bartering his "slush" for as many of the aforesaid bottles as he could get. Preparatory, however, to proposing a bargain, he sank to the bottom of the tub all the heavy offal

he could lay hands on, in order to make up a brimmer. This done, an agreement was soon made, and Harry with all his messmates retired, bottles in hand, to the fore-castle, for the especial purpose of abandoning work and enjoying them.

At last the passengers got ashore, and divided into parties, according to the inclinations and desires of the individuals composing them. Some departed immediately to an inn, in order to eat a land-dinner as soon as they could ; some strolled about the streets, making most unintelligible purchases from the many-coloured population, who retailed equally unintelligible things there ; while others walked directly off endways to see the country and enjoy the picturesque.

Amongst these latter were myself and wife, and three or four others. Outside the town we were overtaken by a planter, who, seeing we were part of the English strangers just arrived, most politely invited us to his house, entertained us throughout the greater part of the afternoon, and explained whatever we saw of greatest curiosity and interest. This gentleman was Major Helm. In the evening we received a similar mark of attention from the Governor, who resides at the Fort ; but as some little matters of business called me into the town, I had not personally the pleasure of being present.

When we returned on board in the evening, we found the vessel in most horrible confusion. All the sailors had got fearfully intoxicated on the contents of Harry's bottles, and would have converted the ship into a little pandemonium had not the mate forced them below. We then learnt for the first time, that during our absence on shore, one of the dogs, designed to go to Texas, had instead gone mad, and run about the deck in a dreadful state until very fortunately driven into a secure hen-coop, which was fastened on him, and in which he shortly afterwards died.

At dusk, as I was "pacing the deck alone," another boat arrived from shore bringing back our good-humoured and respected old friend the florist. As a small matter of news, I communicated to him the fact that hydrophobia had made its appearance amongst the dogs, that one had died—and I was about to suggest the immediate necessity for their farther security, when he stopped me short, and, looking too grave to be otherwise than serious, begged me to tell him no more about it.—

He had himself, some time before, been bitten by a favourite lap-dog, which was immediately destroyed; so that whether the petted little animal was really mad or not, nobody knew. The horrible idea had, however, taken such strong hold upon his mind, that eventually his physicians advised certain journeys abroad in the hope of thereby dissipating it, and one of which seemed in part to be his present. But to hear that a dog had actually gone mad on the vessel, he could scarcely endure.

Deep as was the regret I felt at having so unconsciously and abruptly given pain to a very worthy individual, I could not but reflect how the narrow worldly maxims of "never telling your affairs to anybody," and "always keeping things to yourself," may, under particular circumstances, not only defeat their own object, but actually aggravate the identical difficulties they are so confidently presumed to avoid.

The space of a few days after we again set sail, proved sufficient to effectually obliterate all unpleasant recollections from Mr. ———'s mind. The delights of St. Thomas's had to be rehearsed in everlasting chatter, horticultural instructions to be given (and they were given freely) to all who intended to resort to the land, and a thousand anticipations to be indulged in touching the place to which we were bound. There was also a song to be sung on the "last Saturday night at sea;" and sung it was on his part with excellent effect:—

"Mother were dead, and sister were married,
And nobody at whoam but feyther and oi,
Feyther and oi, feyther and oi!
Nobody at whoam but feyther and oi!"

I cannot recollect it all, and even if so, it might not be worth giving; but at least it was uncommonly funny, whoever were the author and the composer.

Well, but after our rudder was lost, and we ourselves began to think that we were lost too, our good-hearted florist lost to a certainty all his spirit. His pleasant chit-chat took wings to itself and flew away—"feyther and oi" were only an echo in the memory; and during some forty-eight hours or so, scarcely a single word in exchange could be obtained from him. I repeat it not in ridicule of the man, whose

memory must be to this day pleasant to all on board, but only because the picture he exhibited struck me, in spite of its sincere feeling, as singularly humorous, and therefore too good to be lost; but during that time, whenever on deck, he paced up and down in the most dejected manner, his hands behind his back, his head hanging down, and his eyes upon the deck beneath his feet, uttering aloud some such unanswerable interjections as these:—

"What brought me here? What did I come here for? What, in the name of G—, *did* bring me here? To leave my pleasant house at ———, my wife, my grounds, and come here! What, in G—'s name, *did* I come for?"

And this one string was played upon, as far as the gamut of language would allow, in every imaginable note.

Safety and a pilot soon set all right again, and afforded a very plain solution to the problems which just before appeared more embarrassing than even the squaring of the circle.

At Galveston, his currant and gooseberry cuttings sold at somewhere about half-a-dollar or a dollar a-piece; his seeds were bought up by the half-ounce with avidity: he discovered, beyond contradiction, what "brought him there." He rejoiced in the new vegetation presented to his eyes. He enjoyed himself delightfully in the company of my neighbour, Major A., at the Tremont Hotel. He lost his way on the prairie, and stumbled on the wrong doors when returning home in the dark. He called at our dwelling on his way, and related his day's adventures with extraordinary facetiousness, besides trying to sing "Feyther and oi," when he could not remember it, and then asking, "What, in Heaven's name, *does* make me forget it?" And, finally, he departed home by way of France, and is happily now restored to his "pleasant place" at ———.

Thus, then, reader, I conclude the story of the experiences of *one* ship's company of emigrants and visitors to Texas, and of the results that followed. Having read, now judge for yourself. Example is considered better than precept, and most earnestly, though with a sad heart, do I lay these living, dying, and dead examples before you, in contradiction of all the false precept of all the books of mere laudation that ever were written.

I cannot conclude this portion of my observations in that quarter of the world without adding (perhaps most appropriately in this place) the following remark from a good authority. It was made to me by a planter from Kentucky, who had just returned to Galveston after a three months' travel and camping out, in company with some other Americans, through the best available portions of Texas. Their object, he it remarked, was to settle there, in case they found it adapted to their purposes. On an inquiry being made respecting his opinion of the country, he briefly remarked—

"There's some tolerably good lands here and there; but *I guess the country will always be pretty considerably unhealthy.*"

"Would you settle there?" I asked.

"No, stranger," said he; "we can farm a deal better in our own States. Nothing is to be done without good health."

CHAPTER VI.

Canvassing for an Election. Compliment to Commodore Moore. Point Bolivar.
A Prairie Feast. Quarrelling. The Lady Mayoress. Poverty of the Corporation.

CANVASSING for an election is not one of the least amusing social operations carried on occasionally amongst the various dispersed communities of Texas. Tavern meetings, enlivened now and then by the glitter of a bowie-knife and a stream of blood amongst the crowd,—low balls, to which ladies not exactly as virtuous as nuns have free access, and *chowdie* parties* held in the open air upon the coasts of the Gulf or Bay,—constitute an important part of the vehicle through which any hopeful candidate endeavours to achieve success.

My neighbour the Major called upon me one day, with the intelligence that he was going on the following morning across the Bay to Point Bolivar, for the purpose of canvassing that locality in the interest of a Mr. Potter, a lawyer in Galveston, who had been announced as Democratic candidate for the office of Member of Congress, in opposition to another of his own professional tribe, named Jones—a man who, from a common blacksmith, had raised himself, by his own mental application, to the station of first advocate and lawyer then supposed to be in Texas. The Major appeared anxious that I should witness a little election life in the new Republic, and accordingly invited me to take a seat in his boat and accompany him throughout the affair.

* A "chowdie party" in Texas is pretty much the same thing as a "clam-bake" in the United States. In one case, ordinary fish constitutes the foundation of the repast given on the occasion; in the other, the shell-fish called clams. Each, however, is nothing more than a feast given in the open air—usually for the purpose of assembling electors. They are "gipsy parties" in fact, though called for another purpose.

We reached the town about nine o'clock. There was great bustle amongst all those citizens who were most immediately interested in the present candidate. The Mayor's Constable had dressed himself up in his best, à la Mexican, and, mounted on a borrowed horse, armed with a Mexican whip with a lash three or four yards long, was scouring about the streets in a fury, hurling up clouds of sand into the air, and cracking his tremendous thong as loud as he could at every corner. This appeared to be for the purpose of rousing the inhabitants to a proper sense of their duty, and collecting together as large an escort as possible for Potter to Point Bolivar. Potter himself appeared half bewildered between the arrangements necessary to be formed, and the endless demands made upon him for his presence in half-a-dozen different places at the same time. Our friend the Major at once undertook to relieve him of all difficulty in the first of these matters—so far, at least, as all the needful "creature-comforts" to be taken with us were concerned; a department, indeed, in which he at all times evinced the strongest interest, his highest conviction ever being, that without plenty to eat, drink, and smoke, no good whatever under heaven could be done in such a cause. The Major accordingly reminded Potter of the hams and bread—cautioned him particularly to see that the wine and brandy were not forgotten—asked him with intense earnestness whether he had ordered any ice. No! it was totally impossible to do without ice; nobody could live the day through—the ice must be ordered immediately. "Here," said he, "there is my Constable coming; I'll send him round for it at once. Give him a good big blanket to roll it in, and he'll see it down to the boat at the time, so that we shall then make sure of it." This done, the Major considered a little, and then, struck with a new thought, charged Potter, as he valued his life, not to omit abundance of cigars. "Nothing is to be had at Bolivar," he argued, "and therefore what we do not take with us we must go without. Better by half have some to spare, than not enough; and what is left we'll use up at the election." Potter replied, that he had sent two boxes down already, if the Major thought that would do. "Not enough, not enough!" exclaimed the latter; "have another whole box at least." And so another box was sent for, and tucked

under the Major's own arm for security, being in size not much inferior to an infant's coffin.

It was about mid-day when we finally got down to a small fleet of boats which, with their intended passengers, were awaiting the embarkation of the Mayor, in order to enjoy the benefit of the Galveston Corporation Band, which the Major had taken care to secure for our own boat. Several ladies who were intending to grace the canvass with their presence evinced some anxiety to be seated in this latter; but the Mayor privately protested to me that such an arrangement would never do, as they would be a complete check upon the enjoyment of the passage, by preventing our drinking, smoking, and talking with that entire freedom and ease which constituted the principal charm of a job like the present. He also additionally hinted that "we should gain no great credit by sailing in the same craft with them, as he happened to know ——" and then, with a mysterious nod, and a "'Twon't do, Hooton, 'twon't do!" concluded his observations. By keeping his eye upon the Constable, who well knew its meaning, the Major eventually effected such an arrangement as he liked, without seeming to meddle much with it; his will being expressed through the Constable with almost as much facility as though this latter gentleman had been merely an explanatory appendix to the Major's own body.

Just before we pushed off, a young midshipman in the Texan Navy came down to get a passage; and as we were in want of a good helmsman, Mr. Wyman was appointed to the post. The Band, which consisted of one drum, two horns, and a fiddle, was already "in liquor," having been thumping, scraping, and blowing ever since daylight, and consequently keeping the animal as moist as over-exertion in a hot climate is apt to require. Mr. Wyman had also evidently been refreshing himself during the morning after the same fashion.

At last, everything being arranged—the cigar-box opened, and wine and brandy uncorked,—we pushed off, to the national Texan air, "Oh, come to the bower"—an air much more sentimental than patriotic, but which has become the national air of Texas, in consequence of its having been fought to by the Revolutionists in their final encounter with the Mexicans at the far-famed San Jacinto. The fact was, I understand,

that just upon the Texan onset in that battle, an old man who either fiddled or baggiped to the troops on the occasion was called upon to strike up something uncommonly patriotic and invigorating. In the hurry and tumult of the moment, he could not recollect anything of the right sort, and as the emergency would not allow time for musical reflection, he broke out with the first that turned up, and rushed on to the fight with that lovely ditty of "Oh, come to the bower"! which from that time forwards was exalted into the national air of the country.

It happened on this auspicious day, that Commodore Moore, the Commander of the Texan Navy, was lying out in the Bay, and directly on our course, in a sloop-of-war with which he was ordered down to the southern part of the Gulf for the purpose of intercepting any Mexican vessels that might chance to fall in his way; and accordingly our worthy Mayor determined to salute him respectfully as we passed. In spite of all precautions, however, and the supposed skill of our helmsman the Middy, the boat was so bunglingly managed, that, for want of due formalities, an insult was really offered, instead of a compliment; while the Band was in such a desperate hurry to let off its patriotic sentiments, that "Hail, Columbia, happy land!" broke involuntarily forth two or three times, and was as often suppressed, before the Major could break in these rampant Republicans to proper obedience to the word of command. The Commodore appeared on deck, and seemed to invite us on board; but the Middy and the Constable made such a miss between them, as to be unable, in the tide, to take the boat near enough alongside to enable us to hear anything that was said. Meantime, it was plain enough to see that Wyman's fellow-officers were laughing heartily at this specimen of his seamanship. The Major broke into a horrible passion, and ordered them to sheer off and get out of sight as soon as possible, or he should feel so desperately ashamed of their bungling that he would not promise not to pitch one or two of them overboard. I expected a furious quarrel, but eventually it passed off peaceably, Mr. Wyman drowning his mortification during the remaining part of the passage in strong brandy-and-water. When we arrived within a few yards of land, the Middy attempted some sort of manœuvre which ended

in plunging him over head and ears into the sea ; but as we were then upon the shallows, he floundered to land, more crest-fallen than ever. In fact, all our address was required to get his spirits up again, as he grew downright melancholy at the anticipation not only of the jibes and jeers of his sea companions, but also from the dread of losing his commission when next he returned to his ship and had his conduct investigated by the Commander.

Our whole party having landed, proceeded to the first house at hand, where, in style sufficiently rough, were set out food and drink for anybody who chose to partake of them. Some frizzled and fried for themselves ; some drank and smoked ; some lounged with their legs on the chair-backs ; some wanted to know when Potter would be there ; and all were in a hurry for the arrival of the Commodore and the officers of the Navy. A ball was to be given that night, and nothing could be done without the sailors.

It was soon discovered that a larger and an empty house would be required for supper and ball, and a small detachment of inspectors was sent into the neighbourhood to discover and take possession of one, in case it could be found. This they were not long in effecting, and thither all immediately repaired, to put it in order for the occasion. All the doors were wrenched off the hinges, and transmogrified into temporary tables ; an out-house was converted into a free cigar and drinking establishment ; and then, these arrangements made, the Major informed me that it was high time to take a peep into the neighbouring cattle enclosures, or on the surrounding prairie, for something in the shape of fresh meat, to be cooked for dinner. I accompanied our excellent purveyor on this interesting expedition, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him fix on a young heifer, almost as big as her mother, as a fit and proper beast to be slaughtered for the ensuing meal. The owner did not exactly want to part with her ; but, of course, that objection had not the least weight in the stomach of the Major. When a man expects to be very hungry, he does not consider another man's calves in any other light than that of veal ; and when a Texan multitude is to be fed, why, fed they must be, if there be anything within reach to lay hands upon. Potter had arrived by this time, and was

consulted. At a good round price, the devoted beast was agreed for, and many imaginations revelled upon her remains, even while she was poking her damp snout almost in their faces, and staring at her murderers in the conscious security of her own quiet pen.

Meanwhile the canvass was going on, and the candidate was suffering the most rigid of questionings from the most ignorant of voters, and enduring examinations and cross-examinations by such incapable, though momentarily important men, as, at any other time and under other circumstances, he would have turned from with despising and scorn.

In the course of the afternoon, I fell in with an old inhabitant of Bolivar Point, named Parr, a settler from the States upon this dreary tract some fifteen or more years before, and while the Mexican laws against immigration were still in force. He was considered as wealthy as almost any settler in Texas, and usually had a troop of two or three hundred fine half-wild horses, which roamed the prairie at will, and found ample protection from bit and saddle under his peculiar description of patronage. He resided several miles aloof from any other farmer, with his wife and two or three daughters; having, for the especial benefit of the latter, a tutor, residing in a house provided especially for him hard by.

Towards evening, our bowie-knife butchers lugged their veal into the waste garden of the house of which possession had been taken, and slaughtered it. Others were as industriously employed in selecting posts, rails, and great beams of wood, to make a bonfire of, by which to roast it in the open air. A short time before the operation of skinning commenced, the Commodore and his officers arrived. One of the latter chanced to walk up to the scene of slaughter, and seeing a citizen with a knife between his teeth preparing to take the hide off, leaped over the fence, calling loudly upon him to arrest his hand. He declared that the whole beast would be spoiled if cooked without the skin, and immediately took the highly responsible and delicate business of finishing these preparations upon his own shoulders.

"Mexican and prairie fashion," said he, "were the best in a case like this. *Carne con cuero* is the plan. Get eight or ten long poles,

stick them into the ground round your fire, and in a short time all will be ready."

These orders were obeyed, and a tremendous fire was raised, while Captain S——r carved up the carcase in fine "gaucho" style, and suspended the various joints as they were cut off on the points of the surrounding fences, and where the hot flesh quivered and leaped in mangled death-life for the space of ten or twenty minutes afterwards. By nightfall, the various pieces were suspended on the poles, skin outwards, and thus frizzled until done through, each being served up as it became fit for the table. It was between the hours of nine and ten P.M. before dinner could be considered ready; but as some few of us were scarcely able to wait until that time, old Parr and myself ran a sharp stick through a joint, carried it off between us, and cooked it at the house of a neighbouring acquaintance, for the especial use of the famished and failing amongst us.

During the course of the day, the fiddler had sworn to wear out every gut of his instrument before he went back, and the horn-players to blow their faces to a point before the next morning's light dawned upon them. The former was as good as his word—he returned mute to the island on the morrow; but whether the latter had also kept their promises as faithfully, I had no opportunity of ascertaining. About midnight a quarrel, arising from a very trivial circumstance, originated between our now drunken Middy, Mr. Wyman, and a young Englishman present. The former wanted to fight then and there with knife and pistol, which he carried in the breast of his jacket, while the latter was totally unarmed. A long skirmish of words took place, during which my countryman received—and for a long time with great forbearance—much insolent provocation. At length he could bear it no longer, and, although his antagonist was considerably the taller of the two, volunteered either to give or receive a sound dressing, after the true John Bull fashion, in case Wyman would put aside his arms. This the latter declined, alleging that those were his weapons, and with them he meant to fight.

"Then lend me either of your pistols," replied the other, "as I am unarmed—step back six paces, I will do the same, and then fire."

This proposal he was also hesitating at, when Commodore Moe opportunely came up, and, addressing the Englishman, requested him to decline any further proceedings in the matter; stated that Wynnan had long been considered a quarrelsome and bad character, and that, at the earliest convenience, he would hold a court-martial upon him, and, in case he found him guilty of misconduct, punish him accordingly. This settled the matter, as both parties were then separated by their friends.

Our worthy Mayor remained to dance and drink all night, as I must have done also, in lack of a boat to take me back, had not my friend, Mr. F. been returning in his own craft and offered me a passage across the bay. We set out about midnight, and arrived in Galveston between two and three o'clock, after twice getting aground on the sandbanks. At one time, our steersman mistook his course by the lights, and was steering straight out to sea and amongst the breakers of the bar, but was fortunately put on the right course by the watch on board the Commodore's vessel, who hailed us in the emergency.

The simple Middy was quite oblivious on the following morning of all the events of the night; but having ascertained what was in store for him, he kept away from his duty during the space of forty-eight hours ensuing, and thus made the matter worse. On the third day, he was apprehended in the town and brought before a court-martial. The result was, that he was peremptorily discharged the service. Eventually he became a poor loafing fisherman in those very seas which before he roved in the capacity of assistant defender.

These additional specimens of Texan society and manners did not tend very materially to the exaltation of my opinion on those two heads; and, subsequently, I saw no more of the election proceedings than those of the last day, which closed it. A friend of mine, however, who attended a public meeting one night in the city, informed me, that while one of the candidates was addressing the audience, two men amongst the latter, and near to him, had a few words of dispute, upon which one of them drew a knife, slashed it down the temples of the other, and put it up again. The person wounded soaked up the blood with his handkerchief, without taking any immediate revenge, while

the crowd around looked as passively on as though they beheld only an ordinary occurrence.

On the day of polling, two opposite taverns were thrown open to the supporters of each candidate. Brandy and ice-water were the order of every moment; the counters were thoroughly crowded without intermission, and the rival names of Potter and Jones were literally shrieked and yelled by half-frantic voters in each other's ears throughout the town. In the evening the Potterites were declared to be in a considerable minority—an announcement which was followed by a long, loud yell of triumph by the Jonesists, the roar of which was finally lost in the rising cry of a fight. I now expected to behold some pretty knife-work; but one of the combatants having at the outset been pitched headlong down some steps into the street and disabled, a civil pause shortly afterwards ensued. A dray, which stood in the horseway, was taken possession of by a crowd of men who hung upon and about it like leeches, when, in the middle of the successful candidate's address, and when public attention was all absorbed in it alone, somebody suddenly withdrew the pins which held the body of the vehicle down to the shafts, and shot the whole cargo out of a heap into a deep splash of mud and water which lay close behind. This was the primest joke during the whole election; and as I had now both seen and heard quite enough to satisfy my curiosity, the Major and I, along with a few other friends, discussed a mint-julep or two along with Potter, and severally departed to our homes.

I scarcely think the Major's objections against the ladies entering his boat were in themselves of the most cogent and valid character, but that they arose in great part from a dislike he seemed to entertain against the whole sex in common, founded, it would appear, upon the sad experience of a very curious specimen of female mortality that adorned his own house.

When first I commenced gardening, and was in the almost constant habit of rising at day-dawn, my ears were sure to be regaled, as I dug and planted, with a heavy rumbling sound from the Major's house, which evidently proved that his domestic establishment was "up and doing." This same rumbling was repeated at intervals of a few hours

at least twice, and frequently three times a-day—day by day (Sunday included), with surprising regularity. "Bless me!" thought I to myself, "what a remarkably industrious and persevering woman that Mrs. A—— must be! what a treasure in a household, and how doubly invaluable in the Texas! Morning, noon, and night, she is always turning that mangle; and as her husband is out all day, she creates him no kind of annoyance by it." Such was my soliloquy, often involuntarily repeated with variations, as the constant roar of the mangle broke upon the early morning solitude of the prairie, the dead calm of its burning noon, or the soft stillness of its nightfall. Another favourable point, as I understood, in her domestic character was, that she was seldom seen out of her house, and never beyond the enclosure round it. She might be heard, however, rather oftener, when cow-hiding a nigger maid-servant, or swearing at her with boundless energy and fluency of language. While she and Mrs. H. were yet total strangers, the latter was in the constant habit of receiving, six or ten times a-day, messages from her neighbour, requesting the loan of a washing-tub, a loaf, a piece of butter, a bit of pepper or salt, an axe to split logs with, a bucket of water, and any other conceivable article which might happen to be in her possession. Few or none of these were ever returned again; and so numerous and varied did the applications at length become, that any indifferent spectator would naturally have concluded that my wife kept a private huckster's shop for the especial service of the Lady Mayoress of Galveston. In case an application of this kind failed, as it sometimes did, a nigger, with plate or dish in hand, might be seen scouring the neighbourhood for the space of a mile round, and canvassing every house until the required loan, or rather gift, was obtained. This singular borrowing, or rather begging system, prevails to a surprising extent in Galveston; not so much to the *mutual* accommodation of neighbours, as to the encouragement of such as have not, supplying themselves pretty freely with all things from those who happen to have. "Lend mother about half a pound of lard," or, "Missis wants a pair of flat-irons," is a request quite as common as it is polite: and not unfrequently is it followed by another, to the effect that "Mother's sent this lard back again, becoss she's borrowed some better and sweeter from

Mrs. Thingumty !" or, perhaps, " Missis says if she can't have them irons about a week, she not have 'em at all." So that, in fact, these borrowers seem positively to do you a kind of favour even by accepting your things, and lay you under an obligation to themselves for condescending to make use of them. Should a barrel of flour be seen to enter your house, a demand for a part of it is immediately created, and " A basinful of flour out of that barrel you had in this morning," is very soon inquired for. Or perchance you order a gallon or two of spirits, or a few dozens of Texan pumpkin ale, and a neighbour or two will inevitably come to taste your cigars or tobacco during the evening, and moisten the human whistle, as a matter of course, with as much of your liquor as can agreeably be carried in the living vessel back again. Practices of this kind come properly under the head of " loafing " (living idly on other people), as defined in the American vocabulary. Should nobody happen to be in the way when a borrower comes, the latter does not hesitate to enter either your house or kitchen, in search of the article wanted, and, on finding it, to carry it off without so much as leaving any memorandum behind to inform you towards what quarter of the horizon your property has taken temporary flight. When you happen to want it yourself, you must send round the neighbourhood, in order to ascertain who has borrowed it, before legal recovery can be made.

As midsummer advanced and the wells failed, the Mayoress increased her demands upon us for buckets of water, which, of course, were not denied, as we had no desire to arrest the progress of that mysterious mangle, the music of which reminded us more frequently than anything else of the distant rumbling of those marvellous ninepins played by long-departed Dutchmen in the heart of the Catskill Mountains, as heard of old by the renowned Rip Van Winkle. Still, as the family was small, and we could scarcely suspect the Mayoress of taking in half the town's washing, the subject long remained to our feminine department, like a penny London reporter's account of an unrevealed murder, " shrouded in the deepest mystery." At last, since, as Byron says,

" Time, at length, sets all things even,"

the whole was brought to light by the explanations of the Major himself.

I was sitting on my doorstep, one evening after sunset, smoking my pipe and watching the lightning, as it played in silent splendour some thirty or forty miles off, and over a space of one-half the horizon from east to west, when I observed the Major walking down in the dusk towards our gate, with a pipe in his mouth about a yard and a half long, the stem of which was carved from a piece of wood grown on the battle-field of San Jacinto.

"Well, H—," said he, "I have come to smoke a pipe with you; there's no room in my own house for me, so till bed-time we can have a bit of a chat together."

I made him welcome and comfortable, and he recommenced the conversation.

"That wife of mine," said he, "is everlastingly cleaning. I never come home and see her without a brush, a dust-rag, or a wing in her hand, sweeping the floor, flapping the furniture, wiping the pictures, sluicing down the boards with water, or scrubbing the children in a bucket. I verily believe she is more of a demon than an angel of cleanliness, for everything is eternally in disorder for the purpose of being scoured and dusted. Just now, when I went home, intending to take my pipe and go to bed, she followed me with a broom and swept away the dust from behind me at every step I took into the house. The two children had been just dipped and put to bed, but hearing me coming, wanted to see me. I went into the chamber to caress them, and was followed by her, with a bowl of water and a big lump of soap, to wash their hands and faces again after they had touched me: and in that manner she goes on day and night, till, d—n it! the place looks always like a man just shaved, with nothing but lather, and brushes, and towels all about him."

I protested that it appeared perfectly marvellous to me how she could find time for so much devotion to the cause of domestic purity, seeing, as it appeared to us, that at pretty regular intervals between daylight and dark she was so constantly and faithfully superintending the operations of her mangle.

"Mangle!" exclaimed the Major, "there is no mangling machine in my house! The noise you hear arises from nothing but the removal—three or four times a-day—of the chests and boxes we brought with us from Kentucky, which she shoves up and down the floors in order to wash under them. If the well is dry and we have but a bucket of water to use, it is sure to go on to the floor, even though we have not a jugful left to mix one's whisky with. Curse it! there is no use in saying anything about it,—I never trouble my head upon the subject; but I do believe she has a perfect monomania for cleaning, that no physician in the States could cure. Now, since the weather has been so dry, our poor old cow has gone upon half allowance, and sometimes no allowance at all, just because every bucket she could borrow has gone to scour the house or sluice the children."

This latter statement I could easily believe, inasmuch as that self-same old cow used to run across the prairie, from afar, whenever she chanced to see anybody drawing water from our well, and if not supplied with a few buckets, would wait two or three hours, in the middle of a burning day, with her head against the palings, and in deep but longing patience, for the liquid charity to be bestowed upon her. When this fact was discovered, I caused the supply hitherto enjoyed by the Lady Mayoress to be stopped, and, instead, to be diverted into the channel of the old cow's muzzle. The latter evinced her gratitude by coming to me whenever she saw me out, following me like a dog, and regularly attending at the same hour, in the same place, until she had received her portion. This arrangement likewise stopped the "mangle;" and during the period of greatest drought, our neighbour's mop and broom enjoyed comparative repose.

One half of these outlandish habits may be attributed to American "rearing," and the other half to the miserable pecuniary difficulties which seem to involve every public office and officer, from highest to lowest, in this country. My acquaintance with the chief magistrate of Galveston was of no very long standing, before he plainly informed me that he found it next to impossible to live, because he could not get in his petty salary as mayor; or, in case he did at all, it was only by miserable instalments, like a labourer's wages, of a few dollars at a time.

He farther stated the pleasing fact, that in consequence of this deficiency, the executive justice of the place was pretty often necessarily perverted, as he found it absolutely needful, in every case brought before him, to inflict a pecuniary fine, in place of other more appropriate punishment, in order that the corporate funds might thereby be the more plentifully replenished, and thus become all the better enabled to maintain his office, and, through it, his own family establishment.

CHAPTER VII.

Boating Excursion to Edward's Point. Dr. W.'s House. Description of the Point. Arrival of Spaniards. Fishing for Terrapins. Alligator-gars. Redfish. Alligator Shooting. Line Fishing. The Red Bug. Incidents with Snakes. Slaughter-house Dogs, an Adventure. Lafitte, the Pirate's Mate. A Texan Duel. Frontier Murderers. Mock Indian Thieves. Tom the Slave.

HAVING received an invitation to make a short sojourn at Edward's Point,—a portion of the main land which juts out upon the Bay of Galveston, and is situated, I think, about thirty or forty miles from the wooden city,—I availed myself of the opportunity, and, one afternoon in May, went on board a small boat for the purpose of proceeding thither; Dr. C. F. W——, the proprietor of the location to which I was bound, accompanying me. Whether he was really a doctor, or only one of those appearances of one so common in Texas, is not for me to determine. At all events, he did not practise the profession, except upon himself and the men he employed in the capacity of fishermen—a business which he carried on upon a large scale, supplying the city with fish both fresh and cured. It was stated that he went under an assumed name, having been obliged to leave the United States, of which he was a native, for having shot dead upon the spot a man with whom he had a quarrel. This latter incident may be presumed to be true, as he himself subsequently related it to me.

About sunset, we passed the body of a man in the water; but it was not considered worth picking up, although one of the fishermen suggested the propriety of tacking about in order to ascertain whether he had not something in his pockets. This was overruled by the Doctor, on the grounds that it was very unlikely—that we were sailing seven knots an hour, and at best should be sufficiently benighted without staying to examine a corpse.

Some time afterwards, one point of land having in the dark been

mistaken for another, we ran upon an oyster-bed, and remained set fast during the space of nearly two hours. The fishermen immediately jumped into the water and pulled a quantity up from the bottom, which we amused ourselves in discussing, while they pushed and pulled until the boat was got off again.

At nearly midnight, Edwards' Point was made; a tolerably elevated corner of land covered with indigenous shrubs and trees,—a delightful sight, even in the dark, to any one who has seen nothing of the kind for four or five months. Varied as the sea may be thought by those persons who behold it but freshly and briefly, three months make it as barren as the salt-plains of the East; and Galveston Island presents on the general surface an appearance little less monotonous, since it has never yet condescended to assist its naked beauties with any coronal decoration of the kind now alluded to at Edwards' Point. Assuredly there is on this island a spot called Eagle Grove, which might afford wood enough, by careful cutting and packing, to supply one chosen individual with a fortnight's fuel; but that is the only favoured spot of the kind which, as far as I know, either ancient piracy or modern telescopes have been able to discover.

The boat being moored close alongside a small pier of posts and boards, we proceeded to climb up and land; but, in consequence of the darkness, I had nearly taken up my habitation with the fishes instead, by stumbling half through a hole caused by two omitted planks in the flooring. "Bill," one of the fishermen, who had fought through the revolution, now pulled at a rope attached to one of the posts, and soon discovered to me, by the floundering and splashing which occurred in the water, that a large fish was attached to the other end. It was a "redfish," not hooked, but which (having been caught when not exactly wanted) had had the rope passed through the lower jaw, and then been cast in again, in order to keep him both alive and safe until wanted. The practice seems exceedingly cruel, but it is no less common; the quantities of fish taken in this part of the Bay being so great, that the number of hands employed could not otherwise have kept pace with the supply while in a fit state for use.

After brushing some distance up a narrow path between the trees and brushwood, the Doctor and I arrived at the door of a very large

building, perfectly dark, and apparently without an inhabitant. Having knocked, somebody ran down the sounding stairs and demanded who was there? He then opened the door, but no light was visible throughout the interior. The Doctor put me into a large room on one side the entrance, and requesting me to be seated in an easy chair, went away to obtain a light and set the wheel of supper spinning. I sat a long time, perhaps an hour, before the light came. Still, the night was not so dark but that something might be seen. Two or three roundish objects lay on the table against which I sat, and, by way of amusement, I took up one and carried it to the window:—it was a human skull. I tried another or two,—they were the same. So I sat down again “cheek by jowl” with these shells of bygone thought and action, and mused about them. At length the Doctor appeared with a light, and the intelligence that he had been seeing to the supper; and this put a certainly not very disagreeable end to what Tennyson terms, my

“Hob and nob with death.”

The skulls were those of Mexicans, found on the battle-field of San Jacinto, and to which allusion has before been made, as nearly cleft through the back with the bowie-knife.

The Doctor's establishment was altogether of the masculine gender, —a tall thin lad (his son) acting as cook, scullery-wench, bed-maker, and housekeeper (sometimes for a week together alone) during the absence of his father and the men. On those occasions he caught his own fish and cooked it for dinner, drank rain-water and coffee, hunted for birds' nests, and perhaps occasionally contemplated his own portrait in the looking-glass, by way of obtaining a short glimpse of the vision of society. He was clever, as most of the American youths are,—had lived amongst the Indians three or four years, spoke the Choctaw language well, and told very marvellous stories of wild beasts and backwood snakes.

Next morning I was up, not with the lark—for the “prairie lark” seldom gets up higher than the top of a tall thistle,—but with the egret and the sea-eagle; anxious to see what manner of place it was in which midnight had deposited us. And truly it was a beautiful place; sur-

rounded with old moss-grown trees,* not "ancestral" perhaps to any generations of men who had asserted their old dominion there, but most truly so to those of the innocent feathered tribes that so numerously made the trees their home, and cherished, like a paternal hearthstone, some favourite bough. Wild vines, hung with abundance of yet green grapes, interlaced themselves amongst them, and formed natural arbours, like those which Milton has described in Eder. and Westall has designed. On the outskirts of this, and upon the hill side, the picturesque prickly pear, now adorned with splendid flowers, grew to an enormous size—humming-birds darted about in the sun, rabbits jumped along upon the skirts of the open grass, and a sort of bird coloured much like our pheasant, but far less in size, occasionally adorned the narrow and wild pathways between the trees.

In front the prospect consisted entirely of a vast expanse of bay, studded with numberless little islands or banks, composed of nothing but shells, and entirely destitute of verdure, yet rendered beautiful by the fanciful forms their lines composed. On the opposite side lay an equally wide expanse of prairie, the extreme distance of which lost itself in the misty circle of the skies. Only one house, and that about three or four miles off, was anywhere visible; not a single head of cattle could be seen; and the whole space was as silent as the petrified city of the Arabian tales. The lonely grave of some bygone dweller there, situated about a quarter of a mile behind the house, added considerably to the solitary effect of this scene.

One Saturday night about ten o'clock, as the Doctor was telling me the curious history of a family of wholesale murderers who but a few years ago made themselves almost the dread of that part of Eastern Texas in which they had taken up their location, his story was interrupted by the entrance of three Spaniards from Galveston, who had just

* This moss does not grow *upon* the trees, but only hangs from them, living upon the air. It is the "Spanish beard" of the Southern woods (*Tillandsia usneoides*), and not unfrequently hangs five yards long from the boughs. When boiled down, a long black fibre is left, in almost every respect resembling horse-hair, and as an excellent substitute for which, in the manufacture of mattresses and seats, it is extensively used.

arrived on an expedition for the catching of the terrapin,—a small kind of sea-tortoise, which is used in Texas for the manufacture of soup. They had engaged to supply one of the hotels with, I think, two thousand; and the first fishing was engaged to come off on the following morning. Sunday is the same as any other day in that country, and fishing and shooting just as common as during the remaining part of the week.

Anxious to see the sport, I set out with them at about noon,—the hottest part of the day being precisely that during which the terrapins come to the surface of the water. A net fifty or sixty yards long was provided for the taking of them,—a smaller one to cover the boat with, and prevent their escape when caught, and an axe to kill a dangerous kind of fish called "alligator-gar" with, in case any should get into the net. The sky was wholly cloudless, the sun burning hot, and the water beautifully calm, as we rowed amongst the little shell-islands before mentioned. The noses of many terrapins were seen sticking out of the water, and our Spaniards, aided by the Doctor and Bill, immediately set to work. When the net was drawn up, a tremendous splashing ensued inside,—the axe was ready in the hands of one who well understood this kind of piscicide, and in a minute or two the head of an alligator-gar was beaten in. In the scuffle, however, his upper jaw was chopped wholly away and sank to the bottom. He was then taken out, and cast upon the shelly shore of an island to rot. I got ashore myself to examine him. He measured from about three to four feet long, was covered with hard enamelled *square* scales like teeth, and had a snout considerably longer than that of a crocodile of the same general size. He bled like a pig; and as the wounds he had received appeared evidently mortal, I left him. About an hour afterwards, on returning to the same spot, much to my amazement I saw him wriggling about in the effort again to reach his native element! With such assistance as I could lend him, he effected that object, and swiftly swam away, with only one jaw, and his head battered in on the top. However much this may sound like what is commonly termed a "traveller's tale," it is literally true. Similar slaughter occurred almost every time the net was drawn; while on each occasion a curious variety of strange fishes were brought to light. One of these was of the same size and shape as a common sole,

with the exception that it had a long tail like a rat's, and beneath it a very sharp horny spike, with which it endeavoured to strike the ankles and feet of whoever approached it when thrown on the shore. This fish is in Texas termed a "stingaree" (*sting-ray*), and though comparatively so small, is able to penetrate the leather of a boot with its spike or sting, and thereby produce such acute pain to the individual wounded, that I am assured the stoutest-hearted man will dance and bellow under the affliction as though he were a child. The pain subsides after the expiration of about an hour. As the fishermen, while wading with their nets, are liable to be struck by the stingray, they invariably either chop off the tails of such as they catch, or throw them sufficiently far into the land to prevent them getting into the water again.

By five o'clock, nearly three hundred terrapins of various sizes were taken, besides a great quantity of red and other fish, and we returned home. At the last haul of the net, however, two hawksbill turtle were taken, being the only pair then known to have been caught in Galveston Bay.

Some weeks previous to the period of which I am now speaking, a solitary alligator had made his appearance in the Bay nearly opposite the Doctor's house, and had been so far petted by the men, who threw him waste fish, as to have secured, apparently, his permanent residence in that quarter. Feeling anxious to obtain the skin of one of these reptiles, I one day went out to shoot him if possible, having loaded my gun with ball instead of shot. At about fifty yards' distance, I got five discharges at the mark formed by his eye, which just rose above the sea sufficiently to enable him to look along the surface. The visible portion was not larger than the centre of a target, and as my fowling-piece was not adapted for ball, it is no marvel that so small a mark was missed. When the ball passed within an inch or two above his eye, he took no notice; when it hit his head or body, he merely sank for a few minutes, and came up again as boldly as ever. At length, the Doctor brought down one of Colt's six-chambered rifles, and at the second shot hit him. I sent a man into the water to fetch him out, when it was found that half the upper part of the head was carried away, leaving the brain bare. Still his muscular power was excessively strong, and rendered it no easy task to meddle with him. Under these circum-

stances, as well as in order to free the creature from pain, I cut the head quite off, and proceeded to skin the carcass. This operation lasted nearly five hours; and even when, after that lapse of time, I threw the remains into the sea, the vitality had by no means ceased. This amazing tenacity of life could never have been believed unless it was seen; but of course all sensation must have ceased when the decapitation was effected. The skin of an alligator will not strip off like that of any ordinary animal, as the hard, tendinous flesh grows into it, and thus renders the operation of separating the two both difficult and tedious. The specimen here spoken of was not more than five feet long.

Fishing with a common hempen line, for redfish, is also a fine sport in Texas. At Edwards' Point and Redfish Bar (so called because of the great abundance found on that sandbank), we enjoyed the fun in perfection. Day or night, in the moonshine or the dark, and at any hour just suitable to our own fancies, Bill the Revolutionary soldier, the Doctor's tall son, and myself, used to go out with a line each, row the boat silently away to one of the shell-islands, and commence our sport. The bait used is a small mullet, which there abounded to such a degree that all which was requisite to catch them, was to take a common boat-oar in one's hand, quietly steal down to the edge of the water in some place undisturbed by our landing, and knock the mullets out on to the shore.

One of these is put alive on to the hook, and as the fishing-line has a heavy lead attached to it, by swinging the lower part of the line forcibly round, sufficient impetus is acquired to hurl it a long distance into the sea; the fisherman himself generally wading knee or middle deep, in order to secure the advantage of deeper water for his bait. As soon as a fish is hooked, the sportsman throws the line across his shoulder, and runs to land as fast as he can, taking care to draw his prey far enough out to return and secure him. As many of the redfish are very large, and the alligator-gar will also take this bait, such precaution becomes needful, since such fish are frequently strong enough either to break the sportsman's rope, or, in case he ties it to his arm, pull him rather farther into the water than he is at all likely to approve of.

Very early one morning, intelligence was brought me that the men had caught a rather rare fish, called a "grandecour," and were anxious that I should go down to the water-side and see it before it was scaled. I accordingly walked down in my slippers, and found lying on the beach the most splendid-looking creature of the kind that perhaps ever human eye beheld. Even the dolphin was not comparable to him. He was five or six feet long, bulky in proportion, and had precisely the appearance of being made of shining silver, with here and there a shadowy tinge of green. The fish had not been caught with either hook or net, but, in leaping out of the water, had dropped upon a raft of firewood then floating off the Point, where the men secured him. The scales were all of a very large size, the largest being not less than a crown-piece. Over all that portion of each not covered by the other scales was spread a thick leaf of this silvery-looking matter, thick enough at least to produce a very visible elevation of that part of the surface.—A portion of this marine beauty was prepared for breakfast, and found to bear a considerable resemblance to veal.

One of the terrapins having laid an egg, about the size of a rook's, I buried it in the sand as its own parent would have done had she been at liberty, in the hope of being able to produce a juvenile terrapin; but, in consequence of being laid too near the surface, it dried up instead of hatching. These eggs are not provided with a hard shell, but a skin like that purest of all parchments, parchment just before it receives the ink of law upon it.

The method of killing terrapins is not amongst the least barbarous customs of this barbarian country. They are laid upon their backs either close to the fire or upon the red wood-ashes, until the thick shell becomes so hot to the animal within, that he desperately stretches out both legs and neck in the vainest of endeavours to extricate himself from the walls of his burning house. The tender-hearted cook watches her opportunity, and when it is evident that, in ordinary phrase, the poor terrapin "cannot contain itself,"—or, in other words, will no longer draw back his head into such a living furnace,—the knife descends and the head is cut away. I have seen such heads, at least half an hour after being cut off, attempt, on being touched, to bite with

sufficient force to take the piece out of the finger. During this time the eyes will occasionally open, though generally they remain shut.

During my stay at Edwards' Point, I contracted one of the most annoying and irritating diseases (if properly it can be called a disease) which it is possible for poor mortal to bear. Being in the frequent habit of hunting for rabbits about the copses with only a pair of light noiseless slippers on my feet, I at length found the lower portions of the legs and ankles itch so intolerably, that either to sit still in the daytime, or sleep soundly at night, was totally out of the question. Yet, not the remotest visible cause existed for this horrible sensation—a sensation far less endurable than literal bodily pain. The Doctor informed me it was produced by the "red bug,"—a microscopic insect which abounded in the grass, and had taken possession of the skin in consequence of my going out without boots. It must not be supposed that the "red bug" bears any resemblance to the noisome insect commonly known under that name here. Insects of almost any description pass under the general name of "bug" in America.

As though Nature had an especial eye to my personal enjoyments at that time, she likewise indulged me with what is in Texas termed the "prickly heat." The name sufficiently explains itself; and though the irritation is not so great as that produced by the "bug," it yet compensates in some degree by extending over the whole surface of the body. The two together, combined with the great want of sleep they produced, appeared at times as though they would drive me to distraction. I bathed in fresh water and in salt—I rubbed my body with oil, with spirits, and at last with flour. The latter was done while the body was yet wet with bathing, in order to make it stick on; so that, as a kind of paste was thus produced, the reader's imagination will not be drawn too largely upon, if he resemble me to a sort of living pie,—the meat baking the crust by its own natural heat. After a week or ten days, my deliverance was obtained from this earthly purgatory; though it is one in which the newly-arrived emigrant may generally expect to pass a much longer period of time.

Another yet more disagreeable, because more formidable, tenant of the prairie grass, is the dark sooty-coloured moccassin snake. This

most subtile of all the beasts of the field does not attack unless accidentally trodden upon,—a thing however which may easily happen where it abounds, owing to its colour rendering it generally more invisible than most of the other snakes, of which a great variety exists in Texas. Early one morning, before it was yet scarcely light, I went out alone "gunning," and took a narrow hunter's path beside a bayou, where the grass was three or four feet high. The birds had not yet come down upon the water, and I walked listlessly along, thinking, as far as in one's nature lies, of next to nothing. Suddenly I received a smart quick blow upon the ankle from behind, which almost instinctively told me it was from the stroke of a snake. The horrors of a rapid death by poison rushed upon my mind as I turned directly round and discerned a moccassin in the path, with his eyes fixed on me and his jaws distended at an angle of some seventy or eighty degrees. During a minute or two, my feet appeared grown to the spot. I then retired backwards some yards, and, when at a convenient distance, pointed my gun and fired. His head was blown quite away; but the body (which was about as long as a walking-stick) I picked up, and immediately returned home to ascertain whether his attempt to bite had succeeded. Happily it had not; a circumstance partly attributable, perhaps, to the fact that I had high boots on, and very wide sailor-like trousers. On another occasion, while creeping upon my hands and knees in order to get at a wood-ibis, I very nearly placed one of my hands upon a snake of the same kind; but, except in these two instances, never got into any danger from them.

Perhaps the most awkward adventure of all that personally befel me in this way was the following. It occurred in Galveston Island some time after my return from Edwards' Point: but as it is somewhat in character with the general tenor of these sketches, the relation of it here may not be inappropriate. For, although it did not end in either a Whitechapel or a Seven-Dials catastrophe, such was certainly promised up to the very instant that deliverance came.

Contrary to almost invariable practice, I one morning sallied out totally unarmed, except with a short "life-preserver" which was placed in the breast of my coat, upon a sketching ramble amongst the desert sand hillocks and the grassy swamps at the eastern end of the island.

A handsome little whelp, one "Tony" by name, travelled at my heels, and made his way through the tall stiff grass much after the same baffled fashion, and with not much greater ease than his master has occasionally experienced when endeavouring to force his way into a cane-brake. About noon, having half lost myself, I looked out for a land-mark; and having discovered one in an isolated mass of rude building which is used as a slaughter-house for the city butchers, and which stands on the prairie about a mile from the principal portion of the city itself, I directed my course thitherwards. After brushing through the pathless prairie awhile, I lighted upon a deep sandy road leading in that direction, and pursued it. The slaughter-house stands on rising ground, and has attached to it an enclosure surrounded by very high and strong wood fencing, in which the half-wild cattle intended for the knife are first of all with difficulty driven. They are afterwards picked out as occasion requires, but not unfrequently turn upon their slaughterers, and, amidst great danger, are either shot, pinned by powerful dogs kept there for the purpose, or dragged to the ground by the Mexican lasso. Approaching the foot of the rising ground, I observed a large white dog about the size of a mastiff, though not so long on the leg, come from round a corner of the building, look a moment in the direction I was coming, and then walk down to meet me. Tony piped one little growl, and then began to whine, creeping at the same time with his tail between his legs so close upon the heels of my boots, that they chopped him under the chin at almost every step taken. As the beast approached sufficiently near to allow a distinct view of him, it must be confessed I felt at the moment that I would much rather have met face to face with any wild beast in Texas. Although so large, he was made in a similar mould to that in which our English bull-dog is cast, only that the former was distorted, more ugly by half, horrible to look at. His head seemed scarcely less than that of a man, while his forehead and brows beetled so much that they appeared almost to shut his eyes. Conscious that to exhibit fear by attempting to get away would only be to endanger myself the more, I steadily pursued the road, without even crossing to the opposite side, for the brute had taken the precaution to come down in a straight line on the same side as he first saw me. Cautiously however, and without

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Reinhardt & Watson Lithographers

"GENERAL HOSPITAL."

(See Page 39.)

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more apparent movement than was just needful, I placed my hand upon the "supple-jack," or preserver, in my coat-breast, and kept it there ready for a blow when needful. As we approached each other still nearer, the dog gradually walked more softly, and at the same time as gradually bent himself towards the earth, as though preparing to spring. The necessity gave me courage, and I still walked on directly in his face, knowing, as I did know, that if such show of confidence would not save me, nothing would. Had I even attempted to get out of the way, little doubt can be entertained that he would have been upon me in a moment. When within a yard or two, his belly nearly swept the sand. Tony attempted to run yelping away, but dared not face his fellow-creature, and therefore, as I afterwards found (since I dared not take my eyes off my antagonist for a moment), retired about a hundred yards behind, and leaving me to it, there took up his stand to await the result.

Another yard or two, and the slaughter-dog put his nose close to my knee, but did not attempt an attack. He then passed behind; and at almost the same instant I observed another formidable beast, taller than the first though not of the same kind, also coming from the same place towards me:—another instant, and another dog equally large also made his appearance. These latter two eventually took up their positions, one on each side of me, but rather in advance; while, on turning my head very slowly in order to avoid alarming these voluntary guardians for my safe custody, I found the first one with his nose within two feet of my legs, for the purpose of taking care of me behind. And in silent state, with this powerful body-guard—or rather under this dog-arrest, I marched on towards the slaughter-house. Of two things I took especial care,—neither to deviate from my path, nor to increase or slacken my speed. Neither did I speak; though my thoughts were busy enough in wondering what they meant to do with me,—whether they would detain me at the slaughter-house until some friendly butcher who knew them chanced to arrive for my deliverance, or whether, when we arrived on the ground of blood, they would fall upon and devour me. I knew they were not particular—that their habitation was with death, their food raw flesh and entrails, their drink not unfrequently warm blood; and as to attempting force against three such fellows, it was out of the

question, unless in the case of a direct attack—though even then it must have proved ludicrously useless.

Not a single human being was in sight,—not a house near enough for the inhabitants to hear, had I imprudently shouted. My only present hope lay in the possible circumstance that, as the dogs were out, there might be some one on the premises; but as we arrived almost close upon them, the first living object I beheld was a rat, about as large as a good-sized kitten, sitting on his hind-quarters outside one of the doors, and either washing his nose or picking a bit of victuals by way of mid-day refreshment. This incident appeared conclusive,—either that nobody was there, or that slaughter-house rats are very bold and brass-faced rats indeed. The latter proved to be the case; for on reaching another corner of the building, I espied a much-to-be-desired-looking butcher scraping the hide of a pig. He instantly raised his head, and perceiving how matters stood,—for even then I cautiously avoided shouting to him,—called in a stormy voice to the dogs, name by name, to come up. Rather reluctantly, they obeyed this command; and then I stood still, first to thank him for having rescued me from very unpleasant custody, and then to whistle up the affrighted Tony. With great difficulty, I achieved the latter object: but he no sooner saw his canine masters again, than he scoured away before me at least half a mile, where he awaited my coming. When I reached him and took him up in my arms, he trembled like a jelly on a crippled table; nor did he recover his spirits until the lapse of some hours. As for myself, on arriving at home I took a glass of grog, smoked my pipe, and related and laughed at my adventure.

That these dogs were trained to guard in the same manner the cattle brought for slaughter, no doubt can be entertained. That any effort made by any desperate bullock to travel out of his path would draw upon him the teeth of his "policemen," is no less to be doubted. I would therefore advise any man who may chance, if any ever should, to find himself placed in similar pickle, to "take warning by this example," and not run the risk of his life in an inconsiderate and timid attempt to save it.

Let me now observe, on recurring to another subject, that during the description of our boat-passage to Edwards' Point, some few observa-

tions touching a rather notorious character, which the Doctor made to me as we floated at ease upon the water, were purposely omitted in order to prevent any interruption to the narrative. They may now be introduced, in connexion with such other observations upon the same once formidable individual as I afterwards was enabled to collect or make.

We were just in sight of Point Virginia, and looking down the West Bay which principally separates Galveston Island from the main land, when the Doctor remarked—

"Not many miles from where we now are, lives an old man whom I should very much wish you to see. Most of all, I should like you to hear him talk of his own adventures during many years in this part of the world: but he is very suspicious of strangers; and even were I, who am one of his greatest confidants, to introduce you, I do not think he would say a word about them—and especially if he thought you went for that purpose only. He does not like the idea of being betrayed. He has repeatedly asked *me* to go and spend a few days with him for the purpose of 'taking down' his story, because he says that the greater part of what he has read about Lafitte the pirate he knows to be untrue. The American novel so called, he says, is ridiculous."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"No other, sir, than Lafitte's own first mate during many years."

"Supposing," said I, "we were some day to take a ramble and drop in upon him; that you should introduce me as a particular friend, and tell him *I* would 'take down' his story, and disabuse the world of the falsehoods already printed relative to Lafitte?"

"It would not do at all," replied the Doctor; "for though he has repeatedly said as much to me, yet if I were to go to-morrow for that especial purpose, he would not tell me anything. You must either leave the old man to talk about it when he himself thinks proper, or he will not talk at all for the best man living. You must *know* him well before he does that."

Although I entertained little hope of being enabled to cultivate the old veteran's acquaintance so far as to obtain, within any reasonable period, his confidence, I yet had hopes of an interview. But amusements of another kind, enjoyed day by day at Edwards' Point, eventu-

ally prevented even this, and, until some time after returning to the island, I thought no more about it.

At length chance threw me in the way of a man who had once been a horse-jockey in England—had ridden at most of our principal races, and won at several of them. He then drove a dray, dealt in horses, and was doing well in Galveston. While in conversation, I happened to mention old C—h—ll.

"What! th' old pirate, you mean, sir?"

"Yes," replied I,— "that is the man."

"Well," he replied, "I stopped at his house one night, though I didn't know it—and a rough rider he's bin in his time, no doubt. It happened this way:—One of my horses broke his tether one night some time ago, and went off, as they always will, clean down to th' t'other end o' th' island; so, when I wanted him, I mounts another that knowed the use of his legs, and set off pretty early in the morning to hunt him up.* I rode after every troop I saw, but could not find him, and at last by dark hour I had lost myself. I thought I was not far off St. Louis, but couldn't tell. However, I rode on, meaning either to lie down on the prairie and sleep till morning, or come back to Galveston, if I did not meet with a house in my road. At last I saw a little shanty standing by itself, and went up to it. I see'd a stable outside, so I dismounted and clapped my horse just temporary, you know, and then went into th' house. There was an old man sitting by his-self without a light; but he soon got one; and when he see'd me, says he, holding th' candle in my face—says he, 'What do you want, or what have you come here for?' I told him I'd been seeking a runaway oss all day, and couldn't find him, and if he could obleege me with a night's lodging I should be glad. 'Late watch,' said he, 'to hunt up osses: what did you come on?' 'Another,' said I, 'and I've just tied him under cover.' 'Oh, you have, have you? Then you mean to stop, whether I'll have you or not?' 'No, sir,' said I; 'but if you don't like me in your house, I'll sleep in

* Horses used in the town, when either they are turned on the prairie, or otherwise get loose, very often make off for the wild parts and the western portion of the island, where they associate in herds, and sometimes remain for months together, defying every effort to drive them back.

th' stable, as I have done many a time before."—For you mind," he remarked to the writer, "I was stable-boy before I riz to be jockey.

"Well," he continued, "the old man set his light down on the table, and asked me to have a bit of summut to eat and a drop of whisky. I took him at his word, seeing I had not been at th' crib all day; and while that was going on, I thought th' old boy got civiller. At last, says he, 'Young man! you aren't such a lubber as to think of coming here to get anything, are you? Becos if any man was to kill me in my sleep, he wouldn't find a single bit (sixpence) either in this house or anywhere about it. I have enough to keep me, and summut more when I want it; but it's nowhere hereabouts, and nobody ever will know where it is, until I tell them. Who are you?' I told him my name was D——, and that I came from Galveston. 'Do you know who *I* am?' said he. 'No,' said I, 'I don't; but you needn't be afraid.' '*Afraid!*' he shouted,—'*afraid!*' and burst out laughing. Perhaps he see'd I was but a light-weight, and thought he had no need to be after giving me that caution. 'All right,' said he,—'you may stop; and perhaps you'll find your oss to-morrow as you are going back. Sleep on that stretcher there; and I'll take my turn on these old chests.' So, as I was tired, I took th' old boy at his word, and, wi'out pulling my clothes off, stretched myself along th' stretcher, and soon seemed to be asleep. I could see, howiver, by th' red light through my eyelids, that *he* was in no hurry to have a snooze—unless he was like a oss, and meant to take it standing.

"After he had rambled all the place over, and thought I must be gone to sleep—for I snored like a bellows with a coke in its nose in order to make him believe so—he comed quietly up to me, without his shoes, and stared clean into my face to see whether I was really asleep or not. In course, I didn't peep through any nick in my eyes then; but I could feel his chaw-baccy breath blowing on me as hard as a oss when he's down. In a bit—not longer than a one-mile heat—he seemed satisfied as I was what some calls in th' arms of Murphyus, and went off to get his blanket. But, after pottering about another hafe-hour, instead of going to bed, I heard him open one of his chests; and thinking nothin about me, he begun humming to his-self a sort of a song while he looked inside. This made me peep again; and as he

had his light in one hand and the box-lid in t' other, I perceived a lot of fine old ornamented pistols, cutlasses, and sich like, fastened on th' lid, and lying inside."

"Could you hear what words he was humming?"

"Not at starting," was the reply, "for he cantered pretty slow at first; but when he got rather warmer, unknown to his-self, as he handled his old arms, I could hear him better, and then I understood him to say summut of this sort:—

" 'For man-of-war or Mexican
We boys care not a bit,
While St. Louis is behind our back,
And before our face Lafitte!—
Lafitte, my boys, the bold Lafitte,—
And before our face Lafitte! ' "

"Any more?" asked I.

"Well, there was another varse or two; but I think he got distanced at last, for it never seemed finished; and, besides, I couldn't hear him well:—

" 'Our lots was cas', and a Spanish lass
Fell mine, I well remember:
Oh, a jovial time had we in the prime
Of a Mexican-Gulf December!—
Lafitte, my boys, the bold Lafitte,—
And before our face Lafitte! "

If dead men tell their tales elsewhere,
What matters that to me?
Why, nothing, lads, till I go there
With my own good eyes to see!—
And before our face Lafitte!

What God believes your Spanish Don,
Or English merchant-man,
Though they go to their graves through blood and the waves,
And swear it as hard as they can?—
And before their faces Lafitte!

Then bury deep the golden heap,
And a bearing take, d'ye see!
That we may know, whenever we go,
Where the bloody treasures be!—
Lafitte, my boys, the bold Lafitte,—
And before our faces Lafitte.'

"That was all; but while he was humming th' last on't, he pulled out a queer old-fashioned big bottle—whether it was Dutch or not I don't know, but it would hold about as much as a Flanders mare—and took a good swig, just as it was, though he seemed in a great hurry to get a mouthful of water after it.† When he 'd done, he slapped down his lid, rolled his blanket on his legs, doused his light, and lay down on the chests till morning. He gave me a breakfast of hard bread and whisky before I started—and that was all I saw of him."

* * * * *

Afterwards, on occasion of a deer-hunt, about fifteen or twenty miles down the island, undertaken by an acquaintance and myself, we "put up" at a lone house, on the outside of which, as we approached, an immense fire was visible, and, suspended in the centre of it, a huge iron pot full of hot pitch, which two men were attending, while a third, mounted on the house-roof, was plastering on what they handed up to him, *secundum artem*. I need not say we were *not* at the old mate's shanty; although it was evident enough that he on the roof knew how to handle a tar-brush, and had, in all likelihood, many a time seen a craft's bottom undergo a similar operation long before copper came into such extensive use as it is in at present.

When dinner-time came, the owner of the location called to him on the roof—

"C—h—ll!" dinner's ready!"

"What!" said I, "is that one of Lafitte's men?"

"That is the man, sir," was the answer.

When he came down, I unobservedly marked him well. He was old and grey—stout and hearty in his age—indulged in very little conversation—but seemed wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove.

On making inquiry, I found he was not working for hire, but merely tarring the roof as an act of neighbourly kindness. At night, when we all sat outside, with our legs dangling over the edge of the verandah floor, smoking the evening pipe and supping grog, the old man came and sat down also. He was tired, for age soon tires, and the master of

† This is the usual method of drinking in Texas and the Southern States,—spirits first, and water afterwards.

the house did not invite him to anything. As all visitors there paid for what they had, I invited him myself to a glass and a pipe with me, at the same time sitting down beside him, glad of an opportunity, as I thought, of scraping a slight acquaintance. Before eleven o'clock, we became pretty familiar, and I found the old man possessed of great good sense, and a vast deal of that sort of knowledge which, perhaps, is the most practically useful of all—knowledge of the world. Recollecting Doctor W.'s advice, however, I said nothing about Lafitte, but contented myself with giving him such opportunities as I conveniently could, without running any material risk of letting him into my design; but he scrupulously avoided everything touching upon that subject. He invited me to call at his house whenever I went that way; but as no opportunity afterwards presented itself, nothing more remains to be related here concerning this individual.

Still, I have not quite done with Lafitte's band.

While yet we remained in Galveston, an acquaintance informed me that two money-diggers had recently arrived by steamer from Orleans, and gone down the island to Eagle Grove, provided with picks and spades, to carry on their explorations. They had come all the way from one of the Middle States, upon the representations of an acquaintance of theirs, made upon his dying bed, and upon whom they had long attended, without pecuniary consideration, during his illness. He frequently assured them, that he had nothing to reward them with except a few words which he should speak when he found his death was certain.

That time being come, he informed them that he was one of the last three then left of Lafitte's seamen; that one, the mate, lived in Galveston Island, if he were still alive, and another, besides himself, in the States. On many occasions, he said, they buried various kinds of treasure on the island, and sometimes could not find them again. One, however, he remembered in particular. It was near some trees, and at that time there was only one clump of trees on St. Louis' Island. He then directed them where to find a tree, with a certain mark on one side, both of which he described; and, farther, informed them towards what point of the compass the mark was set. Not far from that mark, in such a direction, they would find a chest which would much more

than repay all the expense and trouble they had incurred on his account. He always meant to go down himself, if ever he was able; but being both poor and helpless, yet still in hope, had kept it to himself until this last hour. He had helped to bury it, and all the men then with him were long since dead. Nobody knew of it now except himself. And, shortly after this relation, he expired.

The result was, that the two money-diggers found both the tree and the mark upon it as had been described. This gave them increased vigour; and during two or three days they hacked and dug, and during as many nights alternately kept watch over their "diggings," but—discovered nothing. Eventually they abandoned the attempt, and returned to Orleans, with nothing to reflect upon but that they were both out of pocket, and in high dudgeon for their pains.

If people could dig foundations for their houses in Galveston as they do in this country, little doubt can be entertained but that now and then something or other would be unearthed well worth the having.

The remains of Lafitte's Fort are still to be seen in sand, not far from the eastern end of the present town.

By the bye—as I might say if talking instead of writing—speaking about that fort reminds me of a duel fought there not many years ago between a Colonel somebody, and somebody else (both of whose names I forget), in consequence of an overnight quarrel at an hotel in the town. The peculiarity of the thing, and for which alone it is here mentioned, was this:—On setting out in the morning dew for the work of death, they took along with them, besides seconds, a labourer with a spade, whom they chanced to meet in the street, in order to bury the fallen on the spot! The Colonel fell dead upon a prickly pear behind him; a hole was dug beside it, and when the Colonel was put in and covered up, the parties left the ground.

Our venerable florist told me that anecdote after he had been to the spot, along with some friends who knew it, in order to gather a piece of that identical and wonderful plant on which the victim's corpse had rested, for the purpose of planting it in his pleasant garden at ——!

* * * * *

In case these sketches should be found to contain matter of sufficient

interest to induce the reader to proceed with them, I add another or two of a different character from the foregoing.

How the Doctor's wholesale murder story was cut short by the entrance of three Spaniards one Saturday night, has already been stated. It is also necessary to premise that I afterwards heard another statement concerning some other parties, quite distinct from those whose name I am about to use—although in many particulars the details of each so closely corresponded, that possibly one may partially be blended with the other. This is mentioned rather to prevent misconception, than from any apprehension of much damage resulting by rolling half-a-dozen rascals together. But that the matters herein stated are generally true of either one party or the other, the reader may depend. They afford a fine specimen of the (even very recent) frontier life and adventure of Texas.

Eastern Texas is, of course, that portion adjoining the United States; and although the country in which the present scene is laid was then, even more perhaps than now, most sparingly inhabited, yet through it ran certain roads or tracts usually pursued by such merchants as traded overland between Mexico and the States, as well as by travellers and wayfarers of any other description. Inns being altogether out of the question in that desert region, the traveller has nothing else to choose but one of these alternatives: either to roll himself up in his cloak, or his surreppa,* if he have one, and sleep on the prairie with his horse beside him; or endeavour, as far as he can, so to time and direct his travel, as to enable himself to reach some settler's house, in case one can be found, at the end of his day's journey.

One of the most remote of these domestic outposts—being possibly fifteen or twenty miles from any other habitation—was inhabited by a man named Slocum, and his two sons. They began their location in a very poor and inferior manner indeed, apparently from sheer want of the

* The surreppa, or Mexican blanket, is a woollen article about the size of a buffalo hide, woven by hand, I believe with much labour—adorned with divers colours all over, and when of fine quality and pattern will fetch eighty or a hundred dollars. It is made with a slit in the centre, through which the head is passed, thereby causing it to fall all round like a cloak.

most important necessary means. But to the traveller in the prairie, even the poorest location is a more welcome sight than none at all ; and consequently, both day and night occasionally found the weary horseman either seated at the rude table or reposing on the ruder pallet of the indigent squatters. Time, however, which, amongst all the rest of its doings, usually gives to perseverance and industry their reward, did not overlook the Slocums, as a few years found them most rapidly advanced in fortune and possessions. But in what manner their perseverance and industry were exercised nobody could exactly discover ; the outward signs and evidences of them being quite imperceptible, either about the house or upon the land. Enough of the latter was kept in a state of slovenly tillage just to maintain appearances, but totally insufficient to the production of such a change. Their horses increased in numbers very rapidly ; their house was much more abundantly supplied with all manner of necessities ; and the sons carried on such a free and idle life, with money always at command, as at once astonished and puzzled their more sober-minded and plodding neighbours. As time passed on, suspicion increased : that they lived by robbery, few for a moment doubted. From time to time various settlers in the neighbourhood called at their location as though accidentally, but really with the intention of discovering anything, if possible, that might convict them. Nothing could be brought in evidence by these means. Rumours then got afloat that, during the last few years, various overland travellers from the States into Texas, and *vice versa*, had not since been heard of by their friends, nor could any trace of them be made out. The settlers of the neighbourhood—that is, a circuit of forty or fifty miles—thought they now saw at once the cause of increase in the Slocums' number of horses, and saddles, and trappings, as well as the source of the true fountain of their ready money, and determined to investigate the matter. But the law had no power, comparatively speaking ; and such of its executors as might have been brought to bear were afraid, as they knew also it would be useless, to go alone.

While this state of things continued, it was suddenly discovered that several parties who had travelled in that direction could be traced as far as Slocum's house, while beyond it nothing whatever could be heard of them. The surrounding settlers now determined to have the ques-

tion ascertained; and mustering to the number of ten or fifteen, mounted on horseback and armed with rifles, they proceeded—headed by the Sheriff of the county in which the transaction took place, in order to give colouring to the process—directly to the location of the suspected parties. By dexterous management, they contrived to come upon it with a degree of suddenness which did not allow much time for escape, even had such been meditated.

They found the elder Slocum digging in the garden with a double-barrelled gun by his side in readiness for any emergency, as neither he nor his sons could be ignorant of the opinions which had long been entertained concerning them.

According to previous arrangement, the Sheriff was to ride up first alone, and, producing his warrant for the apprehension of all three, demand their immediate surrender, while the volunteer body remained at a distance watching the result. In case of any hostile demonstration on the part of the Slocums, they were to ride up and take all they could, dead or alive.

The Sheriff rode gallantly on in the face of old Slocum, who now rested from his spade, and on the double-barrelled gun which he had taken up instead. The anxious volunteers could scarcely sit upon their saddles, for they felt as eager to be after him as so many dogs in sight of, but not yet let loose upon, a badger.

They observed by the actions of both the officer and the criminal that a desperate, though brief, parley was going on, and seeing Slocum at length about to raise his gun, galloped rapidly up. Before they reached the spot, he fired at and wounded the Sheriff, but not mortally. Three rifles were pointed at him at once, and the contents of one killed him almost instantly; yet, in falling, he discharged the second barrel of his piece, and but narrowly missed lodging the contents in the bodies of some of the volunteers.

While some of the party saw to the Sheriff, who was not very desperately wounded, the remaining portion dashed through and over the fences to reach the house before the sons, if at home, could escape. One was secured; but the other made an escape, which, however, proved but temporary, as he was pursued and speedily retaken. On being questioned and examined relative to the charges against their

father and themselves, the one who had escaped distinctly and emphatically denied any and all knowledge whatever of any criminal transactions ever having taken place in that house. He was informed that lying only made the guilt the deeper, and that it could answer no end in hiding the truth, as the matter would very soon be proved. Still, as he obstinately held out, and the wild justice of these wild lands soon loses patience, rather than be troubled any longer with a fellow of whose guilt these embodied accusers, judges, and juries were perfectly satisfied, they carried him out and, without further ceremony, hung him to the first tree in front of the house.

The third and last of this wretched family, finding his father shot dead and his brother lynched, confessed at once that the hands of all three were dark with the blood of many—he knew not how many—travellers who had put up at their house weary and faint, and in all that confidence of safety which the common practice of both American and Texan settlers so fully supports and justifies. His father, he said, first commenced, and continued principal executioner up to the last. He and his brother did not like it, though they had done it three or four times. But his father generally liked to smother them in the dark when they were asleep.

"Almost all these saddles and things you see round about here belonged to the travellers we've murdered, as well as most of the horses. Some of the bodies we buried—father killed 'em, and me and my brother did the rest—and some we let down into the well. But they spoiled the water, so that we could not drink it, and were obliged to dig another. Burying 'em, however, did not answer, and as the wells were found best, we dug more. There's three of them in the garden of that sort, as you'll soon find by the bones when you go to the bottom. Don't drink anything out of them, for they are none of them fit. But if you want water to use, go to that other at the far end there, and you'll find it good, for there's never been anybody put in there."

By such paltry attempts as these to recommend himself to mercy—by this seeming solicitude lest his judges should chance to taste of the death-polluted and corrupted water, did this poor abject creature now secretly hope to save his life. All was in vain. After having used him as their guide throughout the premises—after having descended the

wells and brought up or hooked out of them skulls and bones enough to bear testimony for three sextons, and obtained from him every information he was either able or willing to give, they took him out and either shot him or hung him beside his brother, I cannot say which. They afterwards stayed in the house to rest themselves and recover the Sheriff, during about two days, finding plenty to eat and drink upon the premises; then clearing out all the property they could worth carrying away, and placing it in custody of the Sheriff, they deliberately set fire to the whole of the premises—watched until they were levelled with the ground, and then returned back and dispersed to their respective homes.

The destruction of these diabolical scoundrels, thus effected, was hailed by the country people almost as a triumph, and Lynch law was declared to be far superior in many instances to any other kind of law then practicable in Texas. I am much inclined to consider that opinion correct; for how much soever mob-law is to be deprecated in the abstract, particular states of society and conditions of a country will occasionally render it the only description of law that can be made in any worthy degree available.

With an Executive weak to utter helplessness, justice must either sleep altogether, and every description of far-removed scoundrels be allowed to flourish in all the rankness of overgrown weeds, or the people must execute it—however rude their mode of procedure—according to their own judgment and with their own hands. And hence have arisen all the Lynchers and Regulators of which the farther parts of populated America now boasts.

I knew a young man in Galveston, a German emigrant to Texas, in whose favour Lynch law might have been executed with advantage. His name I do not recollect; but, to avoid any cavilling on the part of those persons who might feel either inclined to throw, or interested in throwing, doubt upon these statements, it may be enough to say that in 1841 he kept a confectionary and liquor store near the Tremont Hotel, and *under* the office of the City Mayor. That individual, as I am credibly informed, arrived in Texas with comparatively a considerable sum of money, and having invested a portion of it in land, &c., repaired to his location in the interior, with the fixed intention of cultivating the

soil and remaining settled for life. His house stood alone in the wild, and himself and wife were, I believe, the only occupants to begin with. One day, as he was at work inside his enclosure, two painted Indians suddenly came upon him, and directing a couple of rifles at his head over the fence, told him, in very plain English, to stand, or they would shoot him down. Under this threat, he obeyed their commands; when they entered his garden, and walking up to him, demanded all the money he had in his house. He declared he had none at all—was as poor as a winter wolf, and could not give them any. They replied, that they knew better,—they had heard of it and how much it was, and have it they would, or both he and his wife should be murdered, and his house burnt to the ground. He still stood out against them, resolved to save his property if he could; when his wife, who was sitting inside, seeing her husband, as she thought, upon the point of losing his life through two savages, rushed out towards them, exclaiming that they should have all they had—everything they could raise, if they would but spare her poor husband's life. They dropped their rifles, and taking fast hold of him, one on each side, they conducted him into his own dwelling, and there first of all tied his legs together—compelling his wife to find ropes—and also his hands firmly behind him. Having placed him on his back in the middle of the floor, they demanded what they had come for, the money. The wife fetched it out with as much delay as possible; but as he kept all he had in the house, they finally obtained much the greater part of about two thousand dollars. They then regaled themselves with his whisky and wine—told him they had left him and his wife a few bottles of claret to comfort themselves with; and, having additionally assured them that if either attempted within half an hour to create any disturbance, they would return and shoot them, took their departure. Glad indeed was the poor woman to see their backs at the gate; but scarcely had she time for a moment's rejoicing before she perceived them hesitate, and, in the next minute, one of them returned. He looked round the walls and walked up to one—"We forgot this," said he, at the same moment reaching down the poor German's rifle. "We don't want a shot after us, so I'll prevent it." And, so saying, he dashed the stock violently against the floor until it was broken to

pieces. "There!" said he, throwing the barrel to the ground, "now you may do your best!" He was passing the threshold a second time to go away, when he again turned round, and, putting his hand in his pocket, drew out one picayune of the sum they had received, and, casting it towards the "prisoner bound," with the remark, "Don't say we left you without silver in the house," finally departed and joined his companion; but both were pretty quickly out of sight. The wife cut her husband's harness, and the best search was made for the thieves, but without effect. He never recovered a cent of his money, and the parties were never brought to punishment.

It is almost needless to state, that they were not Indians, but white villains disguised as such.

Thus brought to ruin in an unsuspecting hour, the victim settler sold off, and thereby raised just enough to carry himself and his wife back to Galveston, and set them up in that small store before mentioned, and in which the Major and I have sucked many a delicious melon, and passed various happy hours.

And this is frontier life in the Garden of the World.

Yet, notwithstanding the occasional occurrence of the above different descriptions of amusement out in the wilds, it is at once a remarkable and pleasing fact to record, that petty larcenies of any description are equally as rare, either in towns or in the prairie, as in this country they are common. Shutters to your house-windows are seldom or never thought of; and fastenings to your doors, as a preventive to robbery, are next to needless. I have left our house unfastened, with not a soul on the premises, for the space of two nights and a day together, but never, except on one occasion, found that any person had ventured to enter. On that occasion everything, from top to bottom, had been overhauled, even to the papers of my desk, the key of which I had inadvertently left in the lock. Nothing, however, was missing, except two pen-knives. I had reason to believe this was done by some of the negroes, who are remarkably inquisitive and curious.

Let me now abandon these horrors, and give a slight sketch of a negro character, as developed in the person of a tall, fine, handsome fellow—handsome of his kind, I mean—named Tom, who belonged to a neighbour of ours, and was frequently sent with presents of fruit, &c.

He stood at least five feet eight inches high, and additionally enjoyed the handsome peculiarity of a small beard growing in a perfectly horizontal line from the end of his chin, and shaped precisely like the upper half of a broad spear. Tom prided himself upon being a gentleman; and as he really did know how to behave himself, I treated him precisely as well as his master, or any other "Mr." in Galveston. This soon put him upon a familiar footing—exactly the thing I wanted—and enabled him to talk without fear, let, or hindrance.

One morning I was out early shooting on the bayou, and Tom was somewhere in the neighbourhood, along with a little boy, watching me. As luck would have it, I brought down two roseate spoonbills at one shot. Tom dashed into the mud and water to fetch them out; and, on bringing them to me, he remarked—

"That bes' shot I ebber see in my life!" (He spoke very good English for a negro.) "I see many men as calls 'emselves sportsmen come up here to shoot, but nebber see sich a thing as that. I s'pose missis is to hab one of these?"

"Certainly," said I; "take them both to your mistress, with my compliments."

Tom was highly pleased, and went off, but, after breakfast, came into our house with a dish of cucumbers and thanks.

"Now, Tom," said I, "will you have a drop of whisky-and-water?" for although to give another man's slave drink is legally a punishable crime, his master and I were on terms which set all such peccadilloes aside.

"In a bit, if you please, massa; but I jus' want say afore, what a capital shot that was you made this morning!—Yah, ah!—Nebber saw better in my life; no, not in all my life! You see that little boy I talk to? Well, what you think I say to him?—Yah, ah!—I say this, says I, 'Massa Hooton's a berry good 'un,' says I,—yah, ah!—'a berry good 'un, though he be a *berry little 'un*!' Yah, ah! ah, ah, ah!"

Tom was now ready for his cold toddy. While discussing it, he told me how he had been to chapel (the negroes' chapel) one Sunday a short time before, and how Father Peter, the preacher, delivered a sermon so long that it kept them all much after dinner-hour. It was not even yet completed, when he said—"And now, dear sisters and bredren, in

de sebenteent place, I hab to warn you—but I shan't keep you long, bekos it's high time we abjurned to dinner—"

"You all right dere, Father Peter!" exclaimed Tom, "so I'll be off!"

Whereupon Tom added, "I get up on my seat, and habbin two ladies on my arms, I walk straight out, and eberybody following me a-laffin!"

There is nothing in this except a small moral for these energetic gentlemen who go about to convert negroes' "hearts," before they have converted their heads. "Native preachers" very often do little more than produce a religious Sunday pantomime for the amusement of their sable audiences.

The mention of the "two ladies on his arms," reminded Mrs. H. of a white handkerchief which had been picked up and was supposed to belong to Tom. The fact was this:—Some few days before, we had been to visit a friend in the town, before whose garden-gate this handkerchief had, one Sunday afternoon, been found. The lady of the house could not find an owner for it; but afterwards recollecting that she had seen Tom (who, by the bye, was the black beau of Galveston) pass by some short time previously, concluded it might possibly belong to him, and, therefore, placed it in Mrs. H.'s hands for restoration in case it proved so. Tom looked at it—

"Yah, ah!—mine, to be sure—be sure it is! Now look you, Missis Hooton, I tell you how it is, and all about it:—You find him in d' road by Missis Silbersides'?"

"She found it, Tom, and asked me to give it to you if it should prove to be yours."

"Mine!—ob course he's mine, to be sure!—and now I tell you all 'bout it. You see, on Sunday afternoon I bas walking along wi' two ladies, and habbin 'casion to use my hankercher, I took him out and dropped him. But as there was a lady on each arm, ob course, ma'am, you see it would be berry ungenteel to let go an' stop to pick him up agen; so I pass by, thinkin it berry possible that Missis Silbersides, or some of her people thereabout, might find him, and perhaps wash him for me, and send him again when they come t' find out who he b'long'd to."

"But what if it had been lost?"

"That case, ma'am, I care nothin 'bout him, 'cos I wouldn't insult any lady 'bout a hankercher."

The "ladies" were of course black slaves, like himself.

Poor Tom! he was some time afterwards sold from our neighbour's to a merchant in the town for seven hundred dollars; and as he much liked his former place, he became very crestfallen. Besides, he did not like the idea of being sold for *so little*. He declared indignantly to an individual who coarsely accosted him on the subject, that he had known the time when he fetched a thousand in New Orleans! That was after he left "Old Virginny," where he was raised.

Notwithstanding all that has been so confidently asserted to the contrary, the purchase and sale of slaves are just as common in Texas as the transfer, for pecuniary considerations, of any kind of animal. With reference to the importation of native Africans I cannot so confidently speak, having enjoyed no opportunities for the acquisition of facts bearing conclusively upon that subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

An unexpected Meeting on the Prairie. The Story of Two Scotsmen. Amusing Anecdote of a "Tart" Specimen of a Squatter's Wife.

Just while I am in the vein for story-telling, let me beg to present the reader with the following, the incidents of which actually occurred a short time before our arrival at Galveston.

It was towards the close of one of those numerous counter-revolutions which of late years have so harassed and distracted the ancient Empire of Mexico, that a solitary traveller, mounted upon a jaded steed, and apparelled as a soldier, wended his lonely way, under the scorching heat of the sun, across one of the apparently boundless prairies of that country, and in a nearly north-easterly direction.

Occasionally he drew from his pocket a small compass, and attentively watched its bearings with reference to the course he was taking; for such an instrument is absolutely as indispensable to the traveller across those primeval wilds, as to the mariner who finds no beaten path nor friendly beacon between one great continent of the world and another.

Over his uniform, which was that of an inferior officer, the traveller wore a large surreppa, or Mexican blanket, woven in imitation of a tiger's skin, which depended gracefully from his shoulders, and fell in folds down the sides of the beast upon which he was mounted. A splendidly-decorated bowie-knife of the heaviest make, a pair of long pistols in holsters by his knee, and a silver-mounted rifle laid across his saddle-bow, constituted all the arms which the stranger carried.

The man himself looked wayworn, sallow, and haggard. He was more than six feet high, and possessed of a naturally fine, expressive countenance; but it was so changed, both in hue and character, by the

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THE "FEVER BURIAL GROUND."
See Page 14.

Edmund & Watson Lithographers.



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wear and tear of a turbulent, unsettled life—the sufferings incident to a state of warfare, and the influences of a tropical climate—that the keenest physiognomist might have hesitated to hazard an opinion as to his nation and country.

Often and anxiously did he strain his sight in different directions over the immeasurable seas of tall waving grass that extended around him on every side, hoping, it might be, to catch a glimpse of some remote settler's log habitation, or even the smoke of the Red Indian's fire, rising from beside one of those little islands (as they might seem) of oak or cedar which occasionally broke the level line of the horizon, like a jutting speck of land at sea; but neither the one nor the other presented itself to satisfy the hungry longing of his sight. That world seemed to be his alone—his and the wild beasts', that now and then scoured, affrighted, over the plain at this unusual sight of man, or whose voices he heard afar off, as savage mate called unto mate, or the howling victim sank in bloody delirium before the foaming jaws of his ravenous enemy.

Twilight is but of short duration in that southern region; and as broad daylight plunges so suddenly into utter darkness, it behoves the wanderer in the wilderness timely to prepare his evening meal and his bed on the grass for the night, before the face of the sun looks from the level of the horizon, and throws gigantic shadows from every towering bent and overtopping brush of reed and wild flower.

About an hour before sundown, the stranger whom we have seen passing, like a migratory animal of the desert, onwards to a place of which he knew no more than that he was destined to go there, suddenly brought his horse to a stand-still, and, after looking around him during a few brief moments, dismounted. He had reached an inviting hollow in the prairie—the wallowing-place of the wild bison, before man had driven him to still remoter haunts—though now overgrown with a short, soft coverlet of verdure, that offered a pleasanter couch for repose than the rank, coarse clothing of the general earth around.

Having taken the saddle and bridle off his horse, and placed them along with his surreppa on the ground, the soldier stroked and clapped his beast with affection, and bade him go feed at large until the morrow.

"But ramble not far, old fellow!" he continued, "or the wolves

may make a meal of thee ! Keep within the blaze of the fire, and the reach of a rifle-shot, for thou and I are the only friends to one another that either of us own, and we cannot do without each other at present. So mind what I say, old tyrant, and don't show your heels to the heavens to-night."

A cordial smack on the side concluded this strange apostrophe, and was answered on the part of the beast by a playful fling of the hind feet, a toss of the tail, and a semicircular gallop at no great distance, terminated by an earnest application to the vegetable viands spread around him.

The soldier then collected some dry grass and rubbish, and from a neighbouring patch of forest a bundle of dead wood, and soon lighted up a towering fire. From a hunting-net which he had carried slung across his left shoulder, he then drew a wild turkey, and having rudely prepared it for cooking, placed it upon a stick by way of spit, and set it over the blazing embers. He then flung himself down upon his blanket and began to smoke—at once to solace himself after the day's fatigue, and to wile away the otherwise tedious time until his meal should be ready.

Not long, however, had he enjoyed this comparative repose, before his quick sense of hearing in that extensive solitude was attracted by what seemed the far-distant shout of a human being. The soldier sprang to his feet, and gazed intently in the direction from whence the sound apparently proceeded. At first, his eye could detect no living thing : for upon so vast a field of view, man seemed but an insect ; as myriads of men would have appeared only like a darker spot, upon the boundless carpet of living green. But as the straining vision became more familiar with objects afar off, the practised soldier of the prairie discerned a moving body, half hidden in the grass of the middle distance, and evidently approaching him. As, amidst such untenanted desolations of nature, man thinks of meeting enemies alone—as though hostility were the first human impulse, and physical superiority the only recognised right—our soldier snatched his rifle from the ground, observed that it was ready for instant use, and stood prepared to meet the approaching stranger. Perhaps, thought he, it might be a hostile Indian, from whose poisoned arrow he should receive inevitable death, did he not

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himself get the first shot and succeed in laying the barbarian low: or it might, perchance, prove to be one of the enemy against whom he had so recently been in the field;—a case in which it remained matter of doubt whether they two should carry on the war between themselves, or enter into a treaty of peace, more obviously beneficial to both. Under any circumstances, he deemed it the dictate of both prudence and duty to be upon his guard; and consequently, as the stranger neared upon him, he raised his rifle to his shoulder and presented it, but did not fire. The soldier could thus perceive at the distance who the stranger then was—that the latter did the same, for he too was armed. The soldier advanced a few paces, still with his rifle pointed; but the stranger still advanced, nor appeared to heed that movement at all. When sufficiently near to observe that, at least, this unexpected intruder upon his solitary supper-hour was decidedly not an Indian, the soldier stopped short, and lowered his rifle. The stranger did the same. The soldier then waved his hand, as if in friendship, and was answered by a similar action. He then, as though to instruct the new-comer what to do, laid down his rifle on the grass, and walked backwards a little distance towards his fire. To his gratification, he saw the stranger strictly follow his own movements, and leave his rifle behind him. The soldier then beckoned to him to return and fetch it; and while this was being done, he himself walked onwards to the spot of his encampment, and sat down to await the arrival of this singularly-invited guest.

When the latter presented himself at the fireside, his appearance struck the soldier with pity, not unmingled with something of horror. His gait was staggering and unsteady, evidently from weakness; his joints seemed loose and relaxed, and scarcely capable of maintaining the body in an upright position; while upon his sunken and cadaverous countenance famine had written a tale of suffering such as few men ever behold in the reality, save those whose fortune it sometimes is to pick up the dying sailor on a shoreless sea, when thirst and hunger have driven him with horrid torments to the very border of the grave.

A momentary pang of regret shot through the bosom of our brave soldier, as he thought that he had made the show of violence to, and perhaps run the risk of killing, such an unfortunate and pitiable object as now stood before him. Yet he opened not his mouth to speak, for

the stranger seemed to be no countryman of his, and might not understand his language. Besides, the eyes of the latter were wholly occupied in an intense gaze upon the fowl before the fire, which seemed even to shut out all perception or sense of any other thing beside. His look was that of absolute ravenousness, and in the next instant he drew from the sleeve of his left arm a bowie-knife, and dropping on his knees close to the burning faggots, began, without waiting for an invitation, or calculating consequences, to cut the half-cooked fowl to pieces, and stuff the lumps—burning hot, blackened, and dripping with blood as they were—into his cavernous mouth. Immediately, however, he seemed to recollect himself, and turned his eyes upon the soldier with a ghastly smile, which seemed to say—"If you kill me for it, I cannot help but eat!"

The soldier quietly pointed to the mangled turkey, by way of bidding him continue his meal; and, in addition, poured from a large gourd, or natural bottle which that country produces, a good draught of undiluted spirit, which he presented to the stranger, and the latter drank with desperate avidity.

And now, for the first time, seeing the poor fellow was somewhat refreshed and reinvigorated, the soldier spoke to his unknown companion by asking the question—

"What countryman are you,—a Mexican?"

"No," was the reply. "Are you?"

"No, I am not. Are you a Spaniard?"

"No, nor a Spaniard. Are you?"

"I am not. Are you an American?"

"No, I am not. Are you?"

"No. Are you German, then?"

"I am not a German. Are you?"

"No, nor a German. Are you Irish?"

"No, I am not an Irishman. Are you?"

"No, nor Irish. Are you a Scotsman?"

"Yes—hit at last—I am a Scotsman! Are you?"

"I am a Scotsman also," said the soldier; "though long service in this burning South has almost turned me into a nondescript. And what part of Scotland are you from?"

"Ayrshire," replied this starving tenant of the wilderness.

"The very same,—so am I. And the village?"

"No village, but a farm called Malcolm's Mill."

The soldier appeared for a moment thunderstruck. He then jumped up on his feet, and clasping the poor prairie traveller to his breast, cried out in the very agony of over-wrought joy—"Then you are my long-lost brother!"

* * * * *

There was no sleep on the prairie couch that night: but the blaze and sparks of an encampment fire tinged with their red reflection the passing clouds, and formed an undefined and melting circle of dim light around these providentially-met brothers; while the soldier, reclined upon the grass, related at winning length a story of that home which his brother had left and lost sight of many years before.

It appeared then that the elder of the two brothers—he who, lost in the wilderness, had approached the soldier's evening fire and eaten for him his half-prepared meal, had a great number of years previously left his native land to try his fortune in America, and eventually stretched as far away South as the new Republic of Texas. Disaster and defeat in his various projects, and unwilling to send either false representations or depressing tidings home to his relatives and friends, he had never written to them once during the whole of that lengthened period. All, except his father, very naturally concluded him to be dead; so that when—as happened some time afterwards—this latter individual found himself approaching his end, he framed his will in such a manner that his property could not be divided amongst his children until the fact of the existence or of the decease of his eldest son had been clearly ascertained. He also, in addition, charged his second son—the one whom we have met on the prairie in the capacity of a soldier—with the duty of proceeding to America to seek out and gather, if possible, some tidings of his brother. In the City of New Orleans, Malcolm, the younger, had gleaned the first slender intelligence concerning the individual of whom he was in search. It was to the effect that such a person as the one represented had remained a short time in the city, but being out of employment and in circumstances of misfortune, had

eventually taken his departure South ; where, considering the internal warfare then raging between the different parties and States of the Mexican Republic, it was highly probable that, like other unsettled and unprovided men, he had joined the army on either one side or the other. On hearing this, young Malcolm at once, though somewhat strangely, resolved to enter himself amongst the Volunteers of Texas, as considering that step the most eligible he could take towards obtaining the information he desired : and, perhaps, a more apt illustration of the occasional correctness of the odd principle of "going roundabout for the nearest" could scarcely be quoted. Young Malcolm was engaged in several actions during the Revolution of Independence, but failed in all his endeavours to learn tidings of his brother.

On the conclusion of the war, some of the regiments, and that one in which he was enrolled amongst the number, were disbanded while yet far up the country, and as it were on the very field of action : the men dispersed in all directions towards their own locations and homes ; and he, having at present neither one nor the other, and feeling strongly inclined to take advantage of his situation and see the country, at once boldly ventured on that solitary travel through the wilderness on which we first met him, and that, as if by a special favour and direction of unseen Providence, brought him so marvellously into the unexpected presence of one whom hitherto he had sought over so many thousands of miles of territory in vain.

Not to prolong the relation of this singular meeting, suffice it to state, that eventually the two brothers returned to Scotland together, and, with one single exception, settled all the family affairs in entire accordance with their departed parent's will. The exception was this : true to the natural and old family feeling that generation should succeed generation upon the ancient homestead, the dying father had requested the eldest son to remain upon the farm, as it were in *his* place, and to keep everything going on in the regular and long-established order : but the latter had by this time imbibed so much of the spirit of a wild and free life, that the laws and restrictions of his own country lay upon him like shackles, and he found it impossible to reconcile such a promised future with such a past ; he, therefore, resigned all pretensions to the occupancy of the family farm in favour of his next eldest brother,

and with the proceeds of his own share of the property returned to Texas, purchased an extensive location in the country, and may yet be seen—if the Paradise have not proved too pestilent for him—occasionally perambulating the streets of Houston, or “liquoring” in its grogeries, dressed in garments of buckskin, and with the ordinary popular accompaniments of a rifle slung across his back, and a bowie-knife enshrined in the *sanctum sanctorum* of all leather pockets.

* * * * *

The scarcity of those charming plagues—the ladies—in Texas, the literal love famine which rages throughout the extensive wilderness of that unblessed land, has been alluded to in a former chapter.

I should add, however, that anxious as the male portion of the population are to get into the cage of matrimony, even there as elsewhere—*there*, where women commonly maintain not only their full value as domestic companions and “helps,” but also stand at a very high rate of premium—indeed, not less than fifty per cent. for the poorest shares!—may still occasionally be met with some discontented squatter who, if he could, would willingly have removed the legal bars that confine him, and make his escape again, with all its inconveniences, into the boundless prairies of single blessedness.

On one of my sporting excursions, I dropped into a solitary shanty, some eight miles removed from a neighbour, where I found a thorough specimen of “Brother Jonathan,” who happened to be placed in this somewhat unpleasant pickle. He was surprisingly communicative upon the subject of his domestic calamities; being, it would appear, so constantly on the fire, and kept so perpetually full, that, like a boiling pot, he could not, when occasion offered, resist the tendency to run over. Consequently, he and I had not spent half an hour together before he was fairly afloat upon the sea of matrimonial troubles: and as the story of his woes afforded me at least a few smiles, I present a sketch of it to the reader, in the benevolent hope that it may produce the same happy effect upon him.

Evening had drawn on, and, as we sat smoking by the light and warmth of a log fire, he commenced, amidst much spitting, a relation of his troubles.

"Yo' see," says he, "about the time we marrid, wimmin was powerful scarce in these diggins, and almost any sort of one was looked on as a reglar *find*; but a straight up-an'-down-goin sort of a critter—if she was as ugly as a wild cat—was reckoned a perfect fortin. I'd got hard upon tired-out of cookin my own vittles, washin bowls, and sich like, so I must e'en turn as enlarged a fool as all the rest, and fancy how pleasant I should be with a woman in the house. Thinks I, it's elegant to see a frock lie here, a sun-bonnet there, an apron o'er the chair-back, and perhaps a pair of mighty small shoes standin to dry afore th' fire of a wet night, while the coffee-pot's a-bilin, an' a smart young gal, that a man can call his own, is a-stirrin it up for him. So I rubbed my hands together at the notion, and datarmed to go a-head on the very first opportunity.

"That happened not to be long first; for about fall, same year, a chap with a wife and a big son and darter comes along here and settles raight bang down on a part-cleared lot about nine miles or so above this. Naibours soon gets acquainted, you know, 'specially when they're so close together as only nine mile wide; and as I seed the darter was a smart, 'cute piece, I pritty soon let her into the secret that I meant to be knockin at her entrance. Cathleen O'More was her name, though her father and Murphy—as knowin her natur better than I did, I guess—used to call her Catty. Whenever I went there, I always shouldered my rifle, jist to pint their attention in another direction, and mak 'em think I was off barkin squirrels, and only jist called in to see how they comed along; though I took the opportunity to open out to Catty, and tell her what a first-rate sort of a farm I had down below, all to myself.

"All to yourself, Mister Brocklesby?" says she.

"Sartin sure," says I; "but I don't *enjoy* it," says I, "as if—"

"Why, what can you want, I wonder?" says she.

"You have read the Book of Genesis," said I, "no doubt, Miss Cathleen? and the immortal history of Adam, when Paradise was no better than this prairie, becos the old gentleman (I like to speak respectfully of my ancestors) had it all to his own cheek? Now," says I, "I feel myself to be Adam junior—a sort of parent the second of mankind; and I don't want it all to my own cheek, any more than he did."

"'For shame, Mister Brocklesby!' says she—'to go and talk about Adam as familiarly as if he was your own born uncle! I'm sure I shall go and leave you, or else I shall call my mother. Though she's quite deff, to be sure—I'd forgot that.'

"'Is she?' I axed, rearing my neck out like a blue heron in a bayou; 'then, if yo'll say note about it, Catty, I'll—'

"'Now, *don't*, Mister Brocklesby, I tell you! You are gettin quite rude—for you know I hate to be pulled about so!'

"'Gammon!' says I, 'it's all your wimmin's nonsense. Come, let's have one.'

"So a-head I goes, and gets a kiss that made me as warm as a new-baked Johnny-cake, for I had not tasted the like on't for about four years past. It made me as brisk as a squirrel, and as stiff as hickory; so says I, with almighty assurance, says I, 'Now, Catty, yo' can give a pritty considerable 'cute guess, I conjectur, what it is I'm a-wantin down yonder.'

"'Well, I never!' says she. 'If you haven't gone and broke two teeth out!'

"'Yer mouth?' says I. 'Well, that's tarnation powerful, howsomever!'

"'Get along wi' you!' says she; 'my best comb is spiled, fix it any how you can. Yo' men *is so rough*—I'm sure there's nobbody like yo'!'

"'Why,' says I, 'as to that, the hole livin airth's a rough consarn, and wimmin must be taken care on. *Yes* is the word, Catty, for I can't be after this hunt ivery day, as I'm bizzy clearin, and sha'n't be up here agen in a power of a while.'

"'Heigho! ay, dear!' says she; 'you're a-jokin, Mister Brocklesby, and a-tryin how you can play on my feelins—I'm sure yo' are!' and then she begun to sob and cry like an alligator.

"'Nay, nay!' says I, 'if yo' think that cruelty of me, tak this rifle and blow—'

"'Oh, Lor'-a-marcy!' she screamed; 'and now yo' want me to mudder yo'! Oh, Mister Brocklesby, I'd sooner m—ma—marry yo', by hafe, than do that!'

"And then she sunk into my arms, as heavy as a cord of wood.

"That settled the matter—the thing was done. So, about three days after, we spun away down river and got married.

"However, a month hadn't passed afore she altered her tune.

"'Brock!' she begun to say, 'I'll have a veranda put up on this side of the house, or else I won't live in it any longer. To think of bringin a woman into sich a barn and dog-kennel of a place as this! Why, the wind comes through the weather-boards till I can't keep a candle in. And then these nasty, dirty floors! I don't really think yo' ve iver bin on your knees with a scrubbin-brush to scour 'em once since yo' built th' house, yo' nasty, filthy critter! Besides, who but yourself would iver have gone and stuck a nauseous pig-sty straight there, under th' very nose o' th' winder,—enough to pysen old Satan his-self? And then there's that other horrid place! Yo' must plant a harbour all about there this very fall, so as to mak it look green next year, or else I'm sartin I shall niver live another twel'month—that I sha'n't!'

"And in that way she used to go on from mornin till bed-time. It went agen my grit, I can assure yo'; but, thinks I, wimmin is but wimmin after all, and they must be humoured. So I set to and built a veranda, corked all the knot-holes up with corn stumps, shifted the hog-pen to a retired locality behind, where the pigs are always squealing, becos they can't see what is goin on about the vittles, and planted fifty China trees all round 'that other horrid place,' as she called it, and then promised myself a life as smooth and sweet as molasses; but it proved all shallows and snags instead; for no sooner were them things done, than she wanted something else—and something else there always will be as long as I've an arm to lift or a leg to stand on!"

At that moment we heard the shrill voice of Catty, as she bawled out from the rear of the premises—

"Brock! Brock, I say! Go and split me some wood directly, or yo'll have no supper to-night—neither yo' nor your stranger—that I can tell yo'!"

"There she is! That's her! Yo' hear that, don't yo'?" observed Mr. Brocklesby, as he submissively pushed the log-ends into the fire, and hastened away to his wife.

Before I had time to relight my pipe, I heard the sound of his obedient axe amongst the timber-stacks behind.

Thus left awhile to my own cogitations, I unconsciously began to muse upon those remarkable phenomena of domestic life—those changes of weather—those seductive calms, followed by terrific “northers,” of which the Brocklesbys of society are so often doomed to experience the sad effects; and, in all human probability, should have mentally delivered myself of a small essay upon the philosophy of the social passions, had not the subdued noise caused by the withdrawal of a cork from a bottle behind the door of a cupboard, against which I could distantly see Mrs. Brocklesby standing, turned my contemplations into another channel, and, in one sense, a stronger current. Then occurred a poppling of running liquid slyly totted out, while a shadow of an uplifted hand, with something in it, touched the shadow of a head on the wall, and the head went momentarily back, as though in the act of deglutition. The cupboard door then closed, and Mrs. Brocklesby entered the room in which I was seated, looking quite as innocent, and nearly as red, as an animated summer’s morning.

“Now, Brock,” thought I, “the glove is turned inside out—the mystery of tempers and temperaments revealed. Thy wife hath a familiar spirit, more potent than the demon of Socrates.” But as I had seen without seeing, so I also knew without knowing, and Mrs. B. remained in the full enjoyment of conscious security until after supper, when, being pressed by the hospitable Brock to sing him a song, I ventured to risk quietly disturbing the good lady’s equanimity of mind by the following verses, composed some time before, but apt enough for the occasion, and which I gave to that very sentimental air, “The Soldier’s Tear.”

O! no, “she never told her love,”
 But day by day declined,
 Until she’d to her chamber been
 To ease her troubled mind.
 Good Christians all believed she found
 Her best relief in pray’r,
 Though Scandal often whisper’d still,
 She *better* found—in beer!

" Like Patience on a monument,"
She smiled at grief and woe ;
But Slander said, to make her smile,
She took a drop or so.
She heard, yet shrank not at the tale,
But look'd the more devout ;
Until, alas ! the truth appear'd—
Her red nose let it out !

When I had concluded, Mrs. Brocklesby remarked, that without impeaching my taste in selection, or intending to give offence, she could not help but think it was one of the most ridiculous, stupid, and shameful songs she had ever heard. In fact, she did not know if it was not bordering somewhat on blasphemy, as it mixed up spiritual matters and grog all together, and made light of one of the most serious and solemn of human actions—that of retiring to your private closet for the purpose of devotion.

Mr. Brocklesby contended, that private closets had other things in them besides prayer-books, and threw out a hint too broad to be overlooked in a hurry—that spiritual matters were of two descriptions, though susceptible, by a slight equivocation, of being readily confounded one with the other.

A sort of mongrel theological controversy—half bred between the spirit of man and the spirit of wine—then ensued between them, though Mrs. B.'s, being the more active and energetic of the two, finally triumphed ; and, just as the closing rush was made which brought Brocklesby on to his haunches, I mounted my horse and scoured over the pathless prairie homeward, by the light of a brilliant moon, which illuminated sky and landscape, like a globular rayless flame of unsmoking and everlasting naphtha.

That night I dreamed of a black bottle, a shadow, and a cupboard-door.

CHAPTER IX.

The Fallacy of "Over-population" exposed. True Sources of the Anomaly. Catlin's decisive Testimony against the Climate of Texas.

THE principal object contemplated in the compilation of these recollections and sketches of a country calculated only to betray the Northern emigrant to almost inevitable ruin and death, may now, perhaps, be considered as sufficiently accomplished. That object has been, by the detail of abundant facts, gathered from a woful experience in the persons of the dying, the dead, the shattered in constitution, the ruined, and the disappointed, to warn, or, if possible, to terrify my fellow-countrymen from attempting the insane project of dropping themselves down, as it were from the clouds, into the heart of a burning wild, however luxuriant, amidst lurking savages, reckless and unprincipled outcasts of civilisation, and fell diseases, more frightful and deadly even than these.

Who, in the face of these prolonged "chapters of accidents"—these records of misfortune and disappointment in all worldly hopes, without mitigation and redemption, will now, however bad his case at home, take his knapsack on his back, and chalk in capitals on his door, for the information of the friends he leaves behind him,

"GONE TO TEXAS"?

Emigration, however, from the relatively overcrowded monarchical States of the Old World, appears not only inevitable, but judicious and

beneficial. Far, however, am I from conceding for a moment that there is, or can be, in the abstract, any truth whatever in the shallow cry of "over-population." Nature, or, in more solemn words, and in a remoter sense, the God of Nature, commits no such oversight or mistake as that. Wherever an excess of population apparently exists, the anomaly arises solely from the unfitness of human institutions to adequately meet the great Divine laws which regulate the production and support of mankind. It is our artificial regulations, our social and political laws, that are in error—not the natural laws of increase, nor those physical laws of the Maker, which apportion the supplies of the world to the demands of its inhabitants. Philosophers and political economists are wholly unnecessary to the confirmation of this essential and fundamental truth. But in the combined ignorance, forgetfulness, and neglect of nations of the primitive and eternal laws which lie beyond man's control, they create laws of their own, ill adapted, or not adapted at all, to work in unison with those which the Mighty Controller eternally declares by his acts *shall be*; they consequently produce confusion and evil, by jarring with what ought to be their guide—the machinery of society goes wrong, and then the blind and blasphemous Malthusians turn round on beneficent and prolific Nature, and charge her with having thrust too many human beings into a given space of the earth's surface: as though every human creature, under a wise national system, would not become an instrument to produce much more than he consumes; as though, even in thickly-populated England, where a man may stand on any hill and see thousands of untrodden acres around him, we could scarcely find standing-room left!

The true principle of legislation, and of all social regulations, is that which shall regard the natural laws as its basis, and frame all conventional regulations in accordance and harmony with them. Could this have been seen and acted upon from the first, the monstrous, revolting, and Heaven-reproaching doctrine of a demoniacal Malthus had never escaped from the abyss of darkness to poison the minds and pervert the hearts of men.

Still, though emigration be both inevitable and natural—since the common instincts of man will conduct him to the most eligible and de-

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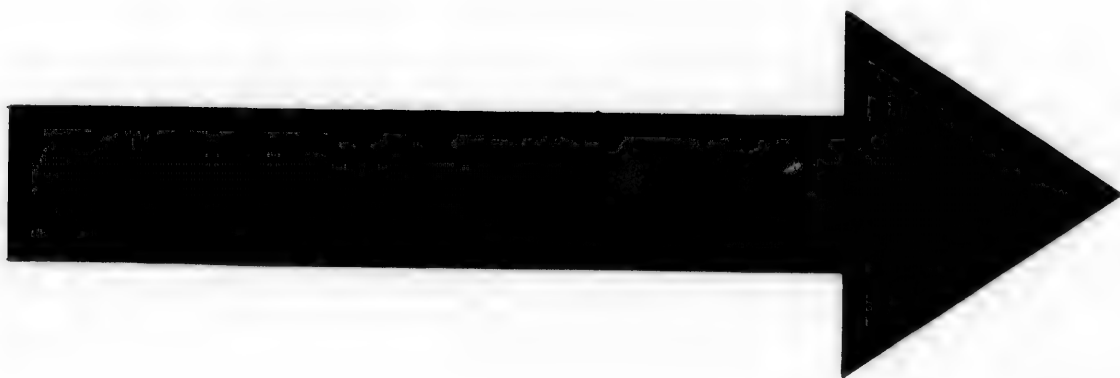
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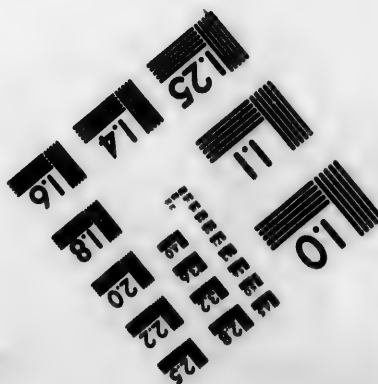
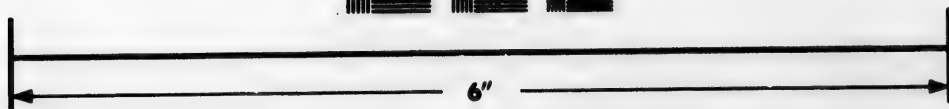
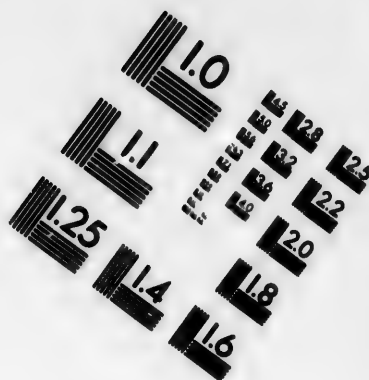
sirable portions of the earth's surface—it by no means follows that he should rush from the frigid North to the burning Tropics, or try to thrust his ploughshare into soil baked as hard as brick, and his spade into the burning sands of a pestilent sea-shore. The world is wide enough—we shall never over-populate *that*; and it possesses far more than enough of the fertile and the healthy to enable us to leave the scorching desert, the waterless river-course, and the fevered swamp, to their congenial tenants, the wolf, the locust, and the alligator. The God of Nature is the God of abundance; and the true difficulty lies—if difficulty exists at all in the matter—not in man's inability to find enough, but in his own perverse incompetency to render even far more than enough sufficiently available.

Were not these natural faults wholly attributable to the false laws, systems, and regulations which societies form for themselves and others, what must we think of that Nature, or what conclusions be compelled to draw respecting the wisdom of the Great Ruler, which abundantly supports all the world of animated beings with the single exception of man? *Man*, the greatest of the whole, and to whom all else are evidently made subservient, is to be the only creature that can over-populate, and of whose race there can exist too many! When political economy falls into the abyss of blindness necessary to render this for a moment credible, it is low indeed—narrowed almost to an edge of invisibility, and literally beneath the contempt of a comprehensive mind.

To return, however, from this digression. I was about to say, that though probably sufficient is contained in the foregoing pages to satisfy any reader, that for an Englishman to emigrate to Texas, under the ordinary circumstances of emigration, is to commit an act of "temporary insanity," I would yet strengthen my own remarks and illustrations by the testimony of a traveller whose authority none will dispute, and whose means for accurate observation were of the most valuable and trustworthy character.

The indefatigable and persevering George Catlin, in his "Letters and Notes on the North American Indians," under date from "Camp Canadian, Texas," writes as follows—it being premised, that he was





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travelling the country in company with a party of the United States troops. He says—"Many are now sick and unable to ride, and are carried on litters between two horses. Nearly every tent belonging to the officers has been converted to hospitals for the sick, and sighs and groaning are heard in all directions. From the Camanchee village to this place, the country has been entirely prairie, and most of the way *high and dry ground without water*, for which we sometimes suffered much. * * * * In our march we found many deep ravines, in the bottoms of which there were the marks of wild and powerful streams: but in this season of drought they were all dried up, except an occasional one, where we found them dashing along in the coolest and clearest manner, and on trial, to our great agony, so SALT that even our horses could not drink from them; so we had occasionally the tantalising pleasure of hearing the roaring, and looking into the clearest and most sparkling streams, and after that the dire necessity of drinking from stagnant pools, which lay from month to month exposed to the rays of the sun till their waters became so poisonous and heavy, from the loss of their vital principle, that they are neither diminished by absorption, or taken into the atmosphere by evaporation.* This poisonous and indigestible water, with the intense rays of the sun in the hottest part of the summer, is the cause of the unexampled sickness of the horses and men. Both appear to be suffering and dying with the same disease—a slow and distressing bilious fever, which seems to terminate in a most frightful and fatal affection of the liver."

In another letter written from Fort Gibson, Arkansas, Mr. Catlin says, referring to the recently-quitted territory of Texas,—“We drew off from that slaughtering-ground a few days after my last letter was written, with a great number of sick carried upon litters, with horses giving out and dying by the way. * * * * Many of the sick were left by the way with attendants to take care of them; others

* Evidently a sort of natural gelatine, linseed tea, or calf's foot jelly. These providential preparations for the sick ought decidedly to be classed amongst the attractions of Texas.—C. H.

were buried from their litters, on which they breathed their last while travelling; and many others were brought into this place merely to die, and get the privilege of a decent burial.

"SINCE THE VERY DAY OF OUR START INTO THAT COUNTRY, THE MEN HAVE BEEN CONSTANTLY FALLING SICK; and on their return, of those who are alive, there are not well ones enough to take care of the sick; many are yet left out upon the prairies," &c. &c. And all this, let the reader observe, amongst troops whose habits were regular, and calculated to keep them in as good a state of health as Northern whites can be expected ever to be in such a horrible climate."

Catlin subsequently adds,—"*Of the four hundred and fifty fine fellows who started from this place four months since, about ONE-THIRD have already died, and I believe many more there are whose fates are sealed.*" *

So much, then, for this experienced and enterprising traveller's testimony to the salubrity of the Texan paradise.

After the amount of evidence already given, it would assuredly be a work of supererogation to attempt to "make assurance doubly sure" of the complete and total unfitness of this wretched country as a location for English emigrants. The man—if such an one is to be found—who requires additional conviction on this subject, has but one alternative left: he must even *go there* and obtain it for himself. Yet should any such blind disciple of St. Thomas exist, he will carry with him the pity and regret of one who has already put his finger into the wound, and who, consequently, is compelled to believe.

Satisfied with having, however hastily and indifferently, discharged an important duty in unmasking the shameless writers who have preceded me, and in giving the shadow side of the object in contrast to their sunlight, I here conclude my Sketches, and most willingly leave Texas in the hands of all those parties who profess so much to admire it.

By way of pendant, however, and to give a little more completeness to my stock of observations while in the New World, a few chapters

* Letters and Notes, vol. ii. pp. 76—82.

are added from the glimpses which I subsequently obtained of a portion or two of the United States and of Canada.

Of the city of New Orleans in particular, but little "on this side of the fence" is known; and as I left Galveston in December, 1841, and proceeded to Orleans, we will re-commence with a rough general sketch of that greatest mart of the South and West.

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CHAPTER I.

Entrance of the Mississippi. New Orleans. Character of the Inhabitants. Slaves.
Yellow Fever. Flat Boats. Cotton Steamers. Thief Boats.

PERHAPS it is owing to the prospective horrors of yellow fever, the almost instinctive abhorrence of slavery, or the dread of those innumerable annoyances to which a hot climate subjects the Northern visitor, that we owe so little in the way of information to the majority of our tourists in America respecting that great Southern metropolis of the States, New Orleans. Even when visited, it appears to have been much under the same feeling as one might undertake a morning call upon some unhappy patient in the blue stage of the cholera; the predominant tendency being, to get away again as quickly as possible, and without allowing time either for the due exercise of the judgment, or the investigation of such matters as a laudable curiosity naturally leads us to desire acquaintance with—a matter much to be regretted in itself, since the remarkably distinctive features which characterise American society in this broiling region, as compared with the strong English character of the Northern citizens, deserve much more attention than, as far as I am aware, they have hitherto received. The place itself,

too, is something of a curiosity in the way of a city, and, together with its inhabitants, amply sufficient, be it hoped, to afford material for an amusing (and perhaps instructive) half-hour's reading.

A residence of five months' duration, in 1841-2, must be kindly accepted by the reader as at once qualification and surety for the general accuracy of the information here presented, if not for the justice of every sentiment expressed. But while personal feelings and individual opinions will always continue to bias, in a greater or less degree, every representation of foreign modes and manners, it is not to be expected that any one writer should, upon all occasions, coincide with whatever may be said or thought elsewhere.

The disembouement of the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico is effected by three mouths, or "Passes," as the sailors term them, which throw a very wide and deep mass of fresh water far into the ocean, wholly untainted by the saline matter of the heavier fluid through which it flows. Where its force becomes in some degree spent, extensive shoals are raised, upon which countless pelicans assemble to fish for food, and steamers not unfrequently "settle" for a time, during fog and darkness. The Passes themselves vary so much in depth at different periods, owing to the accumulations of alluvion, that now one is the most eligible course for vessels to enter the main stream, and then another.

All the way up to "The Crescent City," a vast forest extends on either side, as far as the eye can reach; opened here and there by the axe of the settler, and enlivened by happy-looking rustic homesteads, or the more extensive village-like establishments of the planter. Though past the middle of December when I arrived, the negroes were at work cutting the sugar-cane,—that tall and beautiful plant whose height made themselves and their cattle appear dwindled to the size of Shetland ponies. About the houses, rows of orange trees, covered with their glittering fruit, gave brilliancy to the scene; though some regret was felt that those monstrous alligators, which abound in this river, and afford amusement to the voyager during the hotter months, had betaken themselves to winter-quarters so universally, that not a solitary one put up his nose and his formidable threatening eye above water.

As we advanced, the stream widened ; and on reaching a particular bend, called "The English Turn,"—in consequence of the British forces having been defeated there in their attempt to penetrate to Orleans,—“ Brother Jonathan ” pointed it out with glee, cracked jokes at the expense of Father John, and “ gave a pritty considerable ‘cute guess that General Jackson and the cotton bales licked the red-coats first-rate.”

Viewed from the river below, New Orleans does not appear materially inferior to Liverpool. The appearance, however, is nearer than the reality by far ; since the absence of basins and docks causes all the vessels in port to lie out alongside, and thus the commercial marine is displayed to the fullest advantage. Neither is the city so large by three-fourths, or possessed of such excellent buildings, if we except the old French cathedral, which is a handsome pile, directly facing the river. In one feature, however, it is far superior to Liverpool, and that a very important one : I mean in the absence of that visible wretchedness, poverty, and degradation, to be everywhere seen mingled with the wealth and splendour of its great commercial prototype. Indeed, with respect to the condition of the labouring classes, or those classes whom we see most generally crowding the streets and roads,—comparing one with the other, an American from the South, on setting his foot in England, could scarcely help but feel that he had walked into the doorway of the great workhouse of the world. Nor could readily be named two local places where the contrast in this respect is more curiously visible than in Liverpool and in New Orleans. If, as the pious prudes of the Northern States assert—though not very politely,—that New Orleans is “ The Hell of the South,”—it certainly is not a hell of starvation, rags, and want, to its inhabitants. Neither is it one of that kind of selfishness (or perhaps necessity) which extorts the greatest possible amount of labour for the least possible amount of pay. Its charities, both public and private—each equally unostentatious—are extensive and unceasing ; since the unbroken demand created by the continual influx of British paupers, chiefly Irish, who rush, totally unprepared, into the extremes of a Southern climate, will not allow a very expanded benevolence to rest one moment from its cares. Some idea may be formed of the numbers of these

people who finally attain a footing as citizens, from the fact that they have already half Hibernicised that city, and now possess, as a body, the power of controlling local elections against either the native Americans, or that fine and beautiful race, the Creole descendants of the old French settlers of Louisiana.

The demoniacal character conferred on the New Orleanians by their sweet-tongued brethren of the North appears to have its foundation in the Catholic practice there, (as well as in the practice of many who mayhap are neither Catholic nor Protestant,) of keeping open liquor-stores and hotels, theatres and places of amusement, on the day by us set apart exclusively for devotional exercises. The French Creoles, a wealthy and influential class, usually attend theatrical exhibitions more numerous on Sundays than at any other time; and hence the evenings of those days are usually selected for performers' benefits and extraordinary displays.

In other respects the city is a very gentle sort of pandemonium, and its inhabitants, save for their fighting propensities, a highly-generous and interesting class of earthly demons. In fact, it is no more than barely just to add that, as far as my personal knowledge during a long residence will warrant an opinion, there are in Orleans quite as many of the other kind of angels as of these—perhaps more. But Fortune will be partial sometimes, and it may have happened that she conferred on me extraordinary favours in the way of introductions on this occasion.

Orleans is built in the midst of those extensive cypress swamps which line not only the lower part of the Mississippi, but extend far and wide over various parts of the coasts and river borders in that neighbourhood. Its site is, therefore, chiefly "made ground;" and as it extends round the elbow formed by a bend in the river, nearly in the form of a half-moon, it has received the title of "The Crescent City." The streets, composed of curious heavy-roofed old French houses, are laid out as nearly as possible at right angles, and run the whole length and depth of the city under one name; thus avoiding the common inconvenience in London of having what is evidently a single street, dubbed in as many places by half-a-dozen different titles. These streets are crossed at intervals with ropes attached to the tops of

opposite high poles, and carry a lamp swinging in the middle ; a primitive method of lighting by night, but one at once picturesque and novel to the eye of a stranger. This effect is farther enhanced by the fact that where two streets are cross, (or where four ways meet,) the whole centre of the road is considerably raised in order to afford room for the gaping culverts which there meet together ; and to prevent passengers from indiscreetly falling into which, heavy wood balustrades like those of an old hall staircase are erected. The causeways are usually laid with bricks, like our country house floors in England.

Notwithstanding all this, the drainage obtained is so very slight that during heavy rain the streets are flooded nearly across, and an individual passing along may be said to wade as well as walk ; yet, a few hours after the cessation of rain suffice to set everything high and dry again.

When the river is swollen, the city lies below its level. To prevent inundation, a high bank termed the Levee is raised, extending up and down far beyond the precincts of the city itself. To this bank the natural depositions of the river are in constant course of being added ; and as a vast portion of soil is continually brought by the current from the opposite side of the river and deposited here, the crescent form becomes lost, and in the course of years must disappear altogether. I was acquainted with a lady who told me that some time previously she purchased a piece of land opposite Orleans, which, when she went to see it several years afterwards, had almost wholly disappeared in the encroaching current. She also stated that on one occasion a law-suit was attempted by an individual who had lost his land in a similar manner, in the course of which he endeavoured to prove that as it had only come over to the Orleans side, his title remained as good as ever. But his cause was abandoned, from his inability to prove what particular portion of the new mud of the Levee did really belong to him.

All the land thus accumulated becomes the property of the corporation, and its proceeds are applied towards the improvement and maintenance of the city.

No good natural foundation for building appears to be attainable in these swamps. During my stay, an hotel situated on the opposite side

of the Mississippi, either in or near a village called Algiers, suddenly but slowly *sank, en masse*, one day, while a wedding-party happened to be enjoying themselves in the house. So rapidly was this ghostly stage disappearance going on, that all present had to beat their retreat to the top of the house; and eventually, when succour arrived, many were extricated from the chamber windows, then almost level with the external surface.

The varied character of the population of Orleans, both in personal appearance and in dress, adds wonderfully to the picturesque effect of the whole scene. The rollicking Southern planter, in his broad-brimmed grass hat, from Panama,—the spruce native American tradesman, who looks very much as though just extracted from a plate of "gentlemen's fashions" for the current month,—the long-haired French Creole, with his really beautiful lady, and angel forms of children,—the tall dark Spaniard,—the unpolished Irishman, and perhaps more than all, the well-fed, gaudily-clothed "people of colour," with their everlasting tongue, their loud laughs and pretty impudences, all combine to form a picture of living mortality which, to the same extent, and with equal power of pictorial expression, is not perhaps exceeded in any city of America.

The phrase "people of colour" is peculiarly apt in this place, as a perfect black, an unmitigated "nigger," is somewhat of a rarity. The slave population generally exhibits a marvellously mixed variety of hues, from very dark through all conceivable transitions to a white almost as pure as that of a European, though in the latter cases the modified negro features are still preserved in much of their primitive integrity. As the females advance into middle age, they frequently become so remarkably stout, that, in comparison, the proverbial and ideal alderman of this country thins off into something like a lath. The whole mass quivers as it walks along, and its general motion not unaptly conveys the idea of a heavy rocking carriage on a railroad. Almost immediately after my arrival in the city, one of these sombre mountains of flesh met me in the street, and in passing nearly swept me—if not exactly off the face of the earth, at least off the breadth of a broad causeway. During the space of about four months afterwards, she somehow haunted me in all my walks,—of course not intentionally,

but Providence so ordered it. Go wherever I would, on business or pleasure, there she was. It really appeared at last to be her especial business to perambulate the streets in search of me. Never did I wish to be a slave-owner either before that time or since, but *then* the desire became irresistible. But it was wholly confined to that one elephantine female; for had she been mine, I would have parted with her for a penny to any man who would have carried her to Kentucky and kept her there. At length she happily disappeared all of a sudden; whether she died, was coffined in a hogshead, and buried in the gap of an earthquake, or still lived to occupy a range of building to herself, I never knew; my consolation lay in the simple fact that she was gone.

Not long will the visitor have been in Orleans before he hears much talk about the horrors of yellow fever. The accounts which fell to my lot were fearful enough, but excited little alarm, as I entertain little or no faith in its contagious character. Still these dismal stories were not without their influence, though of another kind, upon my mind. They served as the "raw material" for a few verses, with the manufacture of which I beguiled the Christmas Eve of '41.

THE FEVER.

'Twas summer time, and the cloudless sun
Burn'd like a fire when red morn begun.
FEVER and DEATH, through the vapours dim,
Look'd up and smiled as they gazed on him;
For they saw he meant, from his angry glow,
To give them good work on the earth below.

They watch'd him closely, and saw him shine
More fierce and hot as he near'd the Line:
And after him circled, from marsh and fen,
Hell vapours that poison the bodies of men.
The winds stood still and aghast, for they
Were afraid to breathe in that fearful day.

The forests vast held their leaves in thrall,
Fix'd as the leaves on a sculptured wall.
The streaming mosses that once had swung
So merrily in the blast, now hung

As hangs a wet sail in a calm at sea ;
And the song-birds shut up their minstrelsie ;
And the insect-people, a myriad race,
Alone seem'd alive in that fated place.

When all was done, fierce FEVER and DEATH
Laugh'd loud till they grappled their sides for breath ;
And their ghastly hands they shook with each other,
As earth-born man shaketh hands with his brother ;
For well they knew, in their horrible glee,
'That each like a brother to each would be.

Through the dark dumb woods a river shines,
Studded with masts as tall as the pines ;
Their white sails seeming, the green among,
Like blossoms huge on the branches hung.
And on its border a city stands
Rear'd ages ago by long-moulder'd hands,
Though still in its growing might it invades,
Year upon year, the grey forest shades.

Fierce FEVER saw it, and frantically cried
With a dreary shriek, " She shall be my bride !
Love me or hate me, I'll woo her, and wed ;
And old King Death, he shall fashion our bed,
I know, for he 's sworn it by earth and by hell,
For this bride he will fashion it deeply and well !"
DEATH heard, and strode fast through his measureless gloom
To rouse up the GRAVE to make room—more room !

Brief was the time ere he brought his bride—
The city she left was a desert wide.
Such seems the home when the best-loved one
To another's care is for ever gone.
Her marriage dress was a shroud, for he
Took Death to hold bond for her constancy.
So FEVER, and DEATH, and the GRAVE,—all three,
Spent the marriage feast in high jollity.

Bad as all this may be, the South generally does not produce any better. The heat of the climate appears to addle men's brains rather than hatch them ; the Muses are swaddled in cotton, and laid under a mosquito curtain to doze continually ; assuredly they now and then jabber a little in their sleep, but it is a mass of marvellous nonsense

and idiotic incoherency. It appears, indeed, a question open to very material dispute, whether the physical influences of a tropical climate are not positively such as almost to preclude the probability of high literary efforts ever being made amongst a people subjected to their enervating influence.

"A pleasing land of drowsy-head it is,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;"

yet dreams which a man generally feels too listless and too idle to weave into toilsome verse. He seems to live amongst poetry realised; he breathes its warmest air, he gazes upon its glowing light; the earth around him is gorgeously attired in its most magnificent flowers; the bright birds of brighter verse flit bodily before his eyes; and the genius of poetry languishes because the imagination can add but little of the beautiful to what Nature has already made.

But to return from this digression.

Amongst the various and curious features which the Mississippi about Orleans presents, is one peculiar, perhaps, in extent if in nothing else, to this place alone. I allude to the "flat-boats," as they are termed, which, from various remote distances up the river, bring down Western produce of all such kinds—from a potato to a pea-hen—as the cypress swamps are incapable of producing.

A flat-boat is nothing more than a quadrangular floating box—a wooden dripping-tin,—a capacious washing tub, composed of rough sawn planks, and provided with a rude kind of cabin, made sufficiently water-tight to enable it to float down the current to its destination, and no more. Numbers of this description of craft are moored so closely together by the river-side, that one may run along the floor formed by their flat-covered tops with equal facility as upon the deck of a ship.

The owners of the flat-boats no sooner arrive, than they open their floating shops for the sale of their respective cargoes; and as their prices average little more than one-half of those demanded for the very same articles when retailed in the stores of the city, there are always numbers of customers thronging the Levee, and keeping the region of the flat-boats in a state of remarkable liveliness. Some bring potatoes; some, apples, eggs, fruits, &c.; and others, many hundreds of couples

of "chickens," as they are all termed—although you may readily purchase hens half as old as yourself, and cocks by the score, with spurs long enough to adorn the nose of a rhinoceros. In fact, all barn-door fowls are *chickens* in American phraseology, if not found exactly in a fossil state. It is not advisable, therefore, on all occasions, when promised a "chicken fixen" for dinner, to let loose the hungry imagination upon some blushing Miss Pullet, or aspiring hobble-de-hoy of a cock-rel; since the chance is, that one may be served instead with one of those patriarchal samples which constitute fit food only for a straw-cutting machine, or a circular saw-mill.

When the proprietor of a flat-boat has disposed of his lading, he disposes also of the boat itself; which now possesses no other value than that which the timber whereof it is made can give. It has served its purpose, it cannot return up the stream, and is of no other use than so much old plank. Having done this, the man himself returns home on board one of those numerous steamers which, day and night, may be heard at a mile's distance, puffing and blowing like so many weary leviathans, as they pass and repass between the Crescent City and the Far West.

Those prodigious buildings, the cotton steamers, also constitute a remarkable feature upon the Mississippi. The English reader cannot possibly form a more correct idea of their appearance at a distance than by imagining to himself a "factory" three or four stories high, placed upon a rather ornamental raft, and sent to float upon the water. On a nearer approach and closer inspection, however, they are found to be splendidly got up, and provided with accommodation (civility and gentlemanly conduct included) to which the traveller by any other than first-class British vessels is too often a stranger.

During that period of the year in which the produce of the West is principally brought to Orleans, the banks of the river are literally covered with thousands of bales of cotton, barrels of molasses, hogsheads of sugar, and cases of various other articles, which remain wholly or in part thus exposed during the space of some weeks. The merchants and agents to whom these goods are consigned, provide private *armed* watchmen to protect them during the night against the negroes—a race of people who appear to inherit a peculiar liking for sugar and treacle

in particular. Probably this *penchant* is considerably increased by the practice adopted by some slave-owners of allowing their slaves to "hire themselves out" at a certain sum per week or month, that is, to pay their owners that sum in the place of service, and make as much more as they can for themselves. By these people lolly-pops and sugar-stuffs of various descriptions and devices are exposed in the streets for sale, and it is more than probable that some considerable portion of the sweet fabric used in the manufacture of these articles of juvenile traffic is extracted by night from the barrels and hogsheads lying upon the Levee.

A man in my neighbourhood, who used to wear a great-coat made of coarse green baize, and who, consequently, looked much like the personification of Spring, as it appears in Dutch Guiana, was one of the night-watchers upon the Levee, who, during my stay, chanced to shoot a slave in the act of filling a bag with sugar out of a hogshead which he and an accomplice had broken open for that purpose.

"And what," said I, "if the negro should happen to die?"

"I shall have to stand my trial, that's all, and of course be acquitted, as I have done no more than my duty. The fellow ran away, when I called to him to surrender, and of course I fired."

Had this slave died, the trial, I believe, would have been gone through more for the purpose of recovering damages for his loss, than for any purpose of criminal justice.

In connexion with the river, the "Thief Boats," as they are commonly called, may likewise be considered a peculiar craft. Formed for swift sailing and shallow water, they ply above and below the city, wander up the creeks and bayous, and very generally give a decided preference to any spot where a plantation, with slaves upon it, is conveniently at hand. The chief object and employment of the owner is, to collect fowls, ducks, geese, &c., either through the criminal agency of some dishonest negro upon the establishment, who, of course, receives a trifle for his pains; or simply by force of his own address and dexterity. The plunder is stowed away in a covered part of the boat, and on its arrival at Orleans is taken to market by some of the boat-owner's accomplices. It is generally known that a very "respectable" living is in this manner obtained by numbers of as, of course, equally respectable individuals.

CHAPTER II.

The Markets. Fire Bells. Anecdotes. Sample of the Slave System in a Court of Justice. Trial of a Pirate. Florida Indians. New Orleans Wires.

THE markets of Orleans, of which there are several, afford to the curious spectator more pleasure and amusement than any other public buildings that can be named. They are all covered, and built in the lightest style, for the purposes of cleanliness and the free admission of air. They are well lighted with gas, and generally provided with fixed tables which let down—*leaf* tables, I believe the carpenters term them,—and that serve, while wanted, by way of stall; being, when out of use, thrown back so as to leave the various areas and avenues of the market-place entirely open and free. The markets are held every day of the week, without exception; and business commences with the earliest customers about three o'clock in the morning. There is no fixed time, but that hour is the most usual. The “French market” is the greatest one; and taking into consideration both the amazing variety of produce, and the equally great variety of human character and dress there assembled, it presents perhaps as fine and curious a picture as, in the same way, can be found in any part of the world. Tropical fruits, of all kinds, from the neighbouring West Indian Islands,—parrots that run at large about the stalls, and talk and scream at will,—various beautifully-coloured birds in cages,—gigantic herons,—wild ducks and geese of all sizes and colours,—pigeons, squirrels, owls, and fish of indescribable varieties, together with cray-fish creeping about alive in the baskets, form some portion of the merchandise most unusual to the Northern stranger. The birds are killed by the hunters in the forest swamps and pools,—the fish taken chiefly in Lake Pont-

chartrain, which lies about three miles behind the city and communicates with the Mexican Gulf. The finny prey is brought direct from the fishing-boats by railway, in the space of six or seven minutes; so that it is a usual thing to see them (the buffalo-fish, especially) still gasping for the water of life when the purchaser carries them away. All this will be found in one part; in another, all descriptions of culinary vegetables and fruits that the season can produce; and, as may be supposed in such a climate, they are not at any time wanting in either variety or abundance. In a third avenue will be found newly-baked bread, in most tempting variety of shape, together with confectionery and sweetmeats of every sort to which French taste in this important petty art can give rise.

In a separate building, the visitor wanders through a little province of butcher's meat, slaughtered in the cleanest style imaginable, and compared to which the shambles of London positively resemble a slaughter-house. Heads and offal are never seen. Here occasionally the eye may alight upon the carcase of a fine bear, ticketed probably "St. Charles' Hotel," by way of hint, one may presume, that if the lovers of bear's meat want a dinner upon that splendid viand, they now know where to find it. But should a whole bruin be not monopolised by one establishment, but instead be properly jointed for the private consumption of the citizens, then the price demanded is two "bits" (one shilling English) per pound. The epicurean value of bear's flesh in Orleans may therefore be inferred, when it is stated that the best of any other description of meat averages not more than three pence per pound, and very frequently not that. In fact, the poor, who best know from necessity how to go to market, obtain it for a price almost nominal. I have seen slaves (sent by their masters to market) pay half a dollar for the same description and precisely the same quantity of fish as a poor purchaser has immediately afterwards obtained for a "picayune" (3d). Whether this be fish-stall charity in the latter case, or imposition in the former, the reader can determine for himself; though my own belief is, that liberality is more active in the one than avarice in the other.

The Levee outside these markets is also crowded with itinerant vendors of many races,—English, Irish, German, Spanish, and Negro,—though

their commodities are incalculably more varied than their own classes. One description of people, however, arrest the stranger's attention particularly. I allude to the friendly Red Indians, who come almost in their native garb to sell baskets of cane of their own forest manufacture—baskets of beautiful savage pattern and colouring, and next to everlasting wear,—at a price which would make an English weaver of willow twigs turn pale, and induce Thomas Miller at once to renounce the trade, and never more

“Weave his oziars as he weaved his rhymes.”

To provide for the various wants of this early-stirring population, the neighbouring taverns are thrown open; and in the market itself numbers of pretty and clean young female slaves attend, with excellent tea and coffee in brightly-polished urns, cups and saucers that look new from the hands of the potter, and bread-and-butter hot and cold, all set out upon one of the whitest of cloths spread over a stall, and, as a whole, served up in a manner to which the most fastidious could not object.

At mid-day the markets are closed; the tables or stalls are turned down, and certain slaves, employed for the purpose, commence a general sweeping and scouring with water, which so completely purify the place, that within an hour or two afterwards the visitor of the morning would not be able to discover that either animal or vegetable matter had ever been brought under the roof. Such regulations are admirable, and in a Southern climate amount to a positive virtue.

But few days had I been in the Crescent City,—the customs of its inhabitants were still strange,—when suddenly, in the middle of one dark night, I was awakened by the loud and musical tolling of some great church bell, which seemed to be summoning to early service the pious Catholic descendants of the old French founders of Orleans. My imagination was quietly wandering amidst old cloisters and cells, monks, priests, and sacred altars, when its course was interrupted by the tramp of hurrying feet outside, and the fearful cry of “Fire, fire!” It was “the fire-bell” I had heard; and how many times again was it doomed to be heard during the ensuing four or five months!—occasionally,

three or four times in a week, or twice in the same night; and seldom, indeed, did a week pass away without rendering necessary the voice of that iron tongue. Possibly the excessive dryness of combustible bodies, resulting from the heat of the climate, and the injudicious number of wooden houses about Orleans, facilitate the occurrence of these disasters. However that be, the manner in which they are managed is somewhat curious. The city is divided into municipalities—ONE, TWO, and THREE; there is a fire-bell in one of the churches in each. If a fire occur in the first municipality, the bell that is first rung strikes a number of single notes distinctly; if in the second, two; in the third, three. And by this simple arrangement, both the firemen and the people are in a general manner directed to that part of the city where assistance is required.

The firemen, not only in Orleans, but throughout the States, are a most praiseworthy body of men. Their services are altogether honorary, and their only reward the approbation of their fellow-citizens and of their own consciences. I believe a company is in the first instance provided by the corporation with a plain engine (or *engine*, as Jonathan has it), and a place to keep it in: but its decorations, together with all requisites and dresses for the men, are found and wholly supported by the company itself. Many of the most respectable citizens are firemen, and proud of being so. Day or night, at business or at rest, they are ready at any minute to drag out their engine, their ladders, or their hose, and hasten to the salvation of a fellow-citizen's property, even at the risk of their lives. Horses are not employed to draw the fire-engines, &c. as in England, but very long ropes are attached, by which the men and boys take hold, and draw their load almost at a running speed. Any passing citizen will help at this work, if help be wanted. It is also a point of great emulation to be *first* at the scene of action. Hence the companies race against each other, and involve themselves in quarrels. A large cresset of various device, and differently-coloured pieces of glass, suspended at the top of a long shaft, is carried by one of the number, and, as the banner of the company, serves to keep its members together. Another also sometimes goes before and blows a trumpet occasionally. Disasters of this kind, and in this manner attended, not unfrequently give rise to affecting incidents. At one of

the fires which occurred in Orleans, a young man who chanced to be standing on a burning rafter was precipitated into the glowing ruins below and destroyed. This occurrence took place late in the evening; but what rendered the accident, if possible, more distressing, was the fact that he had been married only that same day, and had actually left his wedding-supper to discharge his duty as a fireman, to his, perhaps, unknown fellow-citizen. He was the son of a gentleman of independent fortune. Peace to his ashes, and his truly Christian soul!

I saw the largest theatre in the city (St. Charles's) burned down one *Sunday* night. The fire originated in a *coffin* shop; and it was confidently asserted that a methodist preacher (or prophet!) had, on that identical morning, foretold from the pulpit the coming destruction.

To guard against such calamities, there is now a law in operation which forbids the erection, in future, of wooden buildings within certain limits.

As a sample of the working of the slave system, the following may serve:—

Having walked one morning into a court of justice, situated in the French part of the city, near the picturesque old cathedral, I beheld five or six showily-dressed females who appeared to be engaged in some suit or other with his Honour the Judge. They had on turbans made of brightly-coloured scarfs, and wore ear-drops and pendants! My impression, very naturally, was that they were French Creoles, giving evidence in some cause of importance: though from the fact of their backs being turned towards the open part of the court, it was impossible for a stranger to judge correctly. At length the Recorder took up a paper, and having cast his eyes over it, turned them upon the females, and exclaimed:—

"Margaret!—Is she here?" One of them stepped forward, and underwent an examination the purport of which I could not catch. The same process was gone through with every one: and when the examinations were concluded, the Recorder ordered all of them to cross over to the other end of the tribunal—a movement which enabled me to see their faces. My surprise was great to find them all coloured:—those women were slaves,—slaves better dressed and decorated than the wives of the most prosperous of our working men in England. They were

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finely-formed females, and were smiling and whispering amongst themselves as though they enjoyed the fun of an examination. Shortly afterwards, the Recorder turned round in his seat to confront the slaves, and assuming an aspect of vinegar severity, addressed them something after this familiar fashion :—

“ Now, you girls !—Though every one of you has denied it, I know upon very good evidence that some of you, perhaps all, are perfectly well aware who stole this property. You need not think to get off by denying it and telling falsehoods, because I shall discover it all before long without you : and then the punishment will only be the worse for yourselves. I recommend you to make up your minds, and tell me all you know at your next examination on Monday.—I give you till Monday to consider of it : but if on that day you do not discover who it was that stole it,”—(and here the Recorder laid the most vehement emphasis on his words,)—“ if some of you do not on Monday tell me all about it, I will order *every one* to be whipped most severely !—Now go,—go away !”

This sentence, or rather threat, so wholly unexpected by me, and so monstrously absurd and unjust, shot through my mind at the moment like an arrow. Never did the enormity of slavery appear so realised in horror as at that moment. Those young feminine forms to be whipped naked, and whipped severely !

But how did the women take it ? They smiled impudently in the Recorder's face, and departed giggling through the collected crowd.

The last scene, however, that I saw in any court of justice in Orleans, was upon occasion of the trial of a young man named De Putron, a supposed *pirate*. Specimens of this “interesting” class of men have now grown so remarkably rare, save in novels and romances, that to see a genuine one, with all his formidable trappings to boot, is a matter to be noted in anybody's diary. Besides, in the prisoners' dock of a court of justice he may be contemplated at leisure, and under the utmost confidence that we can neither be boarded and plundered by him, nor made to “walk the plank” into a liquid sepulchre.

De Putron had now been in prison some months,—had previously undergone his trial upon one count of the indictment against him, and been acquitted. In the present instance he was tried for perjury.

Although the case excited very great public interest, not a single lady (nor a married one either) was present in the court;—American etiquette appears, and very properly too, to forbid it. Had this been otherwise; had there been present romantic young misses, in whose imaginations a pirate is a bold and gallant fellow, with very expressive black eyes, long raven hair, a cutlass, a brace of pistols, and a red night-cap,—they would have suffered awful disappointment when the pirate in question made his appearance in the dock. The fact is, I am sorry to say, he looked exactly like any other man that one might chance to meet in a morning's walk. He was dressed as a respectable person; had his hair (which by some natural mistake was made yellow) combed straight down his forehead like that of "any good boy" about one's house; did not seem particularly ferocious; and, above all, refused to throw himself into any warlike attitude, but stood as stiffly erect as though a noose already dangled above his head. Appearances, however, are apt to be deceitful; for, notwithstanding all this, he was a bold fellow, and a clever one too.

It appears that he arrived in Orleans from somewhere abroad, nobody knew exactly where, and after passing some few months of a quiet and inoffensive life in the Crescent City, during which time he suffered under a "plentiful lack" of cash, he suddenly purchased, and *paid for*, a schooner called "The Independence," intended of course for the coasting trade. Now the law so runs, that no man, not being a citizen of the States, shall engage as master in this trade; and an oath to that effect is required of every captain, to be taken before a proper officer at the Custom-house, previously to the granting of a licence to the vessel. De Putron applied for a licence for the "Independence," and proposed as captain a Portuguese who was not a citizen. The licence was of course refused. De Putron then offered himself; and, having sworn that his place of residence was New Orleans, and that he was a citizen of the United States, it was immediately granted. After this, he cleared out; and having reached the Gulf, remained some weeks cruising about amongst certain small islands called the Chandeleurs.

In the mean time, a prodigious excitement had been caused in the public mind by the discovery of a large vessel floating at anchor in the neighbourhood about which De Putron's schooner hovered, that was

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found, on being boarded by the revenue officers, to contain no cargo whatever, nor to have a single man on board! The latter circumstance is, however, easily accounted for, as the boats filled with men were seen to quit the ship, and make off to one of the islands, as the revenue cutter approached. This vessel, the "Charles," was carried into the port of Orleans; and the impression became almost universal that she had been attacked by pirates, cleared of her lading, had her crew murdered, and then been abandoned. The men who had fled to the island were not taken; but, in consequence of information subsequently received from a fisherman, Captain Taylor, of the revenue service, suddenly went down to the Chandeleurs, amongst which the "Independence" was lying, and seized that schooner, besides placing handcuffs upon De Putron, the captain.

Be it borne in mind, that at the time this seizure and arrest were made, De Putron *was not aware* that the ship "Charles" had been taken and carried up the Mississippi. On being questioned by the officer relative to the object he had in view, De Putron stated that his schooner was intended to fetch slaves from the African coast, and carry them to Texas. It seemed evident that she was adapted as a tender to some larger vessel: for although there was no cargo on board, she was supplied with a very large quantity of water, arms, powder and bullets, and percussion caps. A box of muskets was also traced, but not taken. One piece of armour (a cuirass) was also found on board; and—locked in De Putron's chest—an American flag, together with a huge white turban, which, though remarkably light, was calculated to resist a sabrecut. These articles were produced in court. The piratical flag was made of black buntin as a ground, and upon it were placed, in white silk, a very conspicuous and horribly-drawn death's-head, with cross-bones beneath.

While in custody on his own vessel, Captain Taylor mentioned to De Putron something concerning the ship "Charles:" upon which the supposed pirate evinced great anxiety, and in the course of the conversation that ensued, offered Taylor a check for ten thousand dollars if he would take his handcuffs off; adding, that in case he flinched, Taylor might blow his brains out. He also hinted that in case the officer would go and seize the "Charles" and take him (De Putron) along with him, he

would be answerable for her making no resistance. Neither of these propositions was complied with; and eventually the prisoner was conveyed to Orleans, with public feeling most strongly against him, as the pirate who had swept the hold of the "Charles," and murdered her crew. This powerful, though ridiculous and unfounded prejudice, had not abated materially, if at all, when first he was brought up for trial. I say ridiculous and unfounded, because it is apparent enough, that so far from his having plundered that vessel, she in reality belonged to his own band, and was only lying out to receive stores from the smaller one, which was to act as tender to her. The first charge, therefore, which was brought against him, that of being guilty of acts of piracy, failed for want of proof;—no *act* of the kind could be adduced, and the jury, to the surprise of the crowd, brought him in "Not guilty."

The second charge—that of perjury, of which I was ear-witness—appeared more likely to be substantiated.

During the depositions taken, various papers found in De Putron's chest were introduced, and amongst them a memorandum-book, in which he stated that he was born in the year 1817,—thus representing himself, what he appeared to be, five-and-twenty years of age. A request was also made in it, addressed to any person into whose hands the book might chance to fall, that, under certain contingencies, it should be forwarded either to his brother, or to a friend therein named, residing in Liverpool (England).

There was also found, in his own hand-writing, a will, described as having been made in the Island of Guernsey, in 1841, and as being the will of Daniel De Putron (the prisoner). It is distinctly stated that the testator was a native of the Island of Madeira.

Another document, found along with the above, contained a history of his own life; but as the Judge decided—on the objection of counsel—that it was not admissible evidence, no account can be given of its contents. Letters from parties in England were also brought forward by the State prosecutor, but their production in evidence was refused.

In the last place, a very singular document, found amongst the prisoner's baggage, was produced and allowed in evidence. The following few sentences of it will convey some idea of a piratical "Articles of Agreement,"—for such it was.

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"We the undersigned are the children of nature, and have as much right to enjoy ourselves as any others of woman born. * * * From this day we declare war against all the world. As no quarter is offered us, none can be expected. * * * We have bound ourselves together by blood, and by blood we will be maintained."

Certain clauses followed, in which, amongst other arrangements, the Captain was empowered to determine all customs of fighting; of chasing or being chased; and in case of mutiny, to steer to whatever coast he pleased. It was further stipulated that all the signatures should be made in the personal blood of the writers; but as this process was intended to be gone through after their quitting the land, a blank space was left at the foot, for the reception of these red or black, but most surely deadly names. In reply to this manifesto of extermination, it was stated that De Putron had not written it with any intention of making use thereof, but that it was merely a copy which he had made, out of curiosity, of a similar one that he chanced to see on a vessel in one of the Northern Atlantic ports.

The prisoner was found guilty of the perjury alleged against him.

In the month of February, an opportunity was afforded me of beholding a sight but rarely enjoyed even by the permanent residents of Orleans. It consisted of a body of about two hundred of the most formidable Indian tribe with which the Government of the United States has ever been called upon to contend.

Of the "Florida war," few but must have heard;—that war which, after a struggle of eight or nine years' duration, has again for the eighth or ninth time been recently announced as concluded. It was carried on among the pestiferous swamps of Eastern Florida, against the Seminole Indians, whom their white neighbours wished to get out of the country. Force proved ineffectual, and then succeeded persuasion. Large rewards were offered to the chiefs, in proportion to their power and influence, to surrender with their people, and allow themselves to be transported at the expense of Government to the remote West. Some of them received each as much as eight or ten thousand dollars. "Tiger-tail" and "Halleck Tustenugge" were two of the most celebrated names amongst these unconquerable savage warriors. The for-

mer received his purchase-money, and was conveyed, along with many others that came in with him, up the Mississippi ; but before arriving at their destination, Tiger Tail contrived to make his escape, and after traversing many hundred miles of swamp, suddenly reappeared upon the old scene of action. In the beginning of 1842, Tustenugge was still harassing the Americans with great effect. Some other chief, however, whose very hard name I forget, "came in" with his people, and along with them was shipped off under a military escort to Orleans. They were taken to the barracks, which stand about three miles below the city, and detained there a week or two, until a proper vessel for the river navigation could be provided. It was on a Sunday during that interval that I visited them.

The open square formed by the surrounding buildings presented a singular picture. Numbers of Yankee pedlars, with cloths, scarfs, trinkets, and Birmingham ware of all descriptions, were scattered around, each with his merchandise laid out before him on a large cloth spread open upon the ground. Amongst these, as points of highest attraction, lounged the newly-arrived Indians, a wild people, fresh from the swampy forest recesses of their birth, in whose eyes the trash before them was treasure, and a brick-built barrack a very palace. Old and young, man and boy, woman and girl, were there ; some clad in the barest of primitive coverings, and the children not clad at all. Others, and especially the young men, flourished about with the most dignified air amidst the supposed magnificence which a second-hand cloth coat or jacket not worth half-a-crown could confer, but for which, in all probability, they had bartered far more than the cost price. One young fellow marched leisurely up and down with a gait and expression of extraordinary dignity ; he was evidently displaying himself, and basking in the sunshine of his own importance. All this arose from the fact that he wore over his forehead a plain piece of new tin, cut in the form of a half-moon, and bent so as to fit the head. It was much after the fashion of the tiara of Juno, as represented in Grecian sculpture.

But the simplicity displayed by an aged chief in the matter of a child's toy was more amusing still. Having picked up one of those little soldiers stuck on a box with a wire handle, the turning of which causes the arms to rise and fall upon his drum, at the same time that it

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produces a few hard notes, he turned the wire twice or thrice. Then he regarded the toy with intense earnestness, and again turned. Of course the same sound and movement were repeated. He was growing much astonished. He inspected it with the greatest care, and tried again. The results were the same, but he was involved in deeper mystery. He let fall his hands, and turning his face upwards to the skies in the most thoughtful of attitudes and with a most powerful expression of amazement, continued during the space of at least ten minutes to consider within his own soul the cause of this marvellous effect. But the point was too abstruse for him to solve; and eventually he replaced the toy with great care on the spot from which it had been taken, and, without one word or sign to the pedlar who solicited him to purchase it, folded his arms, and stalked grandly away to his quarters.

Many similar anecdotes might be added; but we will here conclude with a brief allusion to a subject of another nature, which ought not to be forgotten,—I mean the early marriages amongst the people of this natural hothouse. At from fourteen to sixteen, the "girls" are physically grown women, at the extreme of beauty and bodily perfection; but mentally they are yet almost like children, and quite as fond of gingerbread, lollypops, and a good romp as any school-hoyden in these loyal realms. I knew a lady of this description, the wife of a neighbour, who almost daily, and with the extreme of infantine simplicity, not only made herself sick with ice-creams and sweets, but also went pretty regularly to play with the lesser children at hide-and-seek, or jumping over a skipping-rope, for the mere self-enjoyment of the thing.

Upon the whole, the impressions left upon me by both the Crescent City and its inhabitants were of a very favourable nature, and such as will ever excite reflections of the most pleasing kind. With the two exceptions of "Yellow Jack" and a sun in summer rather too hot, few cities in the States are more agreeable; for in the winter season the climate is delicious,—that is, during six or seven months of the year.

CHAPTER III.

Passage from New Orleans to New York. Features in American Society.
The Ladies.

As far as my observation has gone, ordinary sea-voyages are far more interesting to the individuals who perform them than to anybody else; and if those same individuals happen to be remarkably sick by the way, all the more remarkably interesting do their reminiscences thereof become (to themselves) during the whole after period of their lives. The sea itself is magnificent; on a piece of canvass it is great; but on paper it is (relatively speaking) nothing: animation, incident, character—all are wanting. We must people it, to make anything of it.

I am not just now aware of anything particularly interesting which happened on our passage from Orleans to New York, or I would at once proceed to relate it. To be sure, we sailed in the brig "Creole," of Richmond—that celebrated "Creole" about which so much stir was created some time ago, when certain slaves on board her, bound for an American port, rose in mutiny, killed the mate, damaged the captain, and, having gained the victory, compelled the crew to take her into a British Possession, where they were set at liberty. We also lay, during the space of a week, in the midst of a most horrible calm in the Mexican Gulf; during which nearly all the men fell too sick to recover by the time they reached their destination. It is likewise a pleasing fact—so, at least, we thought it then—that during the calm a shark was caught by the mate, with a degree of piscatorial dexterity which I never before saw equalled. We were in "blue water"—scarcely even wrinkled from one horizon to the opposite, and so transparent that I doubt not

the eye of the spectator could penetrate many fathoms down. The vessel literally lay

“Like a painted ship, upon a painted ocean.”

Late one afternoon, we, who happened to be below, suddenly heard the cry on deck of “A shark, a shark!” Instantly a general scramble ensued, and the quarter-deck soon contained all the souls permitted to tread that wonderful space, eager to get a sight of the monster, which continued to play at various depths about the ship, now before, now behind, and then alongside. He was small, but in activity and speed most beautiful. At a short distance above him, and stationed one on each side, behind the head, were two small dark-coloured fishes, banded vertically with deeper colour, which are termed “pilots.” Swim as the shark would, at whatever speed or in whatever direction, they invariably maintained the same position—most exactly regulating their motions according to his. In fact, if there be any piloting in the matter, the shark himself holds that important office, while the object of these finny satellites is only to come in for a snack of that prey which they “personally” are unable to seize.

Having sufficiently gratified our curiosity by watching his evolutions, the mate, a first-rate go-ahead sort of a Yankee, threw out his line, with a piece of white rag attached to the end by way of bait, but *without a hook*. This he held in his right hand, while with his left he lowered a thick rope, formed with a large running noose, which he kept so accurately between the bait and the shark, that when at length the latter made a sudden rush at the fine-flavoured and highly-nutritious morsel before him, he passed, not *through* the noose, but only half-way, as the watchful seaman, at that most imminent of all crises in fishing, twitched up his rope, and brought the horrible creature to the surface, suspended like the golden fleece of a woollen-dealer’s sign. The combined strength of three men was required to haul him on board, although his length was not probably greater than from six to seven feet. A sucking fish was attached to him, possessed of such a remarkable power of adhesion, that on being placed in a common wash-

bason, he defied all our power to dislodge him by any legitimate means. One of the largest of dolphins and a "baracuta" were also taken during the calm. Both proved excellent food.

On the 20th, we were off that part of the coast of East Florida where the Seminole Indians are most numerous, and which is considered by seamen as very dangerous; for if a vessel chance to get ashore here, and the people in her succeed in saving their lives, they necessarily fall into the hands of the Indians, who show no mercy, not even that of a sudden death, to either the Americans or the English. The French enjoy an exception to this savage rule, as the Seminoles consider they have never received molestation or injury from that nation.

Four days subsequently, we were off that wild old cape, the ever-stormy Hatteras—that cape which is considered by many seamen one of the worst, if not *the* worst, in the world, except "The Horn." Dana, an American writer, in "Two Years before the Mast," says the sailors have a saying—

"Though the Bermudas you may pass,
Beware of stormy Hatteras."

At night, then, a storm came on as a matter of course; with all the accompaniments of an obscure moon, a sky and sea horizonless, from being blended into one, and lightning of all colours, from scarlet to blue. When the wind rose, the sound was so great that one might have readily supposed he was under the Falls of Niagara; while the rolling of the vessel was so great, that her yard-arms continually dipped into the water. Altogether, we seemed to have at last caught a glimpse of that region which Milton describes as the reign of "Chaos and Old Night." The rain fell as at the Deluge, and the lightning could plainly be felt warm on the skin at every flash. This lasted till midnight; and, marvellously enough, during the whole period little or no thunder could be heard. If we were on the skirts of the storm, what must the centre have been! There is a lighthouse on the Cape, but we could not see it. In fact, our Captain gave the Cape "a very wide berth."

Nothing else of moment occurred worth relating; but when we anchored

in the Hudson, the former Captain of the "Creole," during the mutiny, came on board to take another peep at the scene of his disaster. His face was covered with scars of wounds received from the slaves at that time.

We had but a poor introduction to New York. The rain fell in torrents, and gave to the city, the river, the shipping, and the famed Hoboken on the opposite side, much the appearance of a drawing "done" in Indian ink by some young Miss at boarding-school, saving that the scene in question *was* in perspective, whereas the other thing unhappily never is.

American society in New York conveys to a stranger pretty much the same sort of impression as that produced by an individual just emerged into manhood. The national toilette appears to have been very elaborately studied, and the public cravat to have been adjusted with marked discrimination and attention to correctness. The same spruceness—the result of close shaving, plenty of soap and hair-oil, accurately polished boots, splendid ties, and garments thoroughly dusted—are visible everywhere.

Notwithstanding this sort of popular jackanapery—which, after all, has the negative merit of not being very mischievous—there are features in the social fabric of the American people which would redeem a thousand petty follies more than they already perpetrate. One of these is the utter absence of that wretched serfdom in which the *employed* portion of our population are so generally held by their employers. Amongst them, the terms *employer* and *employed* are literally and strictly applicable; with us, it is emphatically and slavishly *master* and *man*. That despotism and paltry domination which so abundantly prevail in the shop, the warehouse, the counting-house, and the factory of satirically-termed "Merry England"—which make *the man* so continually sensible that in *the master* he sees, not so much a fellow-creature, as a superior order of human being—are happily almost unknown in the commercial laboratories of the United States. For although one individual may serve another from behind a counter, or mounted on a tall stool at the desk, he yet practically, and to all intents and purposes, feels that "A man's a man for a' that;" and *as a man*, not as a mere serf or a slave,

he insists upon being treated. He serves in the full consciousness that between the employer and the employed the obligation is mutual, and not, as with us, all on the side of him who obtains from another work to do. He respects his own manhood—he knows his own value as a citizen—he relies upon the natural equality of creatures similarly formed and constituted—and looks upon the adventitious circumstances of fortune and station as matters for self-gratulation in the individual himself, far more than as titles to the spontaneous and sneaking respect of others. This is as it should be. We see not there the downcast faces—the abject demeanour—the passiveness under affront and insult—the quiet pocketing of contumely and scorn—the bosoms with only dead hearts within them, which in socially-unequal England everywhere offend our eyes, and make the soul of independence sigh over the victims of pride, ignorance, and wholly-forgotten rights. How different indeed in these things are the people of opposite sides of the Atlantic! *There*, in the words of Ovid,

“Man walks erect, and, with uplifted eyes,
Beholds his own hereditary skies.”

Here—bowed before the idol of Mammon, with poverty and the dread of losing employment always before him—his eyes are, on the contrary, ever as it were seeking his hereditary possessions in the dust. Heaven has no prospective inheritance for him, and the story of the family paradise of his ancestors is only a pleasant fable. Bitterly, in behalf of millions, do I feel these truths; and deeply do I pray for at once their physical and moral emancipation. Though at the same time—and without quoting Daniel O’Connell’s celebrated quotation, “Hereditary bondsmen,” &c.—I am fully convinced, that if emancipation in the moral and social sense ever is to come, it must come from the body itself which is to be emancipated. In this country, poverty is now the acknowledged and legitimate title to neglect and contempt: no Act of Parliament, no Magna Charta could make it more so. Let men learn within themselves not to be *ashamed* of poverty, however much they may dislike it; let them no longer bend when they pass before the golden calf in the market-place; let them practically transfer

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their veneration of the purse to the esteem of self; and the all-powerful golden god of these debased times will perish for lack of offerings, and vanish because his worshippers have turned away their faces from him.

I am well aware that, like other besotted victims of idolatry, the disciples of the money-Christ will cry out that "there is no god so powerful as our god, for what can you do without him?" Blind devotees! cry, serve, implore, and lay your bloody offerings still upon his altar; but know, at the end of all this, that in proportion to the exaltation of your idol, is also the working of your own annihilation. The *man* of social life is swallowed up, absorbed, and lost in the unceasingly praying and serving devotee of Mammon.

In consequence of the difference here pointed out in the social relations between man and man in America, as compared with those existing between the people of old monarchical States, where wealth is the governing rule, and classes and conventional distinctions the inevitable result in practice, we see little of the haughtiness and tyranny of mere money-power in the United States. For although some of our popular writers on that country have characterised American conversation as consisting mainly of repetitions of the word "dollars, dollars, dollars," there does not exist essentially one hundredth fraction of the spirit of dollar-worship in America which is to be found pervading the very bones and marrow of British society. Where, indeed, shall we look for more abject servitude, more cringing and prostration of the soul to wealth and the wealthy, than can be found at home? With woful grace indeed do the children of Father John attempt to disfigure, with this vilest of moral dirt, the outward man of Brother Jonathan. If *those* do not talk about it so much as these, it is probably because they bury it deeper in their heart of hearts; according to the accepted maxim, that they who *feel* the most, not unfrequently say the least.

Much that has been written concerning the manners of the Americans—or, rather, of their want of manners—is undoubtedly true. No rudeness can exceed that of an ordinary hotel table, where the rule of "looking after yourself" appears to be the only one thought worthy of

recognition. But the studied politeness and punctilious etiquette of a people brought up under a graduated system of ranks and circles—looking with deference to all who on one hand are nominally above them, and with implied scorn on all below them on the other hand—could not by any possibility exist in a nation, every individual of which so strongly feels within himself, as does the American, the sense of his own natural equality with all men. Thus, the excess of self-respect appears to beget, and especially to European eyes, a want of due respect towards others. Our fault-finding and satirical writers have failed to see the true cause of these somewhat Gothic manners; not reflecting, that the formal refinements and finesse which originate with courts and nobilities can have no natural place amongst a people who realise in their institutions the doctrine that “all men are born free, and equal in their rights.” Perhaps, however, for the especial gratification of our future “Trollopes,” some powdered and silver-buckled backwoodsman may yet arise to draw up—à la Chesterfield—a code of politeness for the instruction and improvement of his benighted countrymen. 'Tis a pity that an awkward bow should tell so fatally against a mighty Empire, or that the ignorance of a President in the invaluable art of “making a leg” should lose him the countenance of half the grandees of Europe.

Of the American ladies I have, *happily*, little to say; because, that little being not in the highest style of compliment, the less I make of it the better. In personal appearance, they are too generally slender, lathy, flat; deficient in one of the most important essentials of beauty in the female form, and consequently not so externally attractive as such animated magnets usually are elsewhere. In their ordinary intercourse, too, with the other sex, they are cold, icy, unimpassioned—almost as if heartless. An American Sappho or an Eloise may be considered a physical impossibility. Nor is it at all probable that any Helen will ever arise to cause the siege of their modern Troy. They afford, indeed, but little food for the ideal of love, which, after all, is, like the iced sugar on a Twelfth-cake, the sweetest part of it. In fact, the Republican Cupid must be a lean and ill-fed cherub, winged like a common fowl, instead of with the

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dyes of the rainbow ; and the popular Hymen, a sort of young gentleman who keeps a day-book and ledger. Judging from appearances, I should say no Gretna Green can be required within the territories of the States, since any one matrimonial smith can work on cold iron as well as another.

CHAPTER IV.

Baneful Influence of the "Moral Philosophy" of "Poor Richard." Literary Taste and Literature in the United States.

POSSIBLY the alleged mercenary character of the people of America may, so far as it has any foundation in reality, be traced back to a source, the very naming of which will probably surprise some of my readers whose mental exercises in tracing effects up to their causes have not been habitually pursued. Yet I am not alone in the opinion, that the economical maxims of "Poor Richard" have exercised a very baneful influence upon generations, whose amount of knowledge in other respects was not sufficiently liberal to enable them to see across the very narrow ditch of selfishness which the "philosopher" was drawing around them.

Poverty inventing pithy sayings to justify niggardliness and money-scraping, may assume the cloak of philosophy, but will eventually prove herself a most purblind and narrow-souled impostor in the end. Only imbue thoroughly the bosom of a child with the maxim, that "a penny saved is a penny earned," and you may rest satisfied that the most generous and noble impulses of the heart are effectually poisoned at the very roots. If tenderness, benevolence, charity—the purest and most angelic of the poetical passions—survive a youthful training upon the basis of such a principle, then are tenderness, benevolence, and charity indestructible and unassailable in the moral fortress of the human breast. Such a training might, and in all probability would, create a worthless and despicable miser—a wretch whose humanity extended not beyond the pale of *self*—a paltry worm, incapable of sym-

pathy, and unworthy to receive it. But that such a training should leave room for the growth of one generous sentiment—one high and morally-dignified aspiration in favour of our common humanity, is as impossible as that the pages of an account-book should fill the soul with the inspiration of the heavens.

With what shall I contrast this petty grovelling philosophy, to show it in all its full-blown meanness? Where shall I find a pure and perfect colour to place in forcible antagonism with this mixed and dirty tint? Ah, here I have it! 'tis at my fingers' ends! One authority inculcates, that "A penny saved is a penny earned;" another, a greater, and a heaven-descended one, in a magnificent spirit of benevolence and faith, enjoins thus—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days." Did that mischievous old man, "Poor Richard," ever soar to the comprehension of this beautiful lesson, clothed in a metaphor equally brilliant and beautiful? Never! His feet were clogged with the dust of the world, and his eyes covered with that thick film of selfishness which shut out all enlarged and comprehensive views. To see the moral and social duties through Poor Richard's medium, is precisely the same thing as attempting to view objects through spectacles of horn. Society, at best, retains just sufficient of the character of a congregation of distinct and isolated individuals—multitudinous units in a state of mutual antagonism—without the formal inculcation of the most deplorable selfishness as a leading principle of life, and the paltriest instructions in meanness, disguised under the specious name of domestic economy. Selfishness is, indeed, not only the most odious, but the most short-sighted of human feelings or propensities. None so entirely as this defeats its own object ultimately. Man is dependent upon man, do as he will; and the more he generalises—infuses, as it were, his individuality into the mass, the better for himself. One mighty sympathy should bind all together,—not an uneasy principle of repulsion drive the constituent atoms apart from each other; a truth not clearly seen just now, but which future generations in wisdom and benevolence shall realise. From a republican nation particularly ought the whole tribe of "Poor Richards," with their debasing and trashy proverbs, to be utterly banished. They can have no honest and legitimate business there. They are a disgrace, in

truth, to the whole world of humanity. But if they are to have some corner in which to breathe out the pestilent breath of their lives, let it be where some dark and selfish despotism—the ideal of their own doctrines—reigns triumphant and supreme.

The philosopher who drew fire from the cloud, also raised Mammon from hell—that Mammon who, according to Milton, first used in the abyss of fire the same line of argument :

“but rather seek
Our own good for ourselves, and from our own,
 LIVE TO OURSELVES.”

So much for Franklin.

There is one other subject upon which I cannot refrain from making a few passing remarks. It is that of the sound and healthy taste so plainly and generally evident amongst the Americans in that most important particular, their literature : not *theirs* in a literal sense, but *theirs* by adoption and transfer from older and more mentally-productive nations. On this point, indeed, the Republic may justly congratulate herself. Sound and valuable works are read and esteemed ; and a true foundation is, in this respect, being laid for the raising of a truly intellectual and exalted people. But whether, in the absence of international copyright laws, the universal ransacking of the literary stores of the Old World—the wholesale adoption and instantaneous republication in America of the newly-born works of the passing time, without compensation to either the foreign author or the publisher, is not also a wholesale, though indirect, piece of injustice and dishonesty, admits scarcely of a question. No sooner has the power of wind, water, and steam conveyed the sheets of our new works and monthly periodicals to the American shores, than the Park Benjamins and the Hastings Welds of the Republic, armed with tremendous scissors and oceans of ready paste, set to work, with the alacrity of men labouring for their lives, to transfer their contents to mammoth sheets—“New Worlds” and “Brother Jonathans”—which they retail by their tens of thousands at a price little above that of the issues from the press of the celebrated Catnach of Seven Dials ; but which amply compensate Benjamin and Hastings, because they pay not one farthing for author-

ship and incur heavier expenses in the production than those of composition, paper, ink, press, and wafers. While, therefore, probably, the English contributor to our native periodicals lives leanly in some poetical garret in a cheap suburb of London, Benjamin gets overloaded with fat and cellular substance upon the productions of his talent in New York; and in the merely still-life capacity of foreign retail agent, blows his own name through the trumpet far louder than the names of the principals whom he insists on representing. Publishers of another description are equally busy in their line, producing accurate reprints, alike to the very type and colour of the wrappers, of the English periodicals, and differing in no particular from the originals, except in that of being "imprinted" at New York, instead of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin.

If the English at one time, in buccaneering and piracy, levied heavy contributions upon the personals of the habitants of America, ample reprisals are made upon them now in another sort, by the Morgans and Lafittes of the printing-office. The only difference in the respective robberies is, that one was of matter, and the other is of mind. This system, however advantageous to the people of the States as a body, in furnishing them with the results of the highest intellects and most able learning abroad, has a most pernicious effect upon the growth of a native literature, and the fortunes of American talent. Where so much of the best is got for nothing, what chance remains that the young and inferior productions of the soil itself should be paid for and encouraged? Or who, not born to a fortune, can avoid the fate of the admirable Bryant, and do otherwise than waste his poetical sweetness on the desert acres of a newspaper for the sake of bread? Where, now, would have been Washington Irving and Fennimore Cooper, had they lived on American patronage alone, and reaped not in England their harvests of popularity? One might have ploughed his paternal acres, and the other his familiar deeps, and nothing more. The Republic is a *dry-nurse* to the babyhood of her literary children. Precisely when most they require nourishment, she has no breasts for them.

It is in the natural course of things, that while the majority of a people possess no accumulated fortunes for their sons—and from out that majority principally arise the geniuses and great mental lights of

every age—if the pursuit of literature will not in some adequate measure enable a man to live, the literature itself must be narrowed, circumscribed, and in a languishing, paralytic condition. Mind and bread-and-cheese are not so thoroughly independent of each other as the world ordinarily feels willing to believe. The writing of the most sentimental romance is often interrupted by the vulgar necessity for a meal; and the very stream of Shaksperian poetry itself has been mingled with many a cup of sack. Authors, any more than the hewers of wood and drawers of water, are not celestial things of air. The physical man must be attended to, or we shall receive but little, and that tamely, of the evidences of mind.

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CHAPTER V.

Route from New York to Montreal. Saratoga. Bloody Pond. Ticonderoga. Lake Champlain. Montreal. Emigrant Sheds. St. Lawrence. Quebec. Indian Summer. Conclusion.

WHOEVER can enjoy travelling unmolested, sets over the absent comforts of the hearthstone, without regret in the journey from New York to Montreal. Stealing a stage-coach on the Hudson—snatching your much-wanted breakfast at a table (and all Americans devour their meals as if stealing instead of paying for them)—ruggedly railroading from thence to Saratoga Springs,—still more desperately jolting in a lumbering backwoods stage-coach to the head of magnificent Lake George, the deep water amid tree-covered mountains, and studded with nearly four hundred miniature islands;—then a comfortable night's sleep at the hotel there—a morning's passage down the lake some forty miles by steamer—another mortal Yankee stage to Lake Champlain—steamer again all night to . . . St. John's, I think, and rail to finish off with the remainder of the way to the banks of the St. Lawrence opposite Montreal: a chain of beautiful scenery—mountain, forest, plain, and water;—spots calling up old recollections of the days of violence—Fort George, Bloody Pond, and Ticonderoga;—scattered farms of the far-removed settlers—clearings in the forest like squares cut out of solid wood—ploughed fields covered with stumps of departed trees not yet grubbed out of the ground, and amusement enough amongst talkative and intelligent fellow-passengers. All this, however, should be enjoyed in the reality of a bright week in the month of August, when "Jacob's Falls" are worthy of a celestial Ruysdael—

when Lake George is crystalline enough to display shoals of trout floating in conscious security far below the disturbance of steamboat paddles, and the shores of Vermont are greener than their very name. Of all waterfalls that ever fell before my eyes, Jacob's Falls are the most magnificent and surpassingly picturesque: would that some artist of gigantic genius might some day undertake to paint them from below the bridge, and thus give to society one of the most perfect landscape compositions surely to be found in the world! "Bloody Pond" lies in a still, sequestered mountain nook, some distance off the road, and, with its fearful memory of battle done on its banks between the English and French until the water reddened into a horrible mockery of the life-stream, and the revived consciousness that yet imbedded in the slime of its bottom lie abundantly the peaceful bones, without quarrel now, of the warriors who there gained death and "glory," makes the visitor pause in melancholy musing amid the leafy solitude, and ask himself the eternal question, "Why and to what end was all this?"

The once-formidable fortress of Ticonderoga, situated on a mighty headland at a turn in Lake Champlain, is now a heap of rubbish. In fact, an unsentimental Englishman who happened to be one of our passengers,—a mere animal whom to meet abroad makes one half ashamed of one's countrymen,—pronounced it altogether unworthy of inspection, and not a whit superior in appearance to many an old barn which he had seen in the fields of his native land. Such is the difference between eyes merely, and those eyes of the mind which invest with poetical and romantic imagery even the barest skeleton of a scene, and in the veriest waste behold all that is rich through the simple association of ideas.

At the inn hard by Ticonderoga, we beheld "Elsler Grove," a group of trees before the house under which Fanny Elsler delighted to sit, and where is shown the identical deal board whereon the immortal Fanny reposed her gentle limbs. This relic, however, I must confess, had more attractions for me, because I just then happened to be tired, than on any other account. There was nothing to be seen on the plank itself, and the "association of ideas" in this instance was of too tender a nature to be indulged in.

Lake Champlain is a muddy affair, and much of the same colour as

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one of our brownish-yellow highways ;—a rather remarkable fact, when the tourist calls to mind the brilliant transparency of the neighbouring Lake George, whose waters it receives. The steamers on this lake are fuelled with wood, the clouds of sparks emitted from which, that escape through the sieve or cullender at the top of the funnel, make by night a display far beyond the reach of the pyrotechnic art.

I can scarcely avoid making a passing remark upon the manner in which the business of the British Custom-house encountered on this route is carried on. To me it appears unaccountable if it be honest ; if not, why of course it is readily accounted for.

Not wishing, when leaving New York, to be encumbered with more of my luggage than was just necessary to supply the occasions of the journey, I applied to a carriers' firm in that city for the transmission of various boxes, &c. to Montreal. On inquiring whether they had not better be left so fastened as to allow of a ready opening at the Custom-house on the Canadian border, I was told to make them as fast as I liked—they would pass without examination, as they the (firm) had made arrangements for doing "all that kind of thing." And assuredly they had ; for when the Champlain steamer arrived on the Canadian shore—the Customs' officers came on board, and the goods came to be overhauled before them—lo ! my packages were amongst the number, and passed without examination as a matter of course, while the trifling portmanteau, &c. which I had brought along with me was thoroughly "cleaned out" and emptied on deck before a porter was allowed to take it away. This is one of the advantages which tourists and travellers passing from New York to Montreal or Quebec will derive from transmitting their luggage by "Jacob's line."

From hence, another railway across a wretched, ill-cultivated, and barren prairie brings us to the banks of the "mighty river."

The St. Lawrence, that grand liquid highway into the interior of Canada, must certainly be classed amongst the most magnificent and picturesque of American rivers. Clear, expansive, studded with beautiful islands, and broken by grand and charming falls, it affords to the voyager along its waters an endless succession of scenery of the very highest artistical character.

At some distance above the city of Montreal, it divides into two

branches, and sweeping over a vast extent of country, again reunites, and thus forms the island upon which Montreal is situated.

It will be matter of interest and information to a great body of our readers if, in this place, we throw a little light upon the condition and treatment of the numerous bodies of poor emigrants who annually arrive, under the patronage of Government, at the city we have just named, and subsequently get distributed over the country, or cross the borders into the United States.

During our residence there in 1842, we were taken by a gentleman to inspect what are commonly—and too appropriately—denominated “The Emigrant Sheds.” These are long rows of weather-boarded buildings, surrounding a square court or yard, in which the pauperised emigrants are packed together far more miserably than soldiers in the worst of barracks, and under such circumstances of discomfort as, in a climate like that of Canada, must be deeply trying to even the rudest of Irish agricultural labourers, accustomed as they are to suffering and exposure.

But the want of sufficient shelter is not the worst feature in this truly deplorable establishment. The great length of the “sheds” may be estimated from the fact that they are calculated to contain each, perhaps, between one and two hundred people. They are provided with bedsteads ranged down each side—are appropriated indiscriminately to both sexes and all ages, the married and the single, and yet, from one end to the other, there exists not a single partition to render any one bed or its occupants in the least degree sheltered from the observation of all the others!—a statement which, however incredible it may appear to the virtuous and modest people of England, is a positive fact. In the centre of the yard is a square erection divided into two, with an entrance on each side, and a huge fireplace opposite to it, where the emigrants cook their victuals as best and at whatever chance they can. That pretty scenes of quarrel and fight frequently occur in consequence, for the point of precedency, is easily imagined.

In this wretched herding-place the penniless emigrants remain until opportunity occurs for their advancement into the country, or appointment to some situation in which their labour is required.

The buildings stand outside the city, upon the bank of the river, and are backed by what in Montreal is termed "The Mountain."

To guard against the crushing in of the roofs of buildings by the deep falls of snow which occur in Canada, the greater number of large erections, such as churches &c., are provided with roofs of an excessively high pitch, or very steep in the declivity, in order to throw it off: and as in the majority of cases *tin* is used for a covering in the place of slates or tiles, a very pretty but remarkable character is given to the scenery in which buildings form a feature, during either bright sun or moonlight.

It was in the latter end of October 1842 that we took the steamer from Montreal, and dropped down the river to Quebec: but as this passage was effected during the night, no opportunity was afforded for observation between those two cities.

In point of picturesque situation and effect, Quebec is a notable and engaging locality. It is, as it were, naturally divided into the Lower and the Upper Towns;—the former being that portion of the city which is built upon the water-side, below those hanging precipices whose top constitutes "The Heights," and the latter that other and most aristocratic quarter which, along with the formidable citadel, stands upon The Heights themselves. Some of the streets are so steep as to require flights of steps, extending across their whole width, in order to facilitate their ascent by foot-passengers, vehicles of all kinds being necessarily excluded from them; while others, in which no steps occur, offer dangers that few English "whips" would choose to encounter, although with impunity driven both up and down by the experienced residents of the city.

To our eye, the fortress offers far less of an imposing appearance than we had been led to expect;—a circumstance arising, perhaps, from the fact that nearly the whole of it is formed in hollow ways and hidden underground. In fact, little more is visible than the residences of the officers, which present towards the river the ordinary appearance of soldiers' barracks.

The present fortifications do not include all the superficies formerly occupied by them when Canada was in the possession of the French;

a large portion of the "Heights of Abraham" being covered with vast and rude ruins of the French defences, as they have been left ever since the taking of Quebec by the gallant Wolfe.

Few parts of the American Continent can offer more beautiful, extensive, and sublime scenery than, on almost every side, is presented to the spectator from the Heights of Quebec. Mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, are all spread beneath the eye to a distance of sixty or seventy miles, as though laid down upon a map—but, invested with those mighty charms of reality, colour, vastness, and atmospheric effect, which no art, however skilled, can give.

Still, to a liberally-disposed mind, Quebec (and the observation applies equally to other Canadian towns) is a disagreeable place to live in. The military seem to constitute the sole grand object of what Carlyle terms the "hero-worship" of the inhabitants; and ultra loyalty and red jackets predominate, to a dreadful extent, over everything else.

Having spent nearly a fortnight in this city, it was without regret that, on the 4th of November, we went on board our vessel (the barque "Souter Johnny," of Liverpool), and early in the day set sail for England. The weather was bright, cloudless, and warm,—the first day, indeed, of the "Indian summer"—a period of warm weather which always precedes the setting in of the Canadian winter, and sometimes lasts three weeks. During this period the air is hazy, especially within about ten degrees of the horizon—but hot, and what the London people term "muggy." It operates as a weather-signal to the inhabitants of the country to prepare for the setting in of frost, and consequently is a busy time throughout the land—every one preparing his store of fuel, furs, provisions, &c. for the next five or six months. As soon as this false summer breaks, winter very often comes down with the suddenness of an avalanche, and storms, winds, and snows drive with terrific violence over the land. The Canadian rustics, however, take advantage of the fine weather while it lasts, to cut wood in the forests, separate the trees into lengths of about seven feet each, pile them together in a pyramidal form upon the spot where they have been felled, and so leave them until the snows have fallen and become

sufficiently hard to bear the sleigh. They then fetch the stacks from the woods, for home consumption.

The western shore of the St. Lawrence is very mountainous in the interior, and occasionally also close upon the water. Innumerable scattered farms of the French Canadians, or "*habitans*," speckle the coast on either side, and give a pleasing and lively character to the whole line of river for many miles below Quebec. As we descend the stream and advance farther into the barren north, these however become more sparsely scattered, and at length disappear altogether.

The Island of Orleans, upon which General Wolfe encamped previously to his attack upon Quebec, is beautifully situated and well wooded.

At the distance of a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles from Quebec, the scenery has assumed a grander character, from its being upon a scale of more gigantic magnitude. These are the solitudes that are almost unpeopled, and to attempt to cross which in winter would be to go to inevitable death.

On the afternoon of the second day, we arrived off Green Island, the residence of the pilot who brought us from Quebec. He therefore left us, after having received eleven pounds for his two days' services in bringing us thus far.

The number of pilots upon this river is about two hundred and thirty—a body of men for whom, in such a capacity, the inexperienced landsman can see little necessity. But upon the broad principle that the demand usually regulates the average supply, we must conclude that there cannot be amongst them many supernumeraries. It is surprising, however, that out of this great number, very few indeed of the pilots can either read or write. Ours was one of this unfortunate class, though otherwise a very intelligent man. On showing him a sketch which I had made off the shores of Metane, he immediately recognised it, and pointed out the highest mountain peak seen in the distance as the place where, some time ago, the skeleton of a "whale" was discovered embedded in the earth, by men who were digging for stone. It would be no matter for surprise, if, on scientific investigation, the "whale" should prove to be "very like" a mammoth. Indeed, were this inhospitable and unknown region to be thoroughly explored by

some skilful geologist and naturalist, little doubt can be entertained but that the results would well reward the labour, and compensate the investigator for his expense and peril.

Having reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we had a dim and distant vision of the coast of Labrador.

" Beyond this flood, a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat by perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice."

So says Milton of a still drearier place than even Labrador: and here, having reached the sea, we bid the reader adieu.

THE END.

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